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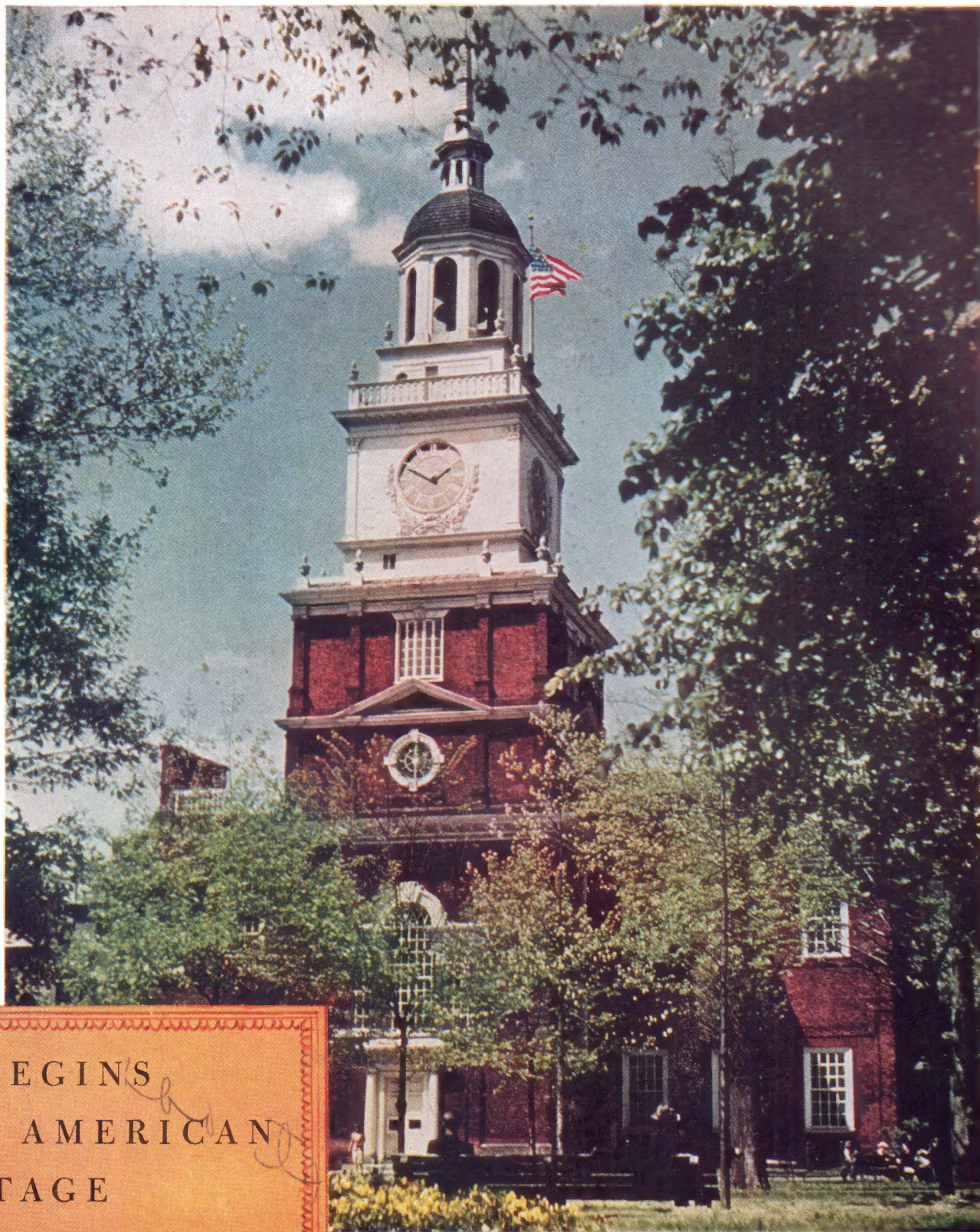
MARCH 1946 50c

Holiday



Round the
World

Cover Story
page 19



HERE BEGINS
THE GREAT AMERICAN
HERITAGE

"... that all men ... are endowed ... with certain unalienable

Rights, that among these are LIFE, LIBERTY and THE PURSUIT of HAPPINESS ..."

You are invited to visit your nation's most treasured shrines—here in Pennsylvania...and Pennsylvania has so much to offer you.

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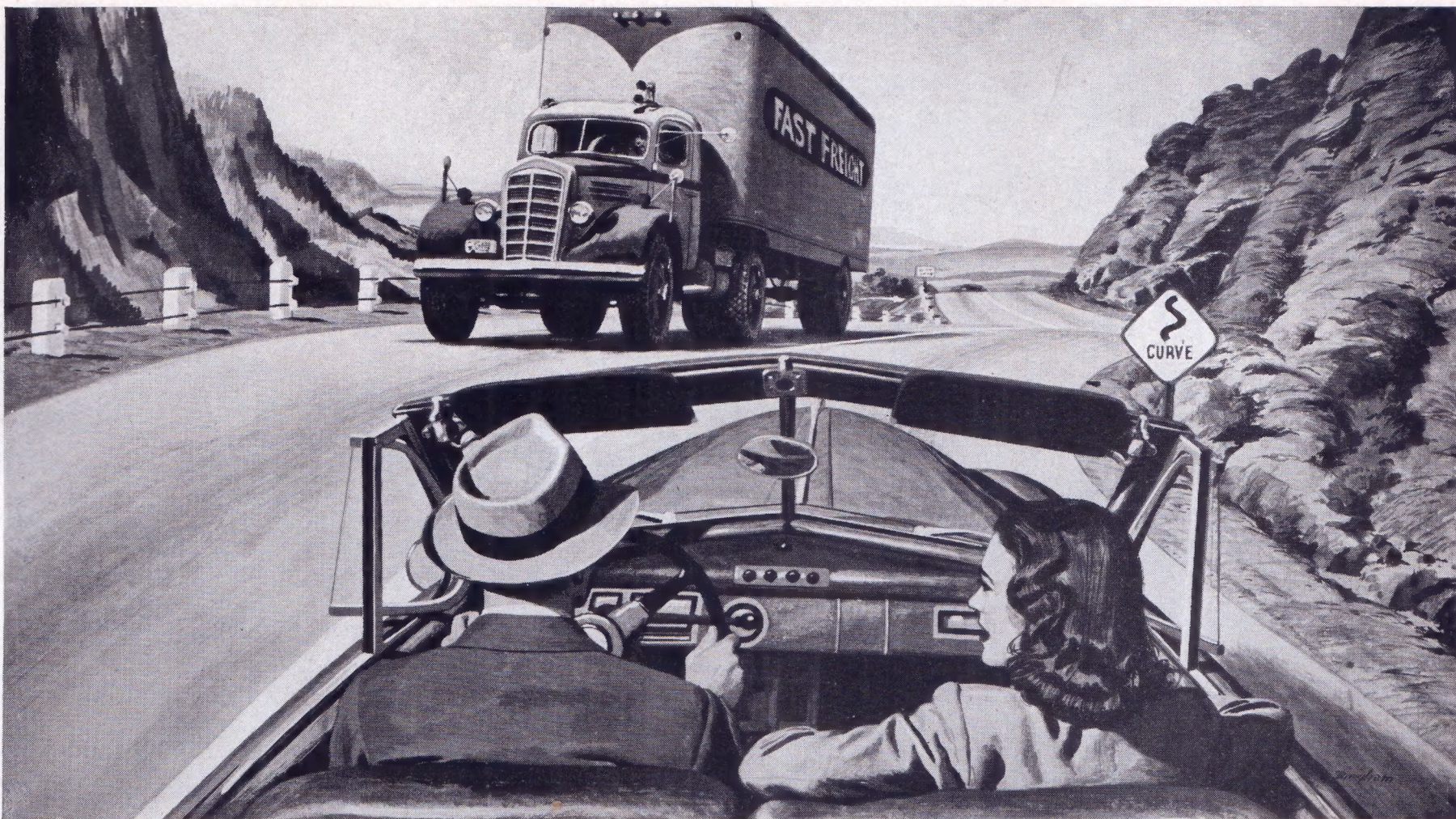
And you will add to your vacation the zest of educational travel. See famous cultural institutions... churches that are the cornerstones of many faiths... busy ports and gigantic industrial plants where you can see the miracle of American production in the making... scores of folkways that fuse into noted hospitality.

Yes, here begins the great American heritage... and here begins a vacation you always will remember.

P E N N S Y L V A N I A

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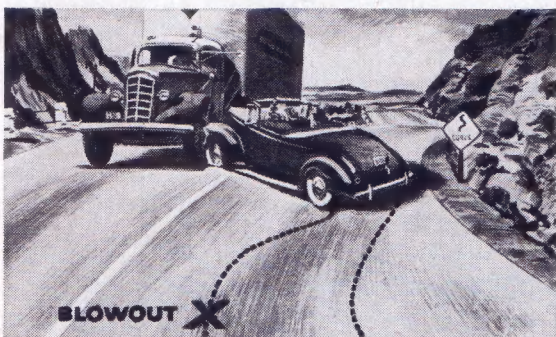




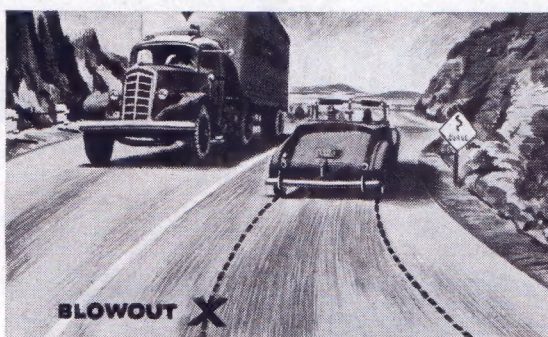
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This?

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The blowout throws his car out of control. He goes skidding across the road—headed for a 10-ton truck or a 75-foot drop over a precipice. Maybe a miracle will save him—but miracles are poor things to rely on.



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The car in the picture at the right above is equipped with LifeGuard Tubes—Goodyear's modern safety successor to the conventional inner tube. With Life-

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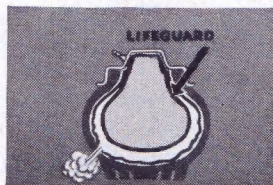


1. Ordinary tubes have but one air chamber. When tire blows, tube blows, too.

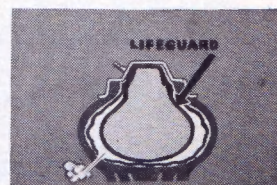


2. Instantly both tire and tube go flat, throwing car out of control.

WHEN TIRE WITH LIFE GUARD TUBE BLOWS OUT



3. The LifeGuard Tube has two air chambers. In case of blowout, only outer chamber gives way.



4. Reserve of air in emergency inner chamber supports car long enough for a safe, gradual stop.

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Travel there and back in a Plymouth

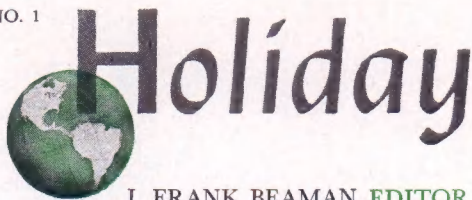
You get a new lift out of life when you travel . . . new places, new faces, new destinations create a new world for you. Once again, America is awakening to the thrills and joys of the open road. And when you are at the wheel of a Plymouth . . . rolling over the highway . . . you literally tingle with the new found freedom, the sense of security . . . the luxury, comfort and economy captured in the quest for relaxation or in the pursuit of business. So whatever you do, wherever you go . . . *Travel There And Back In a Plymouth.*



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EDITORIAL :

In Pursuit of Happiness

HOLIDAY is dedicated to the pursuit of happiness. For all of those who see "go" signs on the horizon, for all of those who seek to get more sheer living out of life itself. HOLIDAY is created.

If you have heard promises in the West Wind, if you have restlessly listened to a train whistle at night, looked longingly at an airplane in flight, or dreamed of being cargoed to far lands on a passing ship, you will appreciate HOLIDAY.

We will provide you with new keys to the doorways of recreation and travel. We will be your scouts into fields of romance and adventure. We'll try to tell what you can do if you want to fly over the rainbow on a two or three weeks' vacation, as well as the fun that can be discovered in your own back yard. We'll travel far and near to find out for you where the interesting things are, on and off the beaten path, and bring you the authorities in various fields of making life worth while.

HOLIDAY will suggest places to go, things to do, things to see. We plan to bring you practical tips on travel costs, customs, clothes, moods, manners and habits, vacation ideas and entertainment opportunities.

Our articles will be written for the person—man, woman or child—who wants to go places, and who wants to know what he'll find when he gets there. They will be factual stories, by writers who have been there themselves; will portray both sides so as not to be misleading. They will be planned, too, for the armchair traveler who may enjoy beauty and adventure without leaving his living

room. There will be stories of communities that have found new ways of bringing pleasure to all their families; stories of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, who enjoy life together.

HOLIDAY is designed for this new postwar world, a world in which recreation will be more important to everyone than ever before—more important in this busier world of new stresses and strains because more and more doctors are prescribing escape, and travel, and fun.

Where—and what—and how? That will be HOLIDAY's job. By helping America to go places and do things, we aspire to serve this fascinating world of tomorrow.

J. Frank Beaman
EDITOR

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Places to Go

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"I hate clams!"



... and eating 'em, too,
is one way of joining
the immortal gallery of
world champions

BY CARL L. BIEMILLER

THE WIND RACED from a bank of surly clouds and poured through the slot in the sea that forms the North End inlet at Atlantic City, New Jersey. It tossed spin-drift at a group of huddled gulls which stood, back to the surf, plotting a long trip elsewhere. It fingered hair and ruffled skirts and gobbled up noise to whirl it away across bay and salt meadow. Now and then it blew a sprinkling of rain over the crowd gathered in Clam Stadium.

Mr. Israel Weintraub, 300 pounds of jitney driver, leaned back in his contest chair, dabbed at his mouth with something less than Chesterfieldian grace, and explained his success in the clam derby.

"I am prob'ly the best clam eater in the world," he said, "an' t' be honest, I hate 'em. I win because I am such a good chili sauce and horse-radish man. If they

ever limit them items, I quit winnin' eatin' contests here. My record is one hun'erd and forty-six clams in twenty minutes. This year it's good I ain't hungry because I only need one hun'erd and twenty to win."

Mr. Weintraub posed with a hot dog and a bottle of pop, carefully ate away their property value, and blandly reflected on the joys of fame.

"I hear a threat about some guy from New York," he remarked. "Comes from Fulton Fish Market, and is supposed to eat three hun'erd today. He don't worry me none. He don't show up. Them threats never do."

Cheers interrupted the Weintraub soliloquy. An announcer bellowed through a megaphone. "Ladies and gen'lmen! The fastest time ever recorded for opening one hundred clams has just been made by

James M. Ingley of Washington, D.C. His time—seven minutes and forty-seven seconds!"

A voice rose from a knot of bystanders. "That guy's good. But I miss the old colored man from Maurice River—the preacher, Reverend Daniel White. Remember him? Opened clams in rhythm while he sang hymns."

Another voice overlapped the conversation. "Yeah, the restaurant business has been terrific all year, and he's got the dough. There's his wife sittin' with him like a plate of raws with pearls. Still I can't get him to bet me a hundred bucks, head and head, his opener against my man."

There is only one place in the world where such conversations fall on mortal ears. Pasadena has its Rose Bowl. Hollywood has its stars. New Orleans has its Mardi Gras. Some years San Francisco has a Peace Conference. But only Atlantic City has the National Clam and Oyster Openers' Tournament, a unique event that promises to become a standard addition to the nation's regional combinations of sports, carnival, folklore and sheer fun.

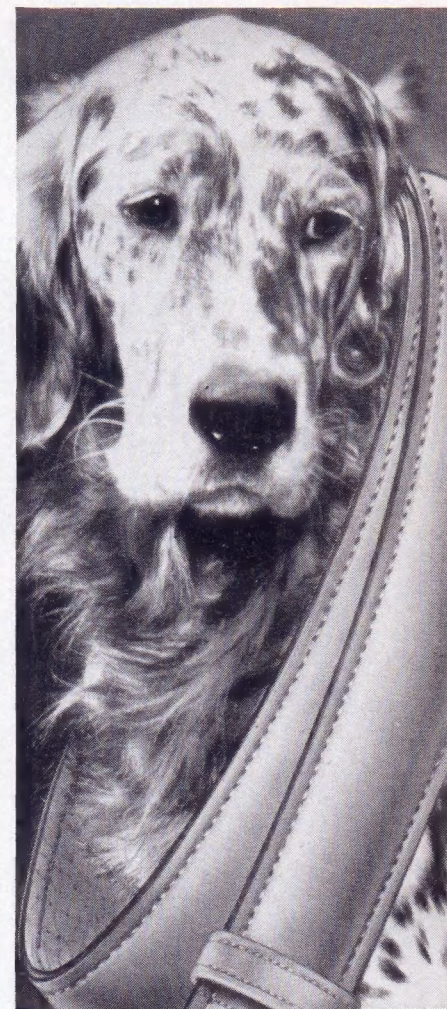
Prior to 1943, Atlantic coastal clams and oysters spent most of their time in beds, minding their own business, and enhancing their reputations for having little to say. These succulent bivalves always seemed reasonably content even when bedded on ice with a piece of lemon, proud to contribute to stews, fries and bakes with little or no acclaim. But in 1943 a group of restaurant owners in Atlantic City decided that the many unsung craftsmen who shared the backstage life of the sea-food business should break the traditional silence of the clam with an openers' tournament.

Nobody knows exactly where it is going, but everybody has plans. Said Captain Clarence Starn, who is chairman of the tourney committee, and whose title comes from a fleet of fishing-party boats, "Some day you'll see different sea-food cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington hold these contests. Maybe we'll have a National Clam League. Nothing beats fun."

More than 2500 people jammed Clam Stadium in 1943 to agree with him. A hurricane blew the thing into oblivion in 1944. The weather wasn't much better in 1945 when an equinoctial northeaster blew its last gasps over the inlet. Yet by two in the afternoon, when the competing shuckers "knifed off" to open the first hundred clams against time, there were more than 1000 people in the drenched bleachers which circled an enclosed space in rough arena fashion.

They stayed to the end, too, a laughing crowd in sweat shirts, dungarees and sports clothes. There were kids and old men and uptown tourists from the boardwalk's big hotels. There were quiet families and bright-light characters. The neat and tidy and the careless, because the event is free. The city foots the bills, puts up \$1000 in prizes, and even pays the transportation and hotel bills of the contestants.

The "eaters" may take the spotlight, but the event's real heroes are those who compete for fun at something they also



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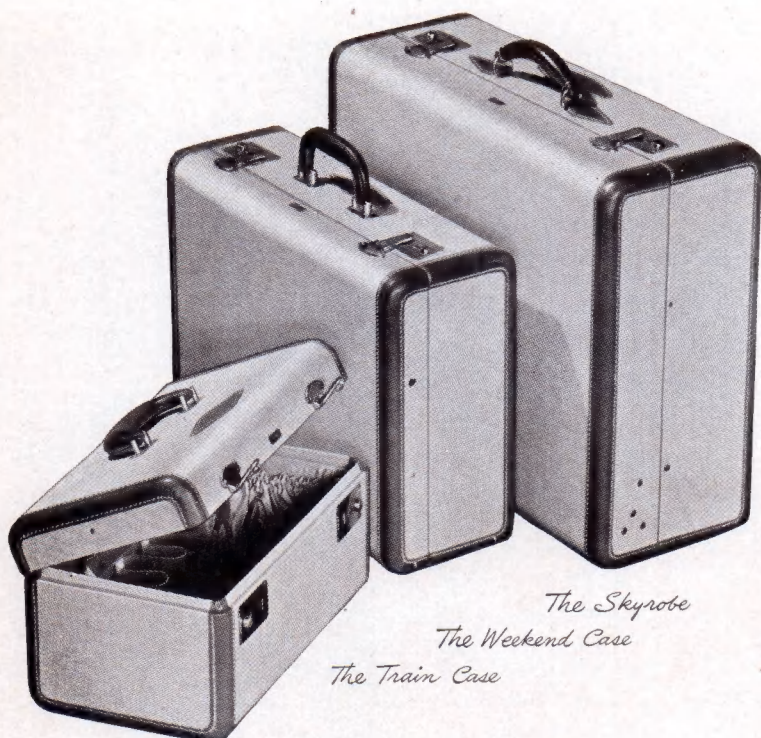
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work at all week—the clam and oyster openers, a select and little-known group of craftsmen. They have their own lore and their own techniques—as any private citizen who has ever tried to open clams or oysters at home will know. Not for them the hammer, chisel, bayonets or axes with which the homing husband tackles the essential preliminary to a fine stew or some choice raws. These are experts, speed merchants in fine sea-food restaurants or markets. Some of them work in great canneries where the pay is on a piecework basis and time means money.

Most of them come to the tournament as representatives of well-known seaboard eating places. In 1943 some forty of the nation's best "plate men"—the gentlemen responsible for your raws on the half shell—showed up. Tradition holds that the best plate men come from South Jersey's Maurice River area and the sweeping flats of Chesapeake Bay, although Long Island Sound has its many local champions.

Most of the openers are born into the business. Father teaches son. "Old Man" Mell, whose son Theodore won the oyster-opening contest in 1945, said, "The kid wasn't bad today. He opened his hundred in ten minutes and thirty-seven seconds. But I opened a hundred in fifteen minutes yesterday and I'm seventy years old."

It's a good business, too; nothing spectacular, but steady. "We're never out of work," said Harvey Lehman, who has been at it most of his sixty-five years. "A good man, depending on the house he works in, makes between forty-five and seventy dollars a week."

The quiet professionals are family men, and their families are fiercely proud of their skills. Ed Henry, of Washington, who won the "bullnose" clam contest and ranked second in the "cherrystone" division, brought his wife, Jean, to cheer him along.

Bivalve-opening techniques fall into two broad classes. Men are "stabbers"

or they are "squeezers." Oyster men, sharply divided from clam men, are mostly "hit and stab" experts.

"Stabbing" and "squeezing" mean exactly what you think. The clam men use a light, generally wooden-handled knife with a thin blade, costing about forty cents. Two of them jut from the hip pockets of contestants like Ed Henry. He stabs into the shell joint and cuts the tough bivalve muscle with one dexterous flip of the wrist, scoops beneath the clam, and lifts, all in one flowing motion.

"It helps to have the clam or oyster well iced," the experts said. "The cold numbs that big shell muscle. And, of course," they added wryly, "it keeps your meat from spoiling too."

The "squeeze" artists press the shells together with a wrenching motion in order to bulge the holding muscle as they slide the knife along it. They generally press against some hard object, but sometimes do it with tough hands alone. Hands are all-important in this business, which is no game for the clumsy. Sometimes a knife slips or a shell breaks into a ragged tearing edge.

"Hit and stab" oyster technicians also use a hard object against which they can bang the oyster to break the slight overhang at the shell lip.

Oyster men are frequently "rasp" users, too, and most prefer gloves. The rasp is a large, heavy-toothed file. The oyster is rubbed its full length before the knife is inserted. That also breaks the shell overlap and eases the entrance of the knife, usually a single piece of shaped metal. It has a square handle which fades off into a thin metal blade. Rufus





MT. HOOD IN RHODODENDRON TIME

Holiday in Oregon



BIG LAKE, TYPICAL OF HUNDREDS IN OREGON'S MOUNTAINS



NEAR BROOKINGS, ON THE OREGON COAST, IN WILD FLOWER TIME

Like all choice areas, Oregon will be crowded next summer. Where possible, make reservations in advance. September and October are generally two of Oregon's finest months. If you can plan a late vacation, you will find accommodations easier to obtain.

In June or July you may ski on Mt. Hood in the morning and loll on sunny Pacific beaches that afternoon. Enjoy days or weeks on pack train trips through mountain forests; fish in hidden lakes or rushing rivers for the finest of trout; picnic in flower-carpeted meadows; ride and live on truly Western dude ranches.

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Richards, one of the oyster contestants, used a knife and a hammer in the same hand. He'd hit the oyster and insert the knife almost in one motion, with a lulling monotony that rocked him along at a great clip.

There is serious doubt whether any of the tournament judges know that the scientific name for the round clam which comes in all sizes, called quahog in New England and subdivided into size distinctions like "bullnose," "cherrystone," and "little neck" farther south, is *Venus mercenaria*. They care little that the soft clam should be properly addressed as *Mya arenaria*. But they know how a clam or an oyster should look to a gourmet. It should be opened without breaking shell into the meat, and the contents should be attractive to the eye, not cut up. While speed is important, meat content and weight and bulk enter into a strict judgment of opening skill.

Contest rules for 1945 were listed plain one, two, three and four. There weren't any more. They said simply that all contestants must report at a certain time; that any contestant could be disqualified for misconduct or untidiness; that all clams or oysters must be opened clean, regardless of broken shells or any other mishap; and that all would be in perfect condition before the contest, so that any contestant cheating on the count or furtively throwing away oysters and clams would be disqualified. Each contestant is obliged to sign a waiver on alleged bodily harm before his entry blank is accepted.

There are often surprises in the entry blanks. One of them read: "Dear Sir: I am not a clam opener, but I hold the world's record in dressing and killing snapping turtles. My record is two minutes complete. I would be glad to show my talent in this line as a special side attraction."

Of the 1800 "cherrystones," 700 "bullnoses," and 2000 Maurice River oysters the city bought for the occasion, the crowd had the most fun from those which dis-

appeared into the maws of would-be Weintraubs in the specified twenty minutes. Apparently there is a technique to this competition that involves distinctions unknown to most diners. A jitney-driver backer of Weintraub who was offering even money (with no takers) confided, "A chewer don't have much chance in this thing. The gulpers have all the best of it."

Contest officials provide the condiments so beloved of bivalve eaters. On each table set about the arena enclosure were catsup, chili sauce, horse-radish, and salt and pepper. Lemons were conspicuously absent.

"We come to eat clams, not fruit," remarked young Raymond Patrick Callahan, who stirred the throng with his gustatory enthusiasm until he reached the count of seventy-eight and then decided he could no longer look a bivalve in the eye.

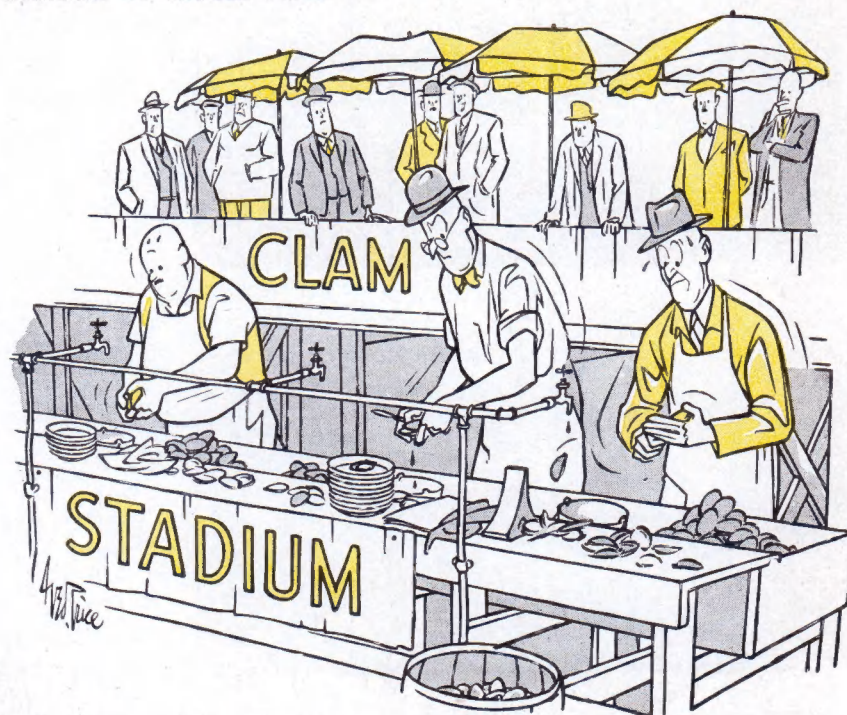
Several tables also bore oyster crackers. Mrs. Madeline Grist placed them delicately into her mill, and Mrs. Helen Bell also used them. These women wound up in a tie for feminine honors with thirty-nine clams apiece.

At day's end there was enough sea-food aroma hovering over the stadium to cause the gulls to change their minds about leaving. The sun, denied the spectacle by the lingering storm, broke through to light two new champions and two repeaters. They were Weintraub, Ingley, who held his title in the "cherrystone" clam division, E. L. Henry, who won in the "bullnose" class, and Theodore Mell, who shucked his way to top honors in the oyster division.

Judges and city officials were happy about the whole thing. "This National Clam and Oyster Openers' Tournament is a coming event," they chorused. "Not quite as big as a World's Fair, not quite as glamorous as the Beauty Pageant, not so much action as the Rose Bowl game—maybe. But did you ever see anything like it?"

Few people have.

CARTOONS BY GEORGE PRICE



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Duchess 17 jewels. 14-Karat white gold with eight blue-white diamonds. Including Federal tax . . . \$300.00

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY Fifth Avenue New York

Re: HIDDEN ASSETS

...The trail may lead to club lounge or camp cabin, to a client luncheon or an evening out. Go prepared. A dash of Sportsman...After-Shave Lotion or Cologne...brings a certain sense of well-being, an inner assurance of rightness that assists the business in hand. Indoor men with outdoor longings like the tangy skin refreshment...the clean, bracing hint of fragrance that are essentially Sportsman.

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In handsome wood-capped bottles with full-color reproductions of sports paintings by famous American artists: Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, 4 oz., \$1.50; 8 oz., \$2.50. Talc, 75¢, \$1. Shaving Bowls, \$1.50 and \$2.50. Sportsman Gift Packages, \$2.25 to \$10, plus tax.

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Travel Horizons Broaden in First Peacetime Year

ROBERT E. BERGERON knows the Continent thoroughly because he has lived there and studied travel conditions during the greater part of the last 40 years. He lounged over a table in New York's Sherry-Netherland and talked about travel in Europe this summer.

"Most American travelers will be businessmen because of the problems in obtaining a visa," he said. "The situation should ease by summer because visas will hinge on the ability of European countries to provide food. I think there will be enough. It won't be fancy, nor will it have too many trimmings, but it will be wholesome."

He had a tip for the American, traveling on the Continent.

"Don't go abroad if you intend to count pennies. Food and lodging will cost money. There will be rooms, but you will have to pay well for them."

He told about the Ritz Hotel in Paris.

"It was turned back from Allied military control on August 15 and in fifteen days was in condition to receive guests. They washed the floors and got together enough linen and silver to carry on. Other hotels will do the same and that will increase available space."

Mr. Bergeron, vice-president in charge of American Express Company operations on the Continent, believes the coming summer will be a good time to visit Europe. Organized, conducted tours won't be back on a prewar scale until 1947, he says, and the traveler this summer will have more leeway in his roamings. "There will be some discomforts," he said, "but if they are taken in the right spirit, the traveler will have an interesting time."

He thought about that for a moment.

"Take Paris," he said. "There aren't too many taxis, there isn't much heat and no hot water, but it's the same pretty lady, although a bit shabby now. By summer things will be a great deal better."

Victory Vacation Year

"YOU'VE EARNED YOUR VACATION—now enjoy it." That's the slogan for Victory Vacation Year, sponsored by the National Association of Travel Officials, which will start June first.

"We picked that date for the start of Victory Vacation Year," J. Herbert Walker, NATO president, said, "because the transportation people are confident the peak military load will have ended then and they expect new equipment by that time."

Package Tours to Start

PACKAGE TOURS OF EUROPE will be started this spring by American Express. The all-expense two-week trip will include stops at London, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam and Berne. Cost is estimated at about \$850 from New York. Departures are planned four times a week. Transatlantic flying time of about 18 hours will permit one to three days in each capital. Tours from coterminals at Boston,

Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit and Chicago will take about an hour longer and will cost slightly more. A 22-day tour will add Nice, Rome, Venice, Milan and Naples to the itinerary. It will cost about \$1050.

Tours have already started to South and Central America. They take 45 days, and stops are made in 18 of the 21 American republics. Package tours to Honolulu and the Pacific battlefields are in the development stage. The trip will take a month or more. The route will follow the Aleutians to Tokyo, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila, and will return through Guam and Honolulu.

British Buy Equipment

WHILE AMERICAN RAILROADS are almost daily announcing new equipment, the British railways have also been adding to their rolling stock. The London Midland and Scottish Railway is receiving the first of 800 third-class passenger cars, each accommodating 56 persons. Larger observation windows give improved visibility. Sliding ventilators and light panels are other features.

The Southern Railway of Great Britain has ordered three new vessels for its cross-Channel and Isle of Wight service for delivery early in 1947. The largest will accommodate 1460 passengers and crew. A new-type stabilizer will reduce rolling. A second ship will be used mainly in cargo service between Southampton and the Channel Islands. The third will be a Diesel electric car ferry for the Lymington-Yarmouth service. It will carry 32 cars.

The Tower of London will be open this summer. The collection of medieval armor is back in place as well as the execution block and ax. And once again the crown jewels are in their burglar-proof quarters.

Red Cross Aids Travel

AMERICAN SERVICEMEN have sailed the Nile in Egypt and visited the Holy Land. They have hunted tigers in India and toured the ancient bazaars on elephant back. They have seen cities in Europe and the Orient that only a few years ago were but names to them on their textbook maps. And their interest in travel has been awakened largely by the American Red Cross, always known as an organization of mercy, but not until the war as one promoting travel tours.

Wherever Red Cross clubs were established, tours of the countryside were organized for those on leave. The servicemen were eager to see things and the Red Cross workers were as enthusiastic to act as guides. Red Cross women conducting G. I. tourists were the first white women to visit some areas near the Khyber Pass.

Halladay on Holidays

HOLIDAY recently called upon a Mr. Halladay to talk about holidays. Specifically, we wanted to know how the small airplane will fit into the average vacationer's plans. Mr. Halladay—Charles R. Halladay—was discovered standing beside a canary-yellow two-passenger Piper Cub. During the war he directed

Holiday News

HOW DO YOU PROTECT YOUR TRAVEL FUNDS?

WITH AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES



1 First of all, your *MONEY IS SAFE* in the form of American Express TRAVELERS CHEQUES. If any of them become lost or stolen you receive a prompt refund.

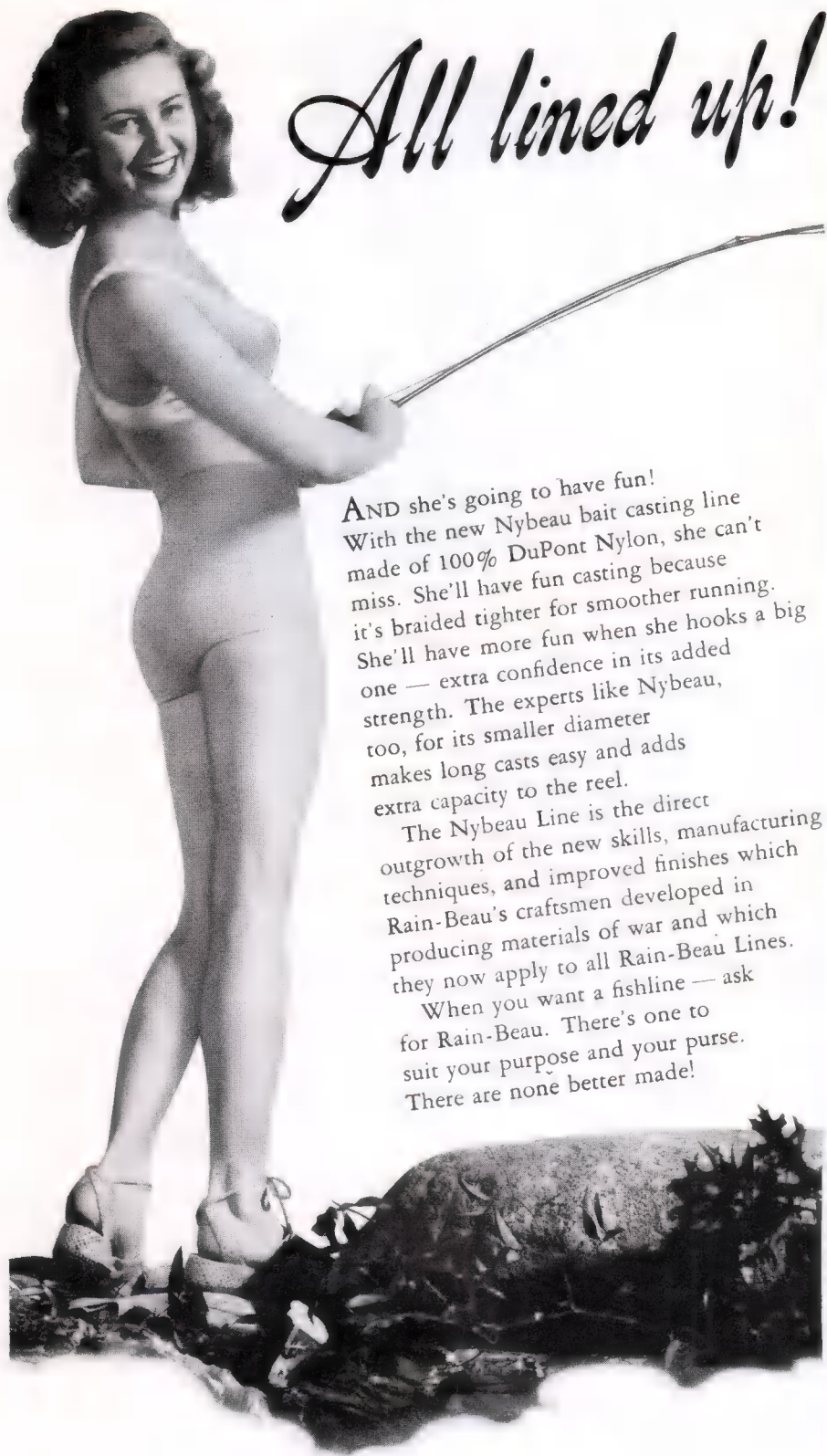
2 Travelers Cheques are *KNOWN and ACCEPTED* at airports, motor coach and railroad depots, gasoline stations, hotels, tourist lodges, restaurants, stores.

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AND she's going to have fun! With the new Nybeau bait casting line made of 100% DuPont Nylon, she can't miss. She'll have fun casting because it's braided tighter for smoother running. She'll have more fun when she hooks a big one — extra confidence in its added strength. The experts like Nybeau, too, for its smaller diameter makes long casts easy and adds extra capacity to the reel.

The Nybeau Line is the direct outgrowth of the new skills, manufacturing techniques, and improved finishes which Rain-Beau's craftsmen developed in producing materials of war and which they now apply to all Rain-Beau Lines.

When you want a fishline — ask for Rain-Beau. There's one to suit your purpose and your purse. There are none better made!

THEY HAVE WHAT IT TAKES...!

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LINEN COTTON NYLON SILK BRONZE



► Your dealer can show you the new, improved Rain-Beau Lines in DuPont Nylon, silk, linen, bronze, and cotton. They're as good to fish with as they look.

RAIN-BEAU PRODUCTS CO., CANTON, MASS., Division of INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

artillery fire from the cockpit of a small plane and now has turned to the sales and instruction end of the small-plane business.

"Small airplanes should be taken right to the public through department stores, which are natural outlets," he said. He added that Macy's and Hearn's in New York, Marshall Field and Mandel's in Chicago, Bamberger's in Newark, and Wanamaker's in Philadelphia are among stores taking an early flyer in exhibiting planes.

Mr. Halladay then spoke of how easily one could visit resorts and other vacation centers with his own plane. "You can land in any field," he said. "Vacations will be much more interesting for a man who owns his own plane. Weekends will be more enjoyable for the couple who will want to spend a day or so with friends several hundred miles away. These small planes are going to change vacation and week-end habits."

Interest in Small Planes

MANUFACTURERS OF SMALL PLANES expect to produce about 25,000 in 1946, more than five times the 1939 volume. The Civil Aeronautics Administration expects that by 1955 there will be almost three million families in the United States able to afford both an automobile and an airplane. The small-plane industry reports 100,000 inquiries concerning personal planes. About 80 per cent of them are from rural sections.

Face Lifting for Hawaii

HAWAIIAN INTERESTS ARE PLANNING construction of half a dozen new hotels. But contrary to the expectations of tourists, the new hotels won't be located on the island of Oahu.

Instead, the plan is to have more travelers visit Kauai, Molokai, and the other islands in the group. To that end, the Hawaiian Air Lines and the Inter-Island Navigation Company have recently had Col. Amos W. Flemings, of Honolulu, in the United States studying hotel plans and service features. Colonel Flemings expects to start construction of the first two cottage-type hotels in mid-March and hopes to have them in operation by September or October.

Meanwhile, Colonel Flemings advises prospective travelers to stay away, for the time being, from the Hawaiian Islands.

"Visiting Honolulu now would be like seeing any big North American city," he said. Hotels are crowded, beautiful Waikiki Beach has been turned into a Coney Island, and everything is in a postwar turmoil.

"That congestion will ease in time, but Hawaiian visitors who remain on Oahu will miss the real flavor of the islands."

Ten-Billion Industry?

"THE TOURIST BUSINESS during the first full normal peacetime year will be a ten-billion-dollar industry," Don Thomas, managing director of the All-Year Club of Southern California, and former president of the National Association of Travel Officials, estimates.

"Step up pleasure travel to ten billion dollars a year and the impact on jobs will

be felt all over the country," he said. "An economic survey indicates that such a tourist year will create jobs for almost two and a half million persons."

Orchids by Air Express

ONE NEW YORKER recently received a dozen orchids from Medellin, Colombia, in perfect condition for \$7.84, including air-shipment charges. Pan-American Clippers stopping at Colombia and Venezuela will fly many orchid shipments to Florida resorts this winter.

Streamliners on Order

THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY RAILROAD has ordered eight new trains to add to its Zephyr fleet. Two of them, seven-car streamliners, will be placed in service between Chicago and Minneapolis-St. Paul this summer. Six new ten-car California Zephyrs will be delivered later in the year. They will operate from Chicago to the West Coast over the Burlington, Denver and Rio Grande Western, and Western Pacific lines. All the trains will have astra-dome observatories with which the Burlington has been experimenting since August.

Boat Owners on Increase

MOTORBOAT ENTHUSIASTS are planning a return to prewar normal this summer. John A. Remon, president of the American Power Boat Association, predicts more and faster races this summer than in any year before the war. A. L. Bobrick, of Los Angeles, chairman of the organization's racing committee, reports an increase in registration of both outboards and inboards. Emile Jacoby, prominent in eastern outboard activities, believes there will be larger groups of competitors next summer and larger crowds attending regattas.

"Sports fans are more mechanically minded than ever before," he said. "Mechanical sports such as motorboating and auto racing will become increasingly popular."

Yachtsmen Plan Big Year

THE MARINA, the Atlantic Highlands super small-boat harbor, is expected to operate at full capacity this summer. Six piers with mooring berths for 250 craft will be available at the New Jersey port. Plans have been made to add further recreational features and a yachting headquarters. . . . The New Orleans Power Boat Association will renew activities in June. Before the war the organization sponsored many regattas. . . . Kansas motorboat enthusiasts will have a boating paradise within the heart of the state with completion of the Kanopolis Dam and reservoir. Work on the project was 60 per cent complete in 1942 when it was halted by the war. Water will not be fully impounded, however, until two years after construction ends. The dam will form a lake about eleven miles long with an area of about 3200 acres. The dam site is in Ellsworth County. Most important nearby towns are Ellsworth and Salina. . . . A million and a half dollars have been appropriated for development of the Roseville yacht harbor and construction of piers at San Diego, California.

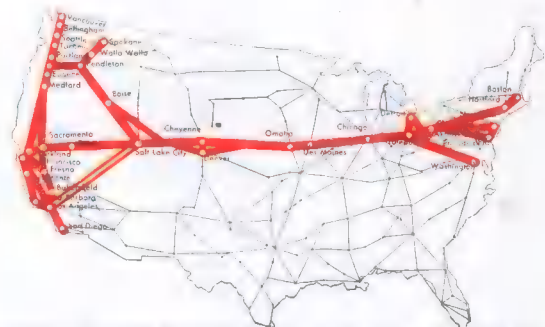
4-engine United Mainliners soon in Service

UNITED, first to introduce "3-mile-a-minute" transports, offers you a fleet of "4-mile-a-minute," 4-engine, 44-passenger-cargo planes, the C-54's.

No strangers to the skies, planes of this type have turned in a remarkable wartime record. *Now they pave the way for United's coming fleet of magnificent new "5-mile-a-minute," 52-passenger Mainliners . . . cabin-pressurized . . . air-conditioned DC-6's which will begin service later this year.*

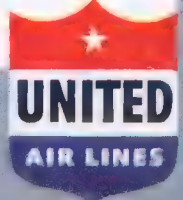
These big planes will mean a lot to this year's vacationers. Easterners will fly to the playgrounds of the West with its scenic beauties and its natural wonders. And Westerners will see New York's skyscrapers and picturesque New England with all its background of history. *United offers speed, economy, comfort and convenience in placing this year's vacation within a few short air hours from your home.*

Air fares are now 24% less than before the war, comparing favorably with first-class surface transportation costs. Call United Air Lines' ticket office or see your travel agent when you plan your vacation.



United Air Lines has been presented an Award of Honor by the National Safety Council for having flown more than a billion passenger miles in the past three years without a fatal accident. We are proud of our flight and ground personnel who made this record possible.

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY



Two stripes and you're IN
in Regina's sleeveless doublet of zephyr wool, to belt
tight over blouses, dresses. White with stripes in black,
navy, jockey red, kelly, brown, bright blue, fuchsia, aqua.



America's Loveliest Sweaters
GEMS
by *Regina*
OF CHICAGO

IN CHICAGO *Marshall Field & Company* 6TH FLOOR SPORTSWEAR

Mahogany Sidewalks In Rich Iquitos

MOST OF SOUTH AMERICA's valuable mahogany is floated down the Amazon to the town of Iquitos, in Peru, to be milled and marketed. It is so plentiful that sidewalks and sometimes houses are built of solid mahogany.

Short
Odds

Texoddities

THE STATE OF TEXAS HAS 254 counties, fifty-nine of which are larger than Rhode Island. Congressman Wright Patman of Texarkana gives this illustration of the vastness of Texas:

An official of a company in Chicago wired one of his agents in El Paso to go to Texarkana for a business transaction. The agent wired back, "Send someone from Chicago. It's closer."

Etymology

EARLY RESIDENTS of Oklahoma didn't take their town-naming very seriously. Waukomis was named by a railroad man who had to walk home across the town. Another railroad man named the town of Burbank for the cockleburs which covered the near-by bluffs.

Down South in Detroit

SEVENTY-TWO DEGREES is the average July temperature of Asheville, North Carolina, and Detroit, Michigan.

Cairo, Illinois, has streets shaded with magnolia trees and cotton grows in its environs. The map shows that Cairo is farther south than Richmond, Virginia.

Narrow Community

BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH, built in a canyon, is undoubtedly the narrowest town in the country. It's two miles long and only fifty feet wide.

Watch Your Glasses!

A PIECE OF GLASS dropped in a mineral spring at Marlin, Texas, will turn a beau-



tiful amber color. No known chemical will return the glass to its natural transparency.

Receding Shoreline

WILLIAM PENN landed on the west shore of the Delaware River where Chester, Pennsylvania, now stands. That was in 1682, and the point at which he stepped ashore is marked by a small stone enclosed by a

low iron picket fence. Today, that marker is four hundred yards from the water.

Hell for Sale

ANYONE INTERESTED in buying a bit of Hell, or even all of it, may get in touch with the State of North Carolina. Purgatory, adjoining area, was recently dis-



posed of for \$27,000. Both properties are pocosins, or boggy areas of more than 2000 acres each. A lumber company now owns Purgatory, but Hell is still available.

Watermelon Center

FARMERS around Hope, Arkansas, grow melons as big as hogsheds. The last we heard, the 195-pound whopper grown in 1939 hasn't been surpassed.

Lake Lore

TRAVELERS IN OREGON shouldn't bypass Crater Lake, where a dinner plate dropped overboard from a boat is plainly visible 1500 feet below the surface. The water occupies an extinct volcano, is six miles across and reaches a maximum of 2000 feet in depth.

The case of the disappearing lake occurred near Gainesville, Florida. Several streams flowed into a sink hole there, which became clogged. In 1871 a lake appeared about eight miles long and four miles wide. Twenty years later, the lake began to drain. Before long it was gone like the water from a bathtub.

Boston, Oregon?

THE FOUNDERS of Portland, Oregon, a man named Pettygrove from Maine, and a Mr. Lovejoy from Massachusetts, had quite an argument about what they'd name their town. Finally they flipped a coin. Lovejoy, holding out for Boston, lost the toss to the booster of Portland, Maine.

Take it Away, Ripley

A WISTARIA VINE in Los Angeles County, California, covers an acre and a half.

In Tombstone, Arizona, a rosebush covering 2000 square feet produces hundreds of thousands of roses each year.

A tree in Lily Redwood Park in Central California contains a room twenty-one by twenty-seven feet, and fifty feet high. You might call it a one-log cabin.

Borderline Case

HAVE YOU ever been in four states at once? There is an easy way to do it. But you will have to be northwest of Shiprock, New Mexico, about 25 miles as the crow flies. There the boundaries of Utah, Col-

IT'S NEW...
IT'S DIFFERENT...

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**One Year's Fire and Theft Insurance
at No Extra Cost!**

Postwar reality in modern design is yours when you buy your new 1946 Monark, the beauty bike of America. It's new from the ground up!

Just take a look at all the features . . . airplane-type headlight . . . double-spring shock absorbing fork for smoother riding . . . airline-style pedal crank . . . streamlined auto-type rear reflector . . . built-in auto-type tank horn, and many others. Get ready to see this super new Monark.

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First Among Fine Watch Bands

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orado, New Mexico and Arizona intersect—the only place in the United States where such a thing occurs.



City Built on Copper

THE LARGEST underworld in America is at Butte, Montana. It also is one of the oldest, dating back to 1864, and its take during all those years has amounted to probably three billion dollars. Butte's underworld is busy with the production of copper-bearing ore. It consists of some 2000 miles of corridors and tunnels, with more than 35 miles of new tunnels being constructed every year, as against about 253 miles of streets in the city itself. The entire city of Butte, which has a population of 40,000 persons, is built over the maze of shafts and tunnels of the mines.

California Borsch

THE RUSSIAN FLAG flew over California territory from 1812 to 1841. The remains of Fort Rossiya, heart of the settlement, may still be seen on the bleak and rugged coast north of San Francisco. It was built under the command of Nikolai Rezanof, the Tsar's chamberlain, as the first of a series of settlements intended to pro-



vide food for the Russian fur-trading posts in Alaska and the Aleutians, then part of Russia. Many of the buildings were sold and removed before 1906, when the state of California restored the remaining buildings. Part of the stockade, the northern block house, the Russian commandant's house and a Greek Orthodox chapel remain. Inside the chapel, with its squat yellow belfry, Russian, Spanish and Indian relics are on display.

Great Oaks From Little Acorns

LOUISIANA has a society in which every member must be at least one hundred years old, and have a girth of 17 feet or more. There are many members, and the president, one of the oldest, has a girth of 35 feet. The members of this society are—

live oak trees. The dues are 25 acorns per year, and every tree must have a human sponsor.

The Live Oak Society, the only one of its kind, is headed by the Locke Breaux oak, at Hahnville, in St. Charles Parish near New Orleans. This tree not only is 35 feet around the trunk but stands 75 feet high, with branches spreading 168 feet.

The acorns paid as dues are planted in nurseries and the seedlings are distributed in the state.

Rain Under the Roof

VISITORS in a dirigible hangar at Akron, Ohio, seeing warm sunshine outside may find themselves needing an umbrella indoors, or forced to step around pools of rain water on the floor. This great hangar, built in 1929, is so vast that sudden



changes of temperature outside sometimes result in the formation of clouds under the 221-foot steel parabolic supporting arches inside. The great dirigibles, Akron and Macon, were built in the hangar, which would be large enough to hold the Woolworth Building and the Washington Monument at the same time.

Presidential Shingle

IF YOU happen to be in Concord, N. H., you may see the shingle of Attorney Franklin Pierce hanging outside an office on Main Street. Mr. Pierce, the 14th President of the United States, died in 1869, but the sign remains outside what was his three-story Georgian Colonial brick home erected in 1826. Since 1923 his home and office has been a museum of the New Hampshire Historical Society.

Holland Goes "Dutch"

IT IS A LONG WAY from Holland, Michigan, to Holland itself, but visitors in the Michigan town might not notice much difference—particularly during the first three weeks of May, annually, when the flat lands are bright with tulips, and many residents of the town don Dutch costumes with wooden shoes to celebrate the Tulip Festival. Dutch dishes are served in the restaurants, and parades, dances and performances all revive Dutch traditions.

Bargain Town

YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE that the site of the present city of New Haven, Connecticut, home of Yale University, was purchased from the Quinnipiac Indians for twenty-three coats, twelve spoons, twelve hatchets and a few hoes and scissors.

When Travel

IS A FAMILY AFFAIR!



First thought, safety—and there's no safer travel than train! Next, cost—and here no one need sacrifice modern comfort to save dollars. For in addition to its great fleet of all-Pullman and Pullman-and-coach trains, the Pennsylvania Railroad provides such famous *all-coach* trains as . . . *The Trail Blazer*, New York-Chicago . . . *The Jeffersonian*, New York-St. Louis . . . *Liberty Limited* (second section), Washington-Chicago . . . *The South Wind*, Chicago-Miami . . . *The East Wind*, Washington-Maine, in summer season. With reserved individual reclining seats, observation-lounge car, radio, popular-priced meals among many features. At your Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office you will find pleasant, experienced aid in helping you personally to plan delightful tours.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

 *Serving the Nation* 

argoflex* shows you the picture before you take it!



... and tells you when to take it

Almost as if it could talk, the Argoflex tells you when to shoot the picture—just when the action is *in* the picture, and when it is in exact focus. Moreover you see the full sized picture in the camera *before* you take it. The picture you see—is the picture you get.

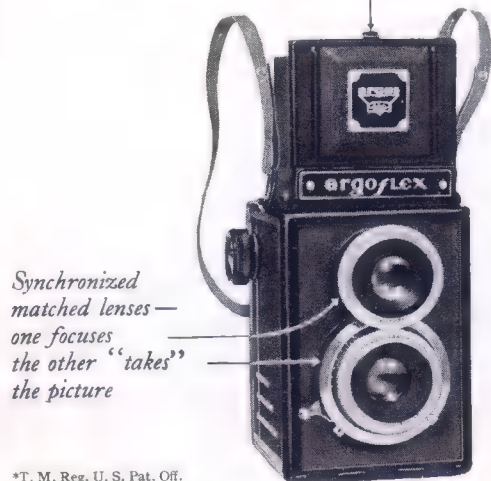
Here is true camera simplicity—the Argoflex! No complex adjustment—no confusing gadgets. As easy to focus as a pair of opera glasses. All you do is look into the camera, turn the focusing-ring until you see the picture you want, sharp and clear in its exact size. And press the button!

The Argoflex principle employs the only method ever devised to take better pictures so easily. That's why experts—newsmen and war correspondents, folks whose livelihood is photography, acclaim the Argoflex method.

Argoflex is the camera you have been waiting for. For black and white or color, Argoflex gives you convenient album size prints and superior high-fidelity enlargements. For your next camera—get a new Argoflex—the twin lens camera.

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FINE CAMERAS AND PRECISION OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS

Actual size view
shows here



Synchronized
matched lenses—
one focuses
the other "takes"
the picture



Here you see the picture
—full size 2 3/4 x 2 1/4 inches

MARCH, 1946

Holiday

ROUND THE WORLD IN SIX DAYS



The new era in world travel was born amid the fanfare of official ceremony, as the first Globester took off from Washington's National Airport

You can outdo Jules Verne and have more time for sightseeing than the global pioneers

CERTAINLY A WEEK'S VACATION is enough for the grand tour around the world. Only I wouldn't recommend it. Take two weeks or more and see some of the globe over which you're skimming.

Every Friday afternoon at five a round-the-world plane takes off from Washington National Airport, traveling against the sun; every Thursday night it lands at the Capital again, after circumnavigating the earth. You may stay on it all the way, as I did, but you'll have to set up housekeeping at an altitude of 10,000 feet, which has its disadvantages. And you won't get to take off the clothes in which you started; and there are other drawbacks to the hasty flight.

BY FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

I crossed China without a glimpse of it. If you take two weeks or more for the round trip, spending at least a night at the interesting places and taking the next day's shuttle ship, you'll undoubtedly see some Chinese in their native habitat and some Egyptians and Persians too. The fare for round-the-world flying will be somewhere around \$1500 complete when the commercial air lines take over sometime during this year.



Exactly when the private lines take over is still a moot question, but Maj. Gen. Harold L. George, who built the Air Transport Command into the world's greatest air line when we needed it desperately, is busy getting the Government out of the passenger business. However, the American flag will continue to fly around the world—and on schedule.

There may be changes in the route as facilities along the way are shifted or expanded to give you potential sight-seers something more to look at and more time to see it. The Globester path of today isn't quite the junket I took. In fact, it now dallies at about



200 miles an hour over such map points as Washington, Newfoundland, the Azores, Casablanca, Tripoli, Cairo, Abadan, Karachi, Calcutta, Kunming, Manila, Guam, Kwajalein, Johnston Island, Honolulu, San Francisco, Kansas City and Washington all over again.

You might as well know now that arrangements for global air travel begin with some acquaintanceship with the Passport Division of the U. S. State Department. Visas must be obtained from the consuls of whatever foreign lands you plan to visit. In normal times, of course, you will

be padding around to your air-lines office or travel agency where you may be able to get a tentative reservation date. This done, you still won't be ticketed without passport and visas.



All you have to do from then on is worry about luggage.

Naturally, you have sent all the big stuff abroad in advance because you are only

permitted to carry fifty-five pounds of baggage on commercial air lines without extra cost. Extra-baggage tariff is expensive.

But as a postwar pioneer globe girdler I can say that it all works out in the end. In fact, it all may become somewhat simpler, especially when I think of the frills that were added in the way of shots for health protection, special uniforms we had to wear and all.

The Army still was in charge of the trip around the equatorial, or bay-window, section of the world, when I tried it. The war long since was

over, but I had to be a kind of postwar war correspondent. That meant getting some Army pants at the Quartermaster Corps' haberdashery.

Did you ever have a blond beauty in a pink sweater measure you for pants? Fidgety. Price, \$2.40. She wondered whether one pair would be enough. I said I thought so; I'd only be gone six days. Where, she asked, was I going?

"Around the world," I replied.

"Ulp," she said.

The Globester, with a red streak of lightning painted on its 40-passenger fuselage, was waiting at the airport for the pioneers. (You, you lucky fellows, won't have to sleep on the floor; some of those seats will be ripped out and berths will be installed, as in a Pullman car.) We were about to make the first regularly scheduled passenger flight on the longest route possible to mortal man. The band was playing, General George's wife was sending aloft the inaugural balloons, and my bride was there to kiss me good-by.

I was taking this jaunt for the United Press. Mrs. Inez Robb went along for the International News Service. Paul Miller carried his portable typewriter for the Associated Press. The lipstick-smearing passengers climbed aboard the Douglas C-54 Skymaster and sniffed. It had the poignant smell of fresh paint, new leather and polished metal, like an automobile straight from the showroom.

So began the saga of a record-breaking pair of pants; no other pants ever traveled so far, so fast. I was inside 'em and, come to think of it, no pants ever collected so much egg. You'll stop in exotic places in time for native dinners and luncheons de luxe, but every time we halted, it turned out to be breakfast time. I don't know why the eggs all over the world were so runny. Maybe it was my trembling hand. I spilled more egg than anybody else.

Bermuda, I understand, is a pretty place. All I know for sure is that it smelled of hyacinth and high-test gas, and that the benches at the airport should be sanded down for splinters. Get going, pants.

The sun came up eventually and it was a stormy day at sea. Rain, gales, whitecaps and waves messed up things 11,000 feet below. We were riding along, as in a Pennsylvania Avenue streetcar, while Col. Major White (he's a colonel; his mother named him Major), the head sawbones, put us through his mental tests.

That also was for your sake. The colonel wondered whether flying higher, longer, faster than anybody wouldn't do odd things to the passengers' noggins. I might as well report now, in case you're worried, that we never even got a headache; the colonel was delighted. He brought his supply of pills back home untouched.

And here we are at Santa Maria. This is a pimple in the Atlantic, property of Portugal, covered with 91 acres of U. S. asphalt, and celebrated as the place C. Columbus put in for water in 1493. We put in for poached eggs, and while Santa Marians love their island, I'd suggest that you fly through.



SKETCHES BY MICKY STROBEL

In Casablanca, where Bogart chased Bergman, the sheiks wore white turbans draped from Lend-Lease diapers, and I doffed my slightly wrinkled world-wide pants, briefly. I mean I took a midnight bath in the palace of a Nazi spy.

The business of bathing in a tub with a panoramic view and having an Arab wash my back got me to thinking I was a long way from home. You may play Scheherazade softly on the phonograph while I tell you about being a VIP in the land of the burnoose. VIP is Army for Very Important Persons, corresponding to yourselves as paying passengers. In Casablanca all VIP's are entertained at the Villa Maas.

Herr Maas, the North African publisher who thought Hitler would win,

was in the clink at Algiers at this writing, waiting trial for his life.

The French turned over to the VIP's his gardens, pools, private race track and fabulous house with plate-glass walls and marble floors. I said I didn't really need a bath. The man led me to Herr Maas' private sanctum

where the plumbing was as German as it was luxurious. I crawled into the oversized tub, washed my ears, admired the city's lights through the eight-foot window and noticed a silver cord hanging from the ceiling.

Whatever you do when you take your bath at the Villa Maas, keep your hands off that cord. I'm warning you. I pulled it, and in came an Arab in a blue nightgown. "Scram," I told him. He thought this was Arabic for wash Othman's back. He did only a middling fair job of it, and also managed to splash soap on my pants; but I put 'em back on, went downstairs and, so help me, wandered into Herr Maas' harem room, where the bulbuls sang in golden cages, the fountain plashed, incense smoldered on brass-topped tables, and low couches lined the filigreed walls.

I reclined on a harem bed and called for a houri to fan me, but the ATC said it couldn't produce one, even for a VIP. Who knows but that for you the service may be better? The captain said it was time to head for Egypt.

We went by way of Tripoli, where my pants received a sample of Tripolitanian egg yolk and I bought for \$1.35 a genuine ivory bracelet hand-carved by machinery from American plastics.

I won't bother you much with the pyramids because the ATC didn't bother me with 'em. We dipped low, spending 30 seconds examining these wonders, and I can announce that a pyramid looks like its picture, only dustier. Cairo, I can add authoritatively, needs more grass in its back yards, while red tarbooshes look better on Egyptians than on Shriners.

And I wish you'd quit muttering to yourself. Could *you* learn more about Egypt in 25 minutes' refueling time?

I'd suggest you spend a day or two in Egypt and waste no time eating eggs in Abadan, the second hottest spot on earth, where the mechanics work at night because they get blisters from their monkey wrenches by day. I guess it was too hot at three A.M. to enjoy Persian eggs. Farewell to Iran, and away we went to the mysterious East, and I hope never again to hear a tenor describe the Road to Mandalay.

The sun does not come up like thunder. It makes a red streak first, then a yellow, and spends the rest of the day stewing you in your own juices. I kept a sharp eye peeled on the Nile, the Suez Canal, the River Jordan and the Persian Gulf, but there were no flying fish at play. Only fish I saw was tuna in a can, in the galley.

Doc White, still worrying about the possible deterioration of my brain at high altitudes, fed me oxygen in an automatic mask. All I had to do was wear it; the machinery took care of the rest. You probably won't even have to do that. Your cabin likely will be pressurized, with its air and climate regulated for your comfort.

I think you're going to like India. A brown-faced gent with a brass plate on his middle, embossed "Yellow Fever" in Old English script, sprayed me with a mixture of coal oil and germ killer. Then he let me get off that airplane, and I had not been in India two minutes before I had my private barefoot bearer to tote my stuff.

Col. Edward H. Holterman, the Karachi commander, said maybe I'd like some eggs. There were seven bearers to serve same, while my own bearer rubbed in the yolk that accidentally spilt on my international pants. It is a long ride across India, which is gray, except for the Taj Mahal, which is white. This, the most beautiful building



Looking down on the Taj Mahal



in the world, according to most architects, got another 30 seconds of my not-so-valuable time.

Let us not mention Calcutta, where I saw no maharajas, emeralds, nor elephants. I saw nothing in Calcutta. It was foggy. All I did to Calcutta was smell it and I'd

appreciate your dropping me a note, telling me whether those fakirs are fakes. Over the Himalaya Mountains we went—the high part. You'll cross them lower in the range where the peaks don't reach up so far for the ship. There was lightning outside and rain; an air

current lifted us to 14,500 feet, dropped us, and left me wondering why I ever decided to be a world traveler. All four engines then caught fire. Yellow flames danced around the propellers. The sweat of terror penetrated the knees of the pants and mingled with the egg stains; I cowered in my seat and jumped when Col. C. E. Allen tapped me on the shoulder. "Very pretty," he said. "W-what?" I cried.

"The Saint Elmo's fire on the engines," he said. "You're lucky. You don't often see it."

I have decided not to write my projected book about China; I don't exactly know what happened to China and me. Somehow we didn't seem to connect. What seemed like two weeks



Casablanca to . . .



. . . Cairo



after the Saint Elmo's fire died down, or at four o'clock the same black morning, we landed at Kunming, where it was as cold as the nose of a Chinese dog. That is accurate reporting. There was a yellow dog there, with gray spots, and its nose felt like a bottom of a beer mug.

We gulped Chinese eggs, which are no more stable than eggs anywhere else in the world; Chinese bacon, which seems to be more white than pink, and Chinese hot cakes, which were not hot. Then we had to beat it because we were holding up traffic on the airfield. I think I saw three Chinese in white cotton pants, but it was dark and I wouldn't swear to it. They might have been Florida-bound vacationers who got on the wrong airplane.

Only thing left for me in my book-publishing crisis was to get a look at China from the air at dawn. I took a little something for medicinal purposes and waited for some pinkishness in the sky. My eyes stung from no sleep and I decided to close 'em momentarily. This was a mistake. Seven hours passed from my life. So did China.

Manila I know about. It looks like a dime-store bauble crushed under the wheels of a truck. We spent two hours there surveying the wreckage left by the Japs, and even if you want to, I doubt whether you'll get to stay any longer this year, or next. There simply isn't a hotel left standing in the entire city, the food supply is short, and the civic leaders now are talking about a \$100,000,000 loan to rebuild the Pearl of the Pacific. Until that loan is made and the proceeds spent on everything from curbstones to window glass, Manila cannot welcome vacationers.

Let us rush on—dozing under blankets en route—to Guam, where we had 40 minutes and Polynesian eggs. The eggs I suggest you skip, but the Polynesian ladies I think you'll admire. The most beautiful girl there (the boss man said she was; she looked like a dusky Lamour) rubbed the sleep from her peepers, inserted a gardenia in her hair and sent us away with a basket of fruit. Confidentially, she said not to eat the pink bananas in it; they weren't fit for food, but they looked pretty.

I went to bed on the floor of our flying machine, and if I'd known three hours later that engine No. 3 was dribbling gasoline and smoke and the pilot was struggling vainly to get it going again, I'd have been plain, green-gilled scared. Eventually the flight clerk (he'll be called the steward when you make the trip) shook my shoulder, said we had lost an engine and would I please put on my Mae West, sir, if I didn't mind? Courtesy is the watchword in the air.

As far as I could observe, the great ship flew as well on three engines as four, only a little slower. We got back to Guam, all right. It still was early morning. The Army had to entertain us all over again. It did so with more eggs. We took off once more in a new plane for Kwajalein, where the sand was purple and the commandant was proud of the fact that his experts had set

a new record on the servicing of our plane. Eight minutes flat. They did a good job too. It was not until we were well on our way to

Honolulu that we discovered they forgot to fill the water tank. You can't wash teeth in gasoline;

I didn't wash 'em, and I only hope none of your service crews attempt to establish new records. In a few minutes it was seven A.M., Wednesday. The pilot said it was not; it was Tuesday. Someone else said it was Thursday.

Beneath us was the international date line; it looked like water to me and I don't think this is the place to continue the argument. Enough beautiful friendships were severed aboard the Globester as it was and, anyway, I want to tell you about Hawaii.

That's a place I recommend; I never did see such affectionate people. While the Royal Hawaiian band tootled softly, a black-haired lady placed around my neck a string of scarlet carnations and kissed me twice, once for me and once for the cameraman. She gave me a glass of

pineapple juice and said that it was the custom to give all visitors a preliminary hula-hula lesson. Who am I to flaunt custom?

Some other ladies were thumping their ukuleles.

Mine gypsy-rosed her dress, revealing herself in



a skirt of new-mown grass. She said the meaning was in the hands, but the movement was in the hips. After I had caught the swing of the hip thing and had swung same a few times, the lady said, "Remarkable." You're either a natural hula dancer, or you're not. The dispatcher chose that moment to say, "On your way." The lady kissed me good-by hurriedly (she will do that for all you fortunate people too) and said I should drop my lei into the waters of the Pacific for luck.

We soon were over water, 4656 miles of it, to be exact. Pilot W. W. Healy said there was a typhoon ahead. He said he liked typhoons; that a typhoon, properly approached, makes you go faster. So we arrived in San Francisco ahead of time, or exactly in time for eggs, and the next thing we knew we were flying across America, non-stop. Of course, if you want to, you can stop in Kansas City now. It was a sad day, full of auld langsyne and autographs on \$1000 Chinese bank notes, worth two cents, at 10,000 feet. That's where my fountain pen got funny ideas and squirted ink like a water pistol. My poor pants took it. They looked now like batik work.

We landed in Washington six and a quarter days and twenty-three thousand odd miles after we left. The same movie cameras were there to record the greetings of the same bride. She said I should have had my pants cleaned. I said it would have been too breezy waiting for them to catch up with me. She said if I'd stop grinning for the newsreels and go home with her, she'd cook me some eggs. And that is why, fellow Jules Verneses, I urge you to take two weeks or more to see the world. Or spend a day at every stop except Manila, see the sights and sleep in a bed. No matter how lumpy the mattress, I can guarantee it'll be better than trying to rest aloft. And if you take my advice, your every meal around the world won't be eggs and your pants won't look like mine. You'll have time to change 'em.



Cosmopolitan...

Gateway to the Pacific...

Fun-loving.....exotic.....that's.....

..... SAN FRANCISCO

WHEN DELEGATIONS from the six continents assembled in San Francisco for the United Nations Conference, the colorful Arabians in their flowing burnouses stole the show. All princes, they swished around the town single file, while thousands stared in admiration. When they were swinging through the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel one day, a woman admirer exclaimed, "Aren't they strange and wonderful!" The shortest Arabian, who was invariably caboose in the procession, turned to her, grinned and said in Oxford English, "Madame, you should see us on our horses."

Today San Franciscans feel like saying to the four million plus service men and women and the civilian war workers who have jammed their way in and out of the City by the Golden Gate, "You should see us at peace." The bulk of the Pacific war—men, munitions, supplies— funneling

BY FRANK J. TAYLOR

through the port left San Francisco worn and untidy, unready for a little while to play host to the tens of thousands who want to come back and do the town up brown in peacetime. Even Californians, Inc., whose business it is to lure visitors to the city, said, "Don't come yet."

For the Navy or the Army commandeered every available hotel room to handle the thousands of homecoming Yanks streaming in from the Pacific. The transportation systems creaked with traffic. Restaurants had to rush customers through to handle three to five sittings at each table. In a city that was always noted for its gracious living, everybody was under pressure. Hotel





Opera house, where world peace was shaped by the UNCIO

managers, police, travel experts, and military authorities predict that the town will be packed until maybe June. Then, once more, San Francisco expects to live up to its motto, "The city that knows how," in particular, how to play host. Then, if you're sure of a bed in which to sleep, you can have a San Francisco holiday.

What will you find? What can you do?

Well, despite the upheaval wrought by war, a lot of the City by the Golden Gate is the same old San Francisco. The town is crowded on the snug little peninsula, forty-six square miles, of which one fourth is in public parks and military reservations, such as the Presidio, which the U. S. Army took over from the Mexicans a century ago, and still grimly keeps, although by modern aerial-warfare standards the big gun emplacements guarding the Golden Gate are as obsolete as bows and arrows. San Francisco couldn't spread out horizontally like most western cities, so the town pushed upward, on her hills, more numerous than Rome's, and in skyscrapers, office buildings and apartments. Thousands of San Franciscans migrate to week-end homes in the Marin woods, across the Bay behind the Berkeley Hills, or down the Peninsula to Santa Clara County farms or Coast Range forests. If you happen to land in town on Sunday morning, you may think the place is deserted. It isn't; the citizens will be back tomorrow.

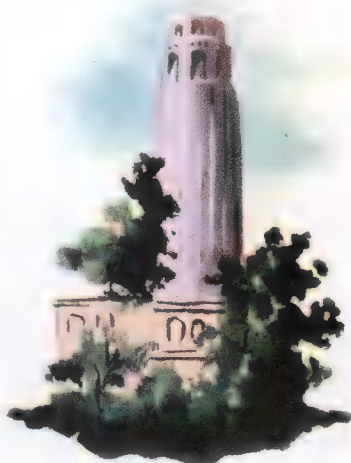
The commuting ferries—from which the city's fantastic sky line was so alluring, particularly at night when blinking lights sparkled in the blackness—have been put out of business by the bridges; but the railroads still run ferries for the transconti-

nental traffic and at the Ferry Building you can buy a round-trip ride to Oakland Mole on a squatty Southern Pacific boat. No matter how many times you may have made the trip before, that's still the enchanting way to meet the city.

The bridges have redone the town's geography. A motorist can skim over the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, which is really two suspension spans and one cantilever hooked together, making the world's biggest bridge structure, in twenty minutes. Or you can whiz in twenty minutes to wooded Marin, across the Golden Gate Bridge, the world's longest single span. The bridges have made the East Bay and Marin County communities as much a part of San Francisco as is St. Francis Woods, beyond Twin Peaks, or the peninsula towns to the south. More important, they made San Francisco a city on wheels. Where San Franciscans used to walk or ride streetcars and cable cars, they now drive, with traffic headaches aplenty.

The city fathers tried to ease the traffic jams by decreeing one-way streets. They scooped out a huge four-story garage under Union Square, then built the plaza back on top. But despite these innovations there are times when a motorist driving into town can't find a parking place or a space in any

The Coit Tower



When Pacific travel resumes, the city by the Golden Gate expects a new version of gold-rush days

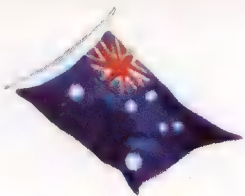


Beauty lives here, in the Palace of Fine Arts

garage within walking distance of downtown San Francisco. That's one of the annoyances to expect when you come.

But you can still buy a corsage at a corner flower stand and you can still clamber onto one of the clanging cable cars. They'll haul you over the steep slopes of Nob and Russian hills to Fisherman's Wharf and you'll see the crowded harbor and wharves. You'll see, in the bay, "The Rock" on which the Federal Government offers enforced hospitality to the city's most unwelcome guests in forbidding Alcatraz Prison; beyond, you'll see the lay of Marin hills; off to the east, Treasure Island, and beyond that, Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda.

And behind a spur track the military shunted in to handle war traffic, Fisherman's Wharf is still an exotic bit of Naples. The blue and gray fishing boats bob between the wharves. Crabs simmer in the huge iron caldrons on the sidewalks. You can park alongside and have a seafood cocktail served in your car, or you can go into a fisherman's grotto for a meal fresh from the sea, with a blue or red or green apron covering



you to your neck
if you choose choppino—
fish stew—into which you fish with your fingers
for clams and shrimps and crab legs. Maybe that
doesn't sound so appetizing, but once you've
tried it, you'll be back for more.

You can stroll or drive down the Embarcadero,
the Street of Ships, lined with wharves, and
stretching around to the Ferry Building and be-
yond to China Basin. It isn't quite as full of the
odors and sights of the Seven Seas as it used to be
when the ships of all nations docked here, un-
loading copra, hemp, coffee, bananas, rubber,
silks, mahogany and products of every clime.
But it's a lot busier now with the ships of the
U.S.A.—the greatest fleet that floats—loading
with supplies for our new outposts in the Pacific,
temporarily an American lake.

The place to get the lay of the land is Top of
The Mark, on Nob Hill, where the town and the
bay are spread out beyond and below huge plate-
glass windows. You can inhale geography along
with cocktails, unless the fog closes in with a
zero-zero ceiling. Another spot from which to
take in the whole San Francisco eyeful in one
360-degree glance, is Twin Peaks at the end of
Market Street, towering higher even than "The
Mark."

At the foot of Twin Peaks the mission district
slumbers. Most visitors miss it entirely, but it is
the best neighborhood, climatically speaking.
The old Spanish town grew up here because it
was sheltered from the fog. Mission Dolores, ex-
cept for renovations, basks as serene as in old
Spanish days. One of the few California missions
maintained continuously since it was founded, it
is San Francisco's direct tie to hacienda days.

The San Francisco climate, we beg to report,
has not improved apace with the arts and sciences
of wartime. From late spring to late summer the
fogs whip in and they are just as chilly as ever.



Cable cars turn in the street

Uninitiated visitors, expecting to loll and swim in
California sunshine, shiver without their top-
coats. An inventor in town has perfected a process
for dispersing fog, but San Franciscans have done
nothing about setting him up in business. They
contend as did their forefathers, that they like it
cold while other cities are sweltering, that the fog
"puts pep in the step and perk in the work," and
finally, that they'd just as soon wait until Sep-
tember for summer to get under way and last
until Christmas. Anyway, the mayor has done
nothing about the fog dispenser.

The mayor, who used to run a steamship line
before he moved out to the Civic Center, has
been pretty busy anyway. The Civic Center is a
couple of miles out from the Ferry Building and
just off Market Street, with its tracks for four
streetcars abreast. The City Hall, a replica of the
National Capitol, and not so miniature at that;
the Civic Auditorium, the Municipal Opera
House, the Veterans War Memorial Building,

where the United Nations Con-
ference made San Francisco
the momentary capital of the
world; the Federal Office Build-
ing, Public Health Building,
Navy Headquarters, Library
and State Building—make an
imposing group of buildings for
any state, much less one city
and county, which San Fran-
cisco is, rolled into one.

In the old days, there was
lots of room in these stately
marble edifices and public
affairs rocked along easily. Of
late things have been humming.
The city fathers bought the
Market Street Railway and
merged it with the Municipal
lines in an effort to bolster up

the creaking transportation lines; they've been
adding strips to the airport at Mills Field to pro-
vide for the fleet of transports that link San Fran-
cisco with our newly born Pacific empire and the
Orient. They were caught dead center in the
proposal to establish the United Nations capi-
tal in the city. A few vociferous San Franciscans
wanted the world capital; most of them didn't,
on the grounds that it would change the town's
character, and they liked it the way it is and feel
it is pleasingly cosmopolitan.

You can eat in almost any language in San
Francisco—an Armenian dinner at Omar Khay-
yam's, or Italian or French or Mexican meals
at any of a dozen restaurants specializing in
foreign cuisines. There is a bit of Old Sweden,
a chunk of Old Russia, a kitchen of Old Ger-
many. In Chinatown there is Ernie Tsang's
Cathay House, serving authentic Chinese dishes,
and a half dozen others featuring both Chinese
food for Occidentals, and upstairs, Chinese food

China in its San Francisco setting



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE ROBERTS

SKETCHES BY SUSAN C. KNIGHT





You can buy flowers on Grant Avenue

for Chinese. For a table with a view there's dinner at Julius Castle, clinging to Telegraph Hill, where you watch the harbor lights blinking. Or you could lunch at leisure by a Cliff House window, perched on the bluff overlooking Seal Rocks. And there are any number of places serving good old U.S.A. dishes, including the Palace Hotel, where downtown business and professional San Francisco lunches en masse, and has ever since the easy-come-easy-go days when millions of dollars' worth of business was transacted at bars and across tables of the Bonanza Café.

In a way San Francisco has been a city of cities, with Little Cantons, Little Milans, Little Moscows, Little Madrids, Little Parises scattered over the hills. It still is, but the war has brought some changes. Little Tokyo disappeared and a Little Birmingham, Alabama, replaced it almost overnight. Chinatown, stretched along Grant Avenue and Stockton Streets, is still first on most visitor's lists. But so many servicemen, flush with pay checks, have hit the Chinatown beachhead that the shops are bare of bargains—except in the apothecaries, where you can buy dried sea horses or frogs or fish, as you want. Chinatown, especially at sundown or when the lights are dim in the mist, is as bizarre and exotic as ever. The old folks of this largest Chinese city in the Occident still live and dress and sit and talk as they used to, leaving automobiles to the oncoming generation. They have their own telephone exchange, operated by Chinese girls who know by heart all of the settlement numbers.

Chinatown bumps into Little Italy, which pushes across Columbus Avenue and up Telegraph Hill. This is one of the few downtown remnants of early San Francisco. When the 1906 earthquake broke the water mains, and fire swept unchecked over 500 city blocks, the Italians out on Telegraph Hill had an emergency fire department of their own. Breaking open casks, they soaked blankets in wine and hung them over the sides of houses—thus saving the houses on the hill. So, sandwiched between modern apartment edifices, the little old wooden shacks still cling to the slopes. Nobody minds.

Below Chinatown is old Portsmouth Square, where Stevenson soaked up lore, another spot by-passed by war. Here was founded Yerba Buena, which the Americans re-named San Francisco, after the bay, which the Spanish had already called in honor of St. Francis of Assisi, the city's patron saint.

Here in pioneer days was an inlet where the sailing ships docked to trade and later to spew out the gold-hungry Forty-Niners. Here rows of ships, lining the docks, were used as shelter and places of business in the first hectic two years after '49, when the town burned to the ground, only to be rebuilt overnight, bigger and sturdier.

The ship-lined docks became city streets, as the city swallowed its original har-

in Lincoln Park. Now it's the crossroads of the new American empire. From the half dozen Army and Navy airfields, and the city airport at Mills Field, just out of town, transport planes take off hourly for Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, China, Japan. Shanghai, which used to be four weeks' travel from San Francisco, is now only fifty hours. In the city's bars you meet men and women who day before yesterday were in Tokyo or Manila or Peiping. Day after tomorrow you may be there yourself.

Though hotels, trains, planes and streets teem with too much traffic, there are spots where life is still unrushed.

Golden Gate Park is one. Its woods, drives, gardens, captured from shifting sand dunes by John McLaren, are as peaceful and lush as when the rugged auld Scot died three years ago. In Steinhart Aquarium you can lose yourself among brilliant-hued South Sea island fishes. In Muir Woods, a short drive into Marin County via the Golden Gate Bridge, the redwood groves are as serene and everlasting as ever. Down the Skyline Boulevard, which skirts the ridge of the Coast Range to Big Basin State Park, is 65 miles of unspoiled countryside and untouched forest. San Franciscans and their visitors are lucky in another way too. The city managed to save its beaches, and the chilly weather has helped keep them uncluttered.

Downtown stores like Gump's, with its rooms of Oriental treasure, run like permanent fairs. Make yourself at home, and buy only if you can't help wanting things. San

Francisco is a city of window-shoppers from early morning to late at night, when the after-theater crowds stroll by for a last look. San Francisco, too, is the theater world's theater town and the townspeople turn out en masse for the opera and the symphony.

Prices aren't what they used to be, when you could get a fine lunch for four bits, as San Franciscans call a half dollar, and a six-course dinner for seventy-five cents. Even so, the town is one of the few world ports where you can have yourself a time without shooting a fortune.

One of the first signs that pressure is easing and that San Franciscans are planning to display their city at its best, is the spate of sand-blasting machines and painters' scaffolds which decorate many of the city's buildings, going full tilt.

And the military authorities say they think the peak is passed in the flood of returning servicemen. So the time is not far off when San Francisco will be ready again to play its familiar role of host to people from all over the world.



Sea to table at Fisherman's Wharf

bor, and eventually built a new man-made, publicly owned waterfront, The Embarcadero. The skyscrapers of the financial district and downtown San Francisco below Montgomery Street stand on pilings often driven through the holds of sunken ships. The Barbary Coast, which withered out a generation ago, is now the International Settlement. Near by is Fort Gunnybags, where in Vigilante days citizens stamped out crime waves by taking the law into their own hands, trying murderers and hanging them publicly. For the morbidly curious these landmarks of yesteryear are still there, but most San Franciscans have forgotten them.

More vivid in yesterday's recollections are the fairylands of illumination, conjured up for the city's two spectacular world's fairs. The site of the 1915 exposition is now the Marina residential district and the Yacht Harbor. The only building left is the Palace of Fine Arts, given over to indoor sports, particularly tennis. Treasure Island, which San Francisco dredged out of the waters of the bay, north of Yerba Buena Island, for the Golden Gate International Exposition in 1939-40, was pre-empted by the Navy for a training center.

The greatest change in San Francisco is the way the war has turned the town around, at least in outlook. A few years back the city by the Golden Gate was the western end of the trans-continental railways and the Lincoln Highway, as symbolized by the End of the Trail flagpole





THE YACHTSMEN were bored with winter. Their boats—boats in which they had raced and sailed on Long Island Sound and along the North Atlantic coast, many to the West Indies and back, some across the broad Atlantic—had long since been hauled out of the water. Nothing to do but sit around and talk about the racing and cruising of the summer before and other summers before that, about their plans for the summer ahead. Sailing talk, but just talk. Nothing to do. . . .

Then somebody had an idea. "How about a dinghy race? Tomorrow."

It was a joke, of course. Yacht racing in North Atlantic waters in the middle of winter? In a small boat designed primarily as a tender to

bigger craft? The very idea was funny—and not a little appalling. But they decided to try it, anyway, which just shows how sailing can get into a man's blood. They bundled up in red flannel underwear, ski pants, fleece-lined coats, caps with earlaps, and went racing.

Thus started Frostbiting, off the Knickerbocker Yacht Club dock at Port Washington, New York, on New Year's Day, 1932. It was just a joke—but they have been doing it ever since, not only at Port Washington but at Larchmont and other ports along the Sound. The humble dinghy had transformed yachting's long off-season into a time of great activity.

Frostbiting is just a frigid example of the versatility of the dinghy, which makes it possible for almost anybody to go sailing almost anywhere, almost anytime. In two feet of water or two hundred feet, in a ghosting zephyr or a fresh breeze, on a mill pond or (if you are sailorman enough) on the broad ocean, the dinghy is ten to a dozen feet of real sailing ship. Primarily, to be sure, it is a boat for harbors and other protected waters; but some years ago Uffa Fox, one of England's leading dinghy sailors, sailed one across the rough English Channel. He planned a rendezvous with T.O.M. Sopwith on the other side, and when he missed it he simply got back in his dinghy and sailed home again.

That was pretty rugged sailing for a dinghy, which started out in life as a rowboat, and still is, though a mast, sail, centerboard and rudder may convert it into a sailboat too. You just lift it into the water, toss in your gear, hoist sail, and you're on your way.

Don't be fooled by its humble origin or its modest size. The sailing dinghy can give you almost every thrill in the nautical book, and some that have had to be added. Light, lively and re-

Yachting needn't cost a lot, nor do you need an ocean

sponsive, the little boat reacts to every breath of wind, every swirl of tide. The set of the sail, the disposition of the ballast, the choice of tactics and course determine your speed just as they do in bigger boats—and much more noticeably. The proper placing of skipper and crew may mean the difference between sailing and swimming. "If you can sail a dinghy, and sail it right," the veteran sea dogs will tell you, "you can sail anything."

A competent sailor can usually manage a dinghy alone, in ordinary weather, but a second person is useful to lift or lower the centerboard and, even more important, to perch on the windward rail in a blow and help keep the boat right side up. Under the racing rules two persons are the required personnel: the skipper and the crew. This has been a great break for countless young would-be sailors who have broken into the sport by crewing, as well as for many a sailor's wife who might otherwise have been left to her knitting on the yacht-club porch.

In fact, dinghy sailing has probably developed more women sailors than any other kind of nautical sport. Some ten years ago, when the Larchmont Yacht Club, whose annual Race Week long has been one of the Sound's greatest yachting events, added a dinghy cruise to its list of events, so many wives had become skippers that the club offered special prizes for a married women's race. The whole fleet of dinghies, male-skipped and female-skipped, raced to a neighboring yacht club, where the contestants had lunch, then raced back again; and while the married women were



Cold sailing

risking frostbite . . .
to sail the sound in **DINGHIES**

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT





regular (and formidable) contestants in the main event, their scores against each other also were kept, and fitting feminine trophies awarded.

Since then, women dinghy sailors have vied constantly with the men, at Larchmont and Port Washington, at Essex, Connecticut, and other dinghy-sailing centers. Even in the Frostbite races, the distaff side has given the menfolk a run for their money. Lorna Whittlesey, one of the Sound's great sailors of either sex, was an early Frostbite enthusiast, and named her dinghy *Snowbird*, thus competing in nomenclature as well as in speed with such vessels as *Eskimo*, *Seal*, *Shiver*, and *Pneumonia*. (One whimsical dinghy owner, commemorating the joys of hiking on the windward rail in puffy weather, named his craft *Fanny Dunker*.)

Admittedly, such sailing has its perils, and it is a rare dinghy sailor of any considerable duration who has not found himself (or herself) in the water instead of on it, at one time or another. A sudden gust, a moment of carelessness, a mishap, and there you are, swimming or hanging onto a capsized hull. Since you are usually not far from shore, it just means a ducking—and you even gain a certain dubious distinction.

Capsize and Get a Title

If you capsize, that makes you a Loon. If you go overboard solo, you become a Helldiver. And if you make no more glorious gesture than to fall off a dock, you can at least be called (as you certainly will) a Mudhen. When H. Martyn (Slim) Baker, the well-known yachtsman whose promotional enthusiasm in the early days earned him the title "Commodore of the Frostbite Y. C.," dunked himself during a regatta at the Harlem Yacht Club, off City Island, New York City, a controversy as to whether he had achieved the grade of Loon, or merely Mudhen, raged for months.

It all started, no doubt, with the first sailor who ever rigged a sail on the ship's boat to save himself the trouble of rowing ashore. In Bermuda, England and Australia, dinghy sailing has been a popular sport for years, although their craft are bigger and more akin to conventional sailboats than those developed on our East Coast, carrying jibs as well as mainsails. In recent years, the Bermudians have taken to sailing twelve-footers, competing in international team races with American teams from Larchmont and Essex.

International races have been held



Two feet of water will carry twelve feet of real boat

on Lake Ontario, too, between American dinghy sailors from Rochester and Canadians from the other side of the lake. On Lake Tahoe, in California, and at various other inland spots, dinghy sailing has taken hold, but on Long Island Sound it has been in its glory for the last fourteen years. And Frostbiting, as much as anything else, gave it impetus.

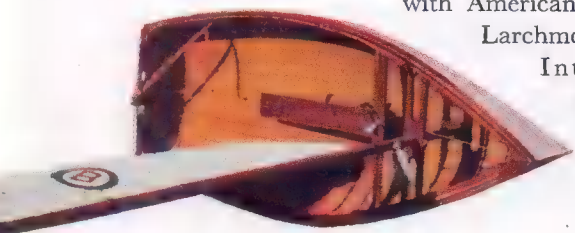
There were other factors, though. Yachtsmen are popularly considered a somewhat snobbish crowd, and in a way they are. They hate to be caught on a sloppy-looking tub, or doing anything unseamanlike. Yet it was seasoned yachtsmen who became the first dinghy sailors. Sherman Hoyt, one of America's great ocean racers, who has skippered some of the most famous big yachts of our time, was really the pioneer. At a New York motorboat show, one day in the late 1920's, he saw a simple little skiff called a Puddleduck, which sold for \$75. It intrigued him, and he bought it and started sailing it around.

The Puddleduck was not a very dignified-looking craft, but if Sherman Hoyt would sail it, lesser sailors had no qualms. Presently the Dauntless Shipyard at Essex was turning out Puddleducks like flapjacks. At Larchmont, New Rochelle, and City Island, men who had held the wheels and trimmed the sails of forty-footers and sixty-footers and eighty-footers were challenging each other to Puddleduck races, and having a perfectly grand time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. JULIUS FANTA

The racing spirit being what it is, the Puddleducks soon had competition. George Ratsey, the famous sailmaker, brought some 11½-foot prams from England. John Alden, a well-known yacht designer, got out his drawing board and went to work on a sailing dinghy. Bill Dyer, Rhode Island boat builder, brought out the Dyer Dink; other builders entered the fray. Some of the wealthier enthusiasts embodied ideas of their own in specially designed craft, expense no object. The fleet of pint-size boats grew steadily, if somewhat miscellaneously.

It had turned out to be great fun, that first exodus to the icy waters of Manhasset Bay in 1932. The little boats soon created a lot of excuses not only for sailing events but for incidental good times. Yachting is notably a social pastime, but big boats tend to limit the possibilities. Their crews come in contact with fellow-sailors only as they happen to be in the same ports. Dinghy sailing is essentially gregarious. You sail within shouting distance of others much of the time. Then, too, since dinghies are so easy to transport, the sailors plan a rendezvous somewhere, load their dinghies on trailers, or even on the tops of their cars, and are off. Larchmont or Port Washington sailors think nothing of entering a regatta in Essex, about a hundred miles away, or the other way round. There's an urge to do so. For





At Larchmont and Port Washington, the specially built, price-no-object boats—and any miscellaneous craft—were relegated to a catch-all class, while the stock boats, built to identical specifications, raced each other. The North American Dinghy Association came into being, and by 1933 its rules of dinghy racing had virtually outlawed the nonstock models. Since then, some changes have taken place in the specifications, and more may be expected as designers and builders take advantage of new materials and developments; but the models raced at present are primarily the 11½-foot X-class and B-O-class, and the 10-foot D-class. In addition to observing conventional racing rules and carrying the required crew, a dinghy skipper must carry lifesaving equipment, oars, and other essential gear when racing.

Plywood and Aluminum Pram

During the war, naturally, dinghy sailing fell off in favor of more deadly nautical operations, though some informal racing went on. Several ardent dinghy sailors, commanding some of Uncle Sam's more sizable vessels, however, had their dinghies shipped out to Pearl Harbor. On a destroyer escort, Lieut. Com. Ed Foster, who had sailed that first Puddleduck with Sherman Hoyt, built a plywood pram and fitted it with a sail and light aluminum paddle—which, when another length of the same featherweight aluminum was jointed into it, doubled as a boom. Several other ex-dinghy sailors fashioned similar makeshift craft, and raced between more serious missions.

On aircraft carriers, racing-minded sailormen blew up rubber lifeboats and rigged parachutes on them as sails. They could race only down wind, getting some variation in direction by shifting the position of the parachutes; but it was good sport. It was also good practical experience. As a result there is now an experimental rubber dinghy with an inflatable rubber centerboard which will make it go to windward as well as down wind. We may yet have dinghies that can be deflated, rolled into a small bundle, and carried in a rucksack.

Commander Foster's plywood pram, and others like it, point to the biggest immediate development in dinghies. Plywood adaptations of the old stock models and brand-new ones will soon be emerging from the workshops; and whatever the improvements in design, or even if there are none at all, the dinghy will become lighter than ever. Imagine having a sailboat that you can pick up without assistance and take anywhere you want to go—wherever there's water.

Sails, too, will be lighter, and take up less room when stowed. The parachutes used by the boys in the Pacific suggest the answer: nylon sails. With such develop-

ments in the making, it seems safe to predict that the day of dinghy sailing as an American sport is barely dawning. Boat builders by the dozen have backed up this belief with cold cash, getting into production for the thousands of sailors, new and old, expected to be shopping for dinghies.

They will be within the reach of more people financially, too. A good prewar lap-straked dinghy cost around \$350—as some of the best plywood jobs still will—but sailable, serviceable dinghies will undoubtedly be available at prices ranging down to \$200, perhaps even less. This may not include sails and other gear, which might add \$25 or \$30 up to another \$100, though once the boat is rigged, a bailing can, sponge, oars, and a couple of kapok cushions for life-preservers are about all that is needed.

It is a simple little outfit, but it is a go-anywhere boat. It has proved itself on the East Coast. On the West Coast the dinghy seems bound to grow in popularity, because it will enter the smaller inlets where bigger craft cannot go. For inland waters, such as the new man-made lakes, it is made to order. All a dinghy needs is a suspicion of a breeze and a few dozen feet for maneuvering.

For that matter, it does not strictly need a breeze. You can always row or paddle. It has a square stern; there is nothing to prevent the addition of an outboard motor. It can fit into all sorts of holiday plans, this little craft. Consider the dinghy ambition of Com. Walter Rowe, a dyed-in-the-wool racing man. "What I'm waiting for," he says, "is the day when we can load our dinghies on a transatlantic plane, and hop over for a go at the Prince of Wales Cup."

It won't be long now.

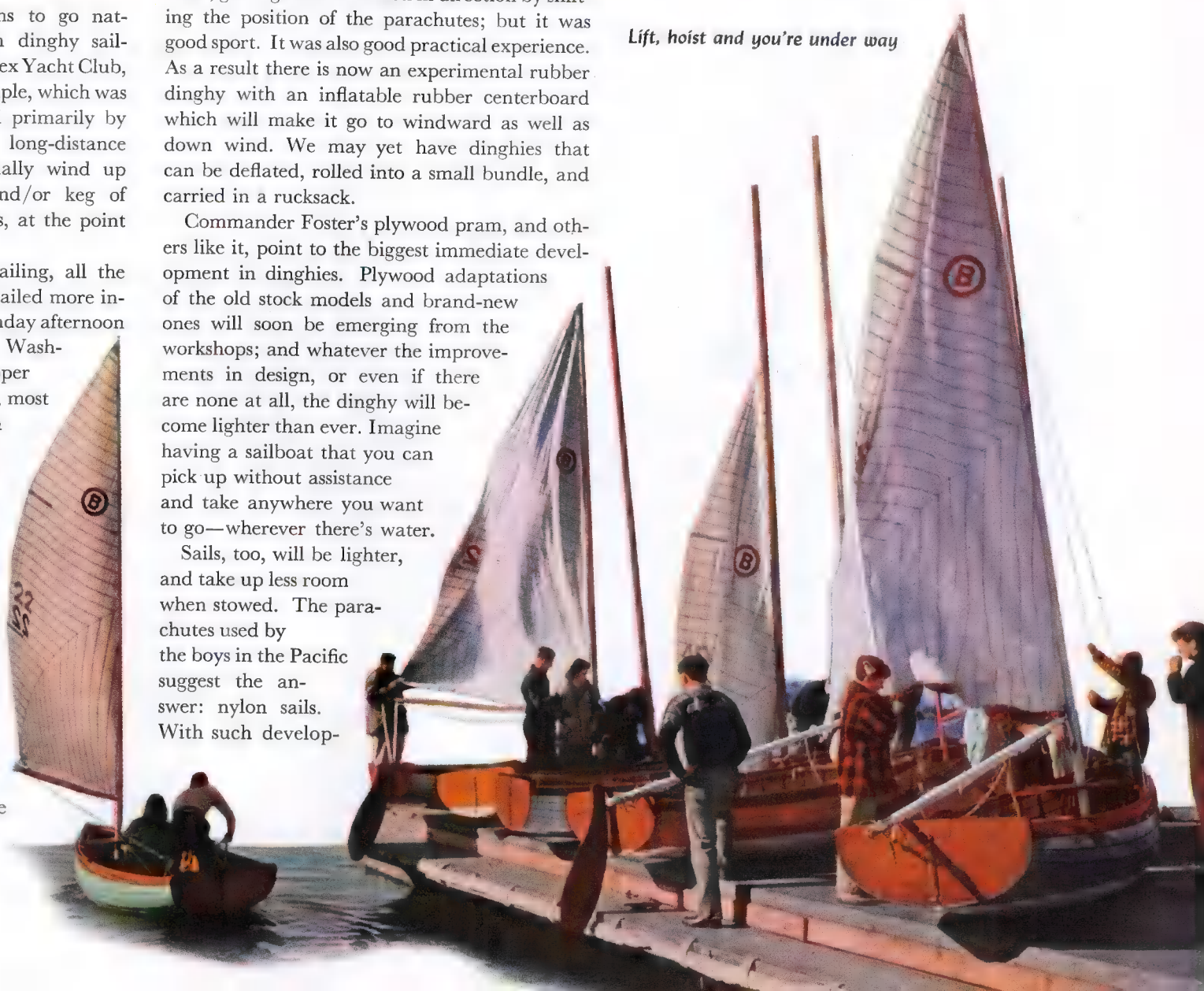
sociability seems to go naturally with dinghy sailing. The Essex Yacht Club, for example, which was formed primarily by

dinghy sailors, holds long-distance races every summer, which usually wind up in a frolic, with a clambake and/or keg of beer, plus all sorts of shenanigans, at the point of destination.

But dinghy sailing is serious sailing, all the same. No America's Cup race is sailed more intently and determinedly than a Sunday afternoon dinghy race at Larchmont, Port Washington, or Essex. Whether the skipper is trying for the Roosevelt Trophy, most prized of dinghy-racing cups, or a beer mug, he races to win; and it is an unusual race when the committee has no protests to settle before the final point scores are totted up.

In dinghy racing, of course, given boats of equal class, the man or woman who sails most skillfully wins the race. As it began to take on the status of organized racing, in the early 1930's, there came a trend toward stock models, which would more nearly equalize the chances of the contestants.

Lift, hoist and you're under way



You don't need to play chess

to collect kings, queens and pawns

illustrating a thousand years of . . .

CHECKERBOARD HISTORY



BY FRANCIS X. MARTINEZ

AN AMERICAN STROLLED into a Dublin curio shop one day for a souvenir, and left with something better than a magic carpet tucked under his arm. He didn't know at the time that he was to discover from his purchase how to bring the distant places of the world to his living room. That came later. Then his purchase was only a memento of Ireland, nothing more. He didn't expect to become a collector of pageantry.

And with it he can demonstrate that you don't have to be a chess player to enjoy chess. One exhibit, held in the Philadelphia Free Library, was typical. Officials had to be persuaded to collaborate. "Hardly anyone would be interested in chess sets, except maybe chess players," they argued, even as you and I.

"You're wrong twice," Harbeson countered. "Most everyone except chess players will be interested. Chess players live in a world of strategic maneuvers. They look upon set collections the

with the figures of a conquering king and his court. Burmese workmen make their pieces in the squatting posture of Buddhist priests. In India, the Christian "bishop" becomes a Hindu shrine. The Russians dramatize their philosophies and national ambitions.

One day he was fingering his Napoleon from Dublin when it sparked an idea—why not carve some chess pieces himself? It fitted in with his hobby of whittling. He had the tools, and the materials were easy to procure.

The next step was to get models, and that meant library research. The more he delved, the more chess-set possibilities captured his imagination. He saw how the war game mirrored history, frequently with all the charm and authenticity of a scene in natural color. From that day on he has carved as well as collected chess sets in the time he can spare from his business as an architect. He hasn't put a great deal of money into his hobby. Quite often he ruefully closes out a long correspondence with a dealer because a set is priced too high. That's when he goes to work with pet whittling blade to carve a copy of that particular group of pieces.

At first he expected to find plenty of competition, but he has located only nine other collectors in the United States. Although that was an advantage, he seldom had anyone to fan with, especially when he made a find, like the ivory set on which a Chinese carver had worked a lifetime. His exhibits now fill that gap by attracting others.

Nothing delights him more than to have people who consider chess dull come to an exhibit out of curiosity. Usually they stay awhile. Some enjoy the storytelling qualities of the pieces. The whole development of arms, for example, is illustrated as you walk from one exhibit to another. So is the evolution in battle costumes. You begin with the tank and the figures in khaki and go back to the days of the spear and the broadsword in the hands of knights in shining armor, then to those early ages when Assyrians and Egyptians led their armies astride elephants and camels.

Artists and designers frequently get ideas from Harbeson's collection, so he was not surprised re-

cently to learn that a young couple had patterned prize-winning masquerade costumes from a set. The 12th-century figures of William the Conqueror and his queen, Matilda, in a set designed from the famous Bayeux tapestry, provided the models. The tapestry, believed to have been executed by Matilda herself, represents incidents in William's invasion of England.

Of the modern sets, Harbeson finds the Russian especially interesting,



Napoleon invades Spain via chessboard



A historic turning point: the battle of Hastings



A porcelain wedding gift, 19th-century style

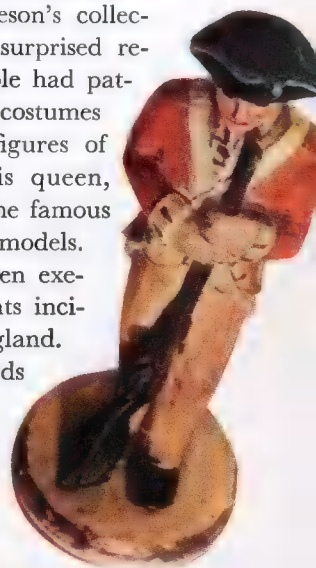
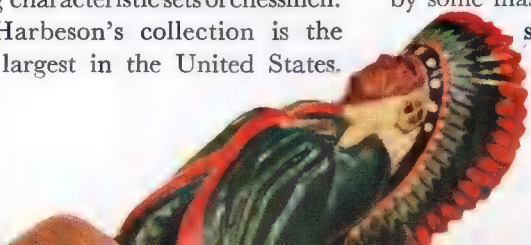


Royalty from toyland

He only bought a set of wooden chess pieces because of their color and design. They pictured Napoleon's army against the Spanish. He didn't play chess then. Nor does he now. Yet because of that whimsical purchase John F. Harbeson has been able for fifteen years to sit and watch a parade of the life and customs of peoples from all over the globe. He does it by collecting characteristic sets of chessmen. Today Harbeson's collection is the second largest in the United States.

way collectors look upon the game—as a by-product." After an eight weeks' run, library officials conceded it was the most popular exhibit they ever held.

Harbeson likens his collection to a pictorial history book spanning fourteen centuries. "I merely put the book together," he says, "the sets are its pages." Each one has been designed by some master craftsman to illustrate a choice story or great event of his day. Battle scenes are not always represented



because the Soviet government makes them propaganda media. In Russia chess is the national game, like baseball in the United States. Children learn it in elementary school and continue the study. "In the Russian tournaments," says Harbeson, "as many as seven hundred thousand compete. The tournaments are staged in big auditoriums capable of accommodating thousands of spectators. Scoreboards set in the walls, much like baseball scoreboards, make it easy for the fans to follow the game play by play."

Styles of each generation are illustrated in the collection. You can see the influence of early Victorian times on Wedgwood chessmen. Georgian chessmen are recognized easily by their graceful lines. The geometrically figured pieces are most likely to be Mohammedan-made, in accordance with the Koran's prohibition of graven images. There are sets in almost every conceivable material, including bone and paper. One finely figured group looks as if it were made from boxwood, but actually was carved from

At first the queen piece was limited to moving but one square at a time. Then, as chivalry flowered, so did the power of the queen piece in the hands of the chess-playing knights, until finally the queen became the most powerful on the board. In the sets of many Oriental countries, where women lack the freedom of Western civilization, there still is no queen piece.

Since he walked out of that Dublin shop, Harbeson has added 299 sets. Many were purchased in world capitals. "I became an armchair tourist," he explained, "reaching for chess pieces by mail into curio shops in nearly every country. It took considerable correspondence over the years to establish my contacts with the best dealers."

If you decide to collect chess sets, you should be forewarned of its snares. There was the time a Paris dealer offered Harbeson exclusively a choice of a number of 17th and 18th century sets. The whole business was carried on by mail and ended with Harbeson buying what he judged to be several choice items. On a subsequent trip to Paris he discovered the dealer had a brother who made a business of carving out imitations of old sets. To this day Harbeson is not sure whether the sets he purchased are authentic. But he consoles himself with the thought that the carver was recognized finally as a sculptor.

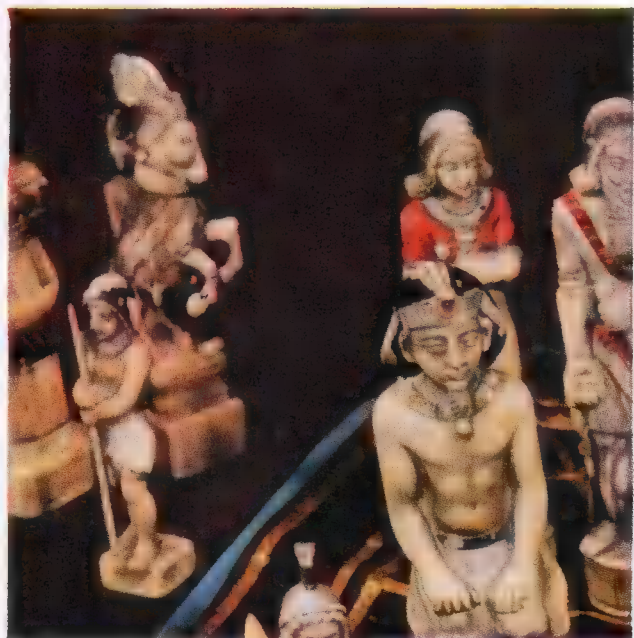
Beginners also should know about the red-and-white hand-carved ivory chessmen from the Orient. The pieces are as delicate and graceful as a cherry-blossom tree in the spring. They're old, too. Clipper ships brought them here. But their value is low. Collectors aren't interested and don't even like to appraise them. It is their experience that such sets often are a family's most cherished possession. When they give a low appraisal, as they do, owners invariably resent it.

The low value is caused by the large number of such sets in the United States. Harbeson estimates there are literally thousands of them in American family trunks. According to the Philadelphia collector, the Chinese workers used to produce them in quantity in a pattern whose only variation was in size.

There's one thing more you should know—how serious a malady chess-set collecting can be. An Englishman built one of the finest collections in the world. He spent every cent he possessed. Then he decided to sell his collection. Gustavus A. Pfeiffer of New York, America's number one collector, paid him \$90,000.

Several years later Pfeiffer heard again from the Englishman. The \$90,000 was gone; the collector was broke again. He had spent the money on chess sets, and wanted to know whether the American would buy him out once more.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED A. DÉLARDI AND LESLIE GILL

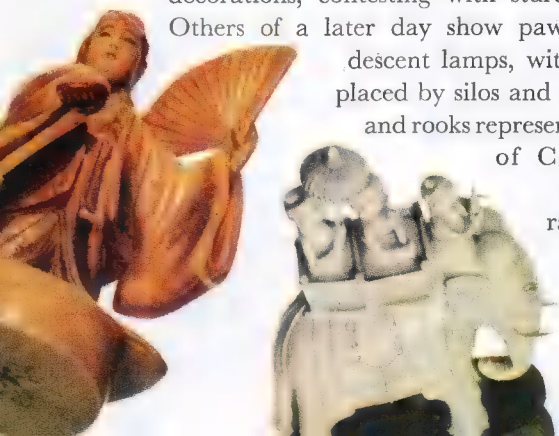


An Egyptian Pharaoh marches against an Assyrian king on an Indian "board" of cloth.

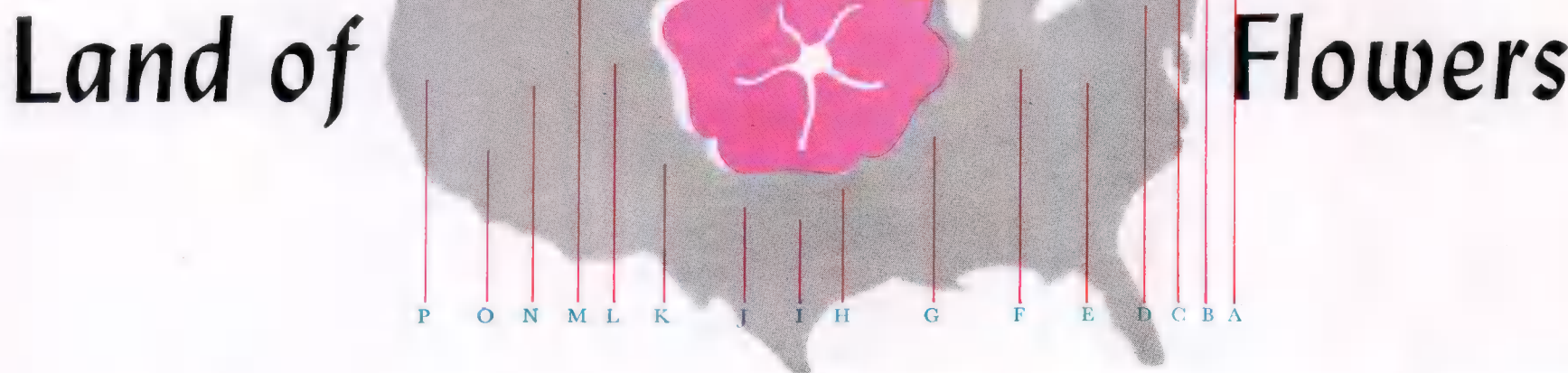
Russian sets made shortly after the first World War show a decadent gentility, bedecked with decorations, contesting with sturdy peasantry. Others of a later day show pawns as incandescent lamps, with bishops replaced by silos and water towers, and rooks represented as groups of Communists, hands upraised in the Red salute.

soap by Private D. De Lante of Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Another set is made from the worthless German marks of 1923.

Harbeson can derive a fund of stories from his pieces. One is how it took women eight centuries to get into chess. From the invention of the game in India in the sixth century until the Middle Ages in Europe, the pieces were without a queen. The sets are elaborately designed, and have several pieces shaped as elephants. It was in the age of chivalry that the queen was introduced.



NO.	GENUS AND SPECIES	NO.	GENUS AND SPECIES	NO.	GENUS AND SPECIES	NO.	GENUS AND SPECIES	NO.	GENUS AND SPECIES
A-1	<i>Cornus canadensis</i>	E-6	<i>Baptisia perfoliata</i>	G-8	<i>Oenothera speciosa</i>	I-9	<i>Phlox drummondii</i>	K-8	<i>Oxytropis lamberti</i>
B-1	<i>Linnaea borealis</i>	E-7	<i>Gelsemium sempervirens</i>	H-1	<i>Lilium philadelphicum</i>	J-1	<i>Psoralea esculenta</i>	K-9	<i>Abronia angustifolia</i>
B-2	<i>Epigaea repens</i>	E-8	<i>Befaria racemosa</i>	H-2	<i>Viola pedatifida</i>	J-2	<i>Solanum rostratum</i>	L-1	<i>Balsamorhiza sagittata</i>
C-1	<i>Oxalis montana</i>	F-1	<i>Dentaria diphylla</i>	H-3	<i>Aquilegia canadensis</i>	J-3	<i>Tellima parviflora</i>	L-2	<i>Calypsa borealis</i>
C-2	<i>Phlox subulata</i>	F-2	<i>Cypripedium pubescens</i>	H-4	<i>Dodecatheon meadia</i>	J-4	<i>Ipomoea leptophylla</i>	L-3	<i>Pedicularis groenlandica</i>
C-3	<i>Claytonia virginica</i>	F-3	<i>Helianthemum canadense</i>	H-5	<i>Lithospermum canescens</i>	J-5	<i>Oenothera missouriensis</i>	L-4	<i>Cleome lutea</i>
C-4	<i>Zephyranthes atamasco</i>	F-4	<i>Delphinium tricorne</i>	H-6	<i>Verbena canadensis</i>	J-6	<i>Bifora americana</i>	L-5	<i>Calochortus gunnisoni</i>
D-1	<i>Caltha palustris</i>	F-5	<i>Sedum pulchellum</i>	H-7	<i>Camassia esculenta</i>	J-7	<i>Gilia rigidula</i>	L-6	<i>Opuntia rhodantha</i>
D-2	<i>Sanguinaria canadensis</i>	F-6	<i>Tradescantia virginiana</i>	H-8	<i>Iris vinicolor</i>	J-8	<i>Sophora secundiflora</i>	L-7	<i>Mirabilis multiflora</i>
D-3	<i>Hepatica acutiloba</i>	F-7	<i>Sarracenia drummondii</i>	I-1	<i>Oenothera serrulata</i>	J-9	<i>Cooperia pedunculata</i>	L-8	<i>Chilopsis linearis</i>
D-4	<i>Silene virginica</i>	G-1	<i>Rubus parviflorus</i>	I-2	<i>Geum triflorum</i>	K-1	<i>Viola nuttallii</i>	M-1	<i>Epilobium latifolium</i>
D-5	<i>Iris verna</i>	G-2	<i>Convolvulus spithameus</i>	I-3	<i>Anemone patens</i>	K-2	<i>Linum lewisii</i>	M-2	<i>Lewisia rediviva</i>
E-1	<i>Trillium grandiflorum</i>	G-3	<i>Geranium maculatum</i>	I-4	<i>Erysimum asperum</i>	K-3	<i>Gaillardia aristata</i>	M-3	<i>Eriogonum bakeri</i>
E-2	<i>Collinsia verna</i>	G-4	<i>Oxybaphus nyctagineus</i>	I-5	<i>Callirhoe involucrata</i>	K-4	<i>Primula parryi</i>	M-4	<i>Penstemon subglaber</i>
E-3	<i>Arisaema triphyllum</i>	G-5	<i>Phacelia purshii</i>	I-6	<i>Senecio plattensis</i>	K-5	<i>Aquilegia coerulea</i>	M-5	<i>Echinocereus engelmanni</i>
E-4	<i>Mitchella repens</i>	G-6	<i>Dicentra cucullaria</i>	I-7	<i>Amsonia texana</i>	K-6	<i>Rumex venosus</i>	M-6	<i>Stanleya pinnata</i>
E-5	<i>Spigelia marilandica</i>	G-7	<i>Thaspium trifoliatum</i>	I-8	<i>Lupinus subcarnosus</i>	K-7	<i>Malvastrum coccineum</i>	M-7	<i>Fouquieria splendens</i>
								N-1	<i>Mimulus lewisii</i>
								N-2	<i>Castilleja confusa</i>
								N-3	<i>Paeonia brownii</i>
								N-4	<i>Allium acuminatum</i>
								N-5	<i>Anemopsis californica</i>
								N-6	<i>Linanthus dianthiflorus</i>
								N-7	<i>Datura meteloides</i>
								O-1	<i>Lupinus rivularis</i>
								O-2	<i>Xerophyllum tenax</i>
								O-3	<i>Sarcodes sanguinea</i>
								O-4	<i>Silene californica</i>
								O-5	<i>Monardella lanceolata</i>
								O-6	<i>Tucca whipplei</i>
								P-1	<i>Sedum spathulifolium</i>
								P-2	<i>Clintonia andrewsiana</i>
								P-3	<i>Eriodictyon tomentosum</i>
								P-4	<i>Eschscholtzia californica</i>



CHILDREN AND BIRDS don't need a calendar to tell them when spring comes around again and neither do wild flowers. By sun, and winds, and melting snows, each plant knows its time.

Early in February, spring may come to Southern Florida, bringing the bloom of the tar-flower, but the purple primrose of the Colorado mountain peaks cannot flaunt its magenta blossoms until mid-July. The annual phlox of Texas, a summer bloom in Northern gardens, may unfold its gay red flowers as early as March in its native prairies. In Southern Virginia, the atamasco-lily is known as Easter lily, since its blooming period continues from March through April and it is sure to be in flower on Easter Sunday.

In the East, the trailing-arbutus, the wood-sorrel, the spring-beauty and most of the others are forest dwellers, although a few such as the marsh-marigold and the fragrant twinflower grow in swamps. In the Central States the low poppy-mallow and the prairie ragwort dot the grasslands conveniently located for observant travelers in the narrow strips of prairie land, untouched by plows and cattle, that lie between the highways and the railroad tracks. The sands and salt marshes of the inland basin of Utah, Nevada, and Arizona are characterized by such cacti as the purple torch and the rose prickly-pear. The alpine pink monkey-flower and the scarlet paint-brush thrive throughout the Cascade-Sierra mountain chain, while the hills and plains of the West Coast feature the red beadleily and the rock-clinging Pacific stonecrop.

Many are curious about the total number of species in the United States, but the question is

The early-blooming wild flowers in the cartograph on the next two pages are identified by their most frequently used common names. The table above lists them scientifically. Letters and numbers key their locations on the cartograph

BY EDGAR T. WHERRY

Professor of Botany, University of Pennsylvania

not easy to answer. Lists published for individual states include grasses, shrubs, and trees not ordinarily classed as wild flowers, thus it is difficult to specify just how many of the latter may be found in any one region. Roughly, a small state such as Delaware may have five hundred different kinds while California may have several thousand. Altogether there are at least fifty thousand species of flowering plants native to the United States.

In learning to name and recognize the flowers, one may begin to wonder about their role in Nature. Their function in the life history of plants is to attract insects—or in a few cases, birds—which then all unknowingly carry pollen from one flower to another, favoring the production of seed to perpetuate the species. Tubular flowers call for visitors with long tongues; thus the red trumpet of pink-root and the brilliant ocotillo are preferred by hummingbirds, the pink and lavender phloxes by butterflies, and the white morning-glories and rain-lilies appeal to moths. More shallow flowers such as the yellow-hued marsh-marigold are visited by bees, the bronze-colored and strong-scented ones by flies.

Wild-flower enthusiasts frequently try to grow their favorites in their own gardens. Transplanting is not difficult in the case of violets, wild

geraniums, and bloodroot, but the more delicate species rarely endure when removed from their natural habitats. Although attempts to move bunchberry and Dutchman's-breeches from the woodlands to back yards may at first seem successful, the plants are growing on strength developed in their native soil, and while they may bloom the first year, they usually show only leaves in the second and die in the third.

Some species, like the famous Franklin tree, have already disappeared from the wild since the coming of the white man, and the survival of others is threatened. Many native orchids such as the delicate fairy-slipper are practically extinct in New England and are rapidly vanishing even from the Rocky Mountains.

Provided their roots are not disturbed, a reasonable amount of picking does not injure most flowers, and no objection need be raised to gathering them. An increasing number of flower fans, preferring lasting pictures to the fleeting pleasure of bouquets, are taking up color photography.

The most serious threats to the undomesticated blooms are not from picking, however, but from burning and grazing. Many plants, like trailing-arbutus, need the protective leaf litter, and when this is burned away in the erroneous belief that soil is thus improved, they are unable to survive. Indiana's enlightened conservation law which provides for long-term tax exemption of forest property kept free from grazing and burning has already paid dividends in soil enrichment and plant survival. It is hoped that sooner or later wild-flower lovers will create more preserves free from the encroachments of civilization.

- N-1 *Pink Monkey-flower*
- N-2 *Scarlet Paint-brush*
- N-3 *American Peony*
- N-4 *Tapertip Onion*
- N-5 *Yerba Mansa*
- N-6 *Fringed Linanthus*
- N-7 *Sacred Datura*

- K-1 *Yellow Prairie Violet*
- K-2 *Blue Flax*
- K-3 *Perennial Gaillardia*
- K-4 *Purple Primrose*
- K-5 *Colorado Columbine*
- K-6 *Veiny Dock*
- K-7 *Red Star-mallow*
- K-8 *Stemless Loco-weed*
- K-9 *Sand-verbena*



- P-1 *Pacific Stonecrop*
- P-2 *Red Beadlily*
- P-3 *Yerba Santa*
- P-4 *California Poppy*

- O-1 *Stream Lupine*
- O-2 *Beargrass*
- O-3 *Snowplant*
- O-4 *California Silene*
- O-5 *Lanceolate Monardella*
- O-6 *Dwarf Yucca*

- L-1 *Balsam-root*
- L-2 *Fairy-slipper*
- L-3 *Little Red Elephant*
- L-4 *Yellow Spider-flower*
- L-5 *Utah Mariposa*
- L-6 *Rose Prickly-pear*
- L-7 *California Four-o'clock*
- L-8 *Desert-willow*

- M-1 *Red Willow-weed*
- M-2 *Bitter-root*
- M-3 *Sulphur-flower*
- M-4 *Blue Penstemon*
- M-5 *Purple Torch-cactus*
- M-6 *Prince's Plume*
- M-7 *Ocotillo*

- J-1 *Pomme de Prairie*
- J-2 *Buffalo-bur*
- J-3 *Woodland Star*
- J-4 *Bush Morning-glory*
- J-5 *Ozark Sundrop*
- J-6 *Prairie Lace*
- J-7 *Blue and Gold Gilia*
- J-8 *Texas-laurel*
- J-9 *Giant Rain-lily*

Holiday

To identify a flower, check its letter and number with corresponding letter and number on the list of common names. Numbers run from North to South, letters from East to West.

- H-1 *Prairie Lily*
- H-2 *Prairie Violet*
- H-3 *Eastern Columbine*
- H-4 *Shooting-star*
- H-5 *Hoary Gromwell*
- H-6 *Rose Verbena*
- H-7 *Eastern Camas*
- H-8 *Wine-color Iris*

- C-1 *Wood-sorrel*
- C-2 *Moss Phlox*
- C-3 *Spring-beauty*
- C-4 *Atamasco-lily*

- D-1 *Marsh-marigold*
- D-2 *Bloodroot*
- D-3 *Hepatica*
- D-4 *Fire-pink*
- D-5 *Vernal Iris*

- A-1 *Bunchberry*

- E-1 *Wakerobin*
- E-2 *Blue-eyed Mary*
- E-3 *Jack-in-the-pulpit*
- E-4 *Partridge-berry*
- E-5 *Pink-root*
- E-6 *Georgia Wild Indigo*
- E-7 *Yellow-jessamine*
- E-8 *Tar-flower*



"For, lo! the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone; the
flowers appear on the earth . . ."

THE Wild Flowers of Spring

A CARTOGRAPH OF 102 EARLY-BLOOMING
NATIVE PLANTS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE VARIOUS
REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES



CARTOGRAPH BY CLAYTON WHITEHILL
DATA BY EDGAR T. WHERRY

- G-1 *Western Thimble-berry*
- G-2 *Dwarf Morning-glory*
- G-3 *Wild Geranium*
- G-4 *Umbrella-plant*
- G-5 *Fringed Phacelia*
- G-6 *Dutchman's-breeches*
- G-7 *Meadow-parsnip*
- G-8 *Pink Evening-primrose*

- F-1 *Crinkle-root*
- F-2 *Yellow Lady-slipper*
- F-3 *Canada Frostwort*
- F-4 *Rock Larkspur*
- F-5 *Tennessee Stonewort*
- F-6 *Virginia Spiderwort*
- F-7 *White-top Pitcher-plant*

- I-1 *Tooth-leaf Evening-primrose*
- I-2 *Prairie-smoke*
- I-3 *Pasque-flower*
- I-4 *Western Wallflower*
- I-5 *Low Poppy-mallow*
- I-6 *Prairie Ragwort*
- I-7 *Texas-star*
- I-8 *Texas Bluebonnet*
- I-9 *Annual Phlox*



... make hockey more exciting for "Canadiens" at home

BY RUSS DAVIS

THIS MAY COME as a surprise to the million and a quarter residents of greater Montreal who take their sports in stride. Fact is, though, their Forum is to ice hockey what Ebbets Field in Brooklyn is to baseball—a sort of borderline madhouse—and that's largely because of the Millionaires' Club.

For the followers of *Les Canadiens* are, to say the least, uninhibited in their enthusiasm. French Canadians, who constitute about two thirds of Montreal's population, are excitable, devoted hockey fans, dying a little, but loudly and with gestures, when their favorites trail. They form the major portion of the Millionaires' Club. To the outsider they rival the bleacherites in Flatbush; to the home towners their abject misery at losing, their heady jubilation in victory, are taken for granted. They are the chosen 3000 who dwell in the north end of the Forum on nights when *Les Canadiens* are at home.

"*Les Canadiens sont là*" (The Canadians are there), the Millionaires sing in chorus, out of tune, perhaps, but with fervor, as their hockey team files onto the ice.

They stand bareheaded in tribute, full of hot dogs, soda pop and emotion, while their favorites warm up for the bashing and crunching game to follow.

Who are the Millionaires' Club members? Well, each lacks hundreds of thousands of dollars of being in the Pullman class. The name was fastened on them one night by Red Mackenzie, a Montreal sports writer and hockey coach. Looking at the north end of the Forum, he said to a friend: "They don't have much money, but they certainly get a million dollars' worth of fun out of these games."

From that time on he dubbed them the Millionaires' Club. The idea caught on.

The Millionaires stand in long lines for ten and twelve hours, usually in zero weather, waiting for the Forum doors to open. They wear colorful sweaters. They pay seventy-five cents general admission and rush for one of the unreserved seats, knocking one another down in their mad dash. Some faint in the excitement of a close game.

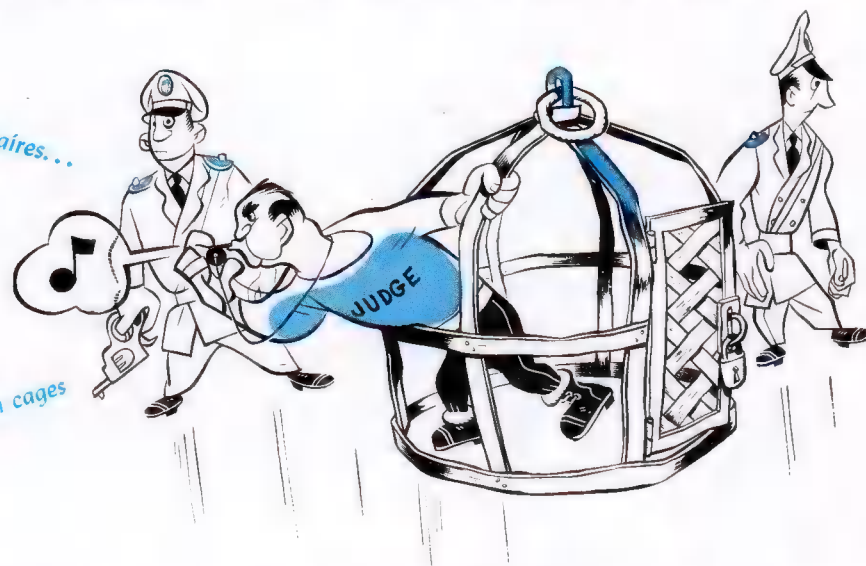
They throw hats (preferably a neighbor's), fruit, vegetables, coins, pipes, and even galoshes in protest against a decision, or what they consider too rough play by the opposition. They shred newspapers into confetti when *Les Canadiens* score and shower it like an imitation snowstorm on the rink. Their grail is the Stanley

say those maulers were friends?" "Sure," Head says, "good friends. They came to the game together, but they've had a slight disagreement and beaten the tar out of each other. Usually it's over some minor point. They usually cool off, though, and shake hands before they leave the clinic."

The Forum is the place where goal judges are locked in a cage with police protection at hand to prevent interference. Before the cages were set up, excited fans rushed in during disputes over close plays at the goal and turned on the red light that indicated a score for the home team.

The hysteria isn't confined entirely to the professional games. There are school leagues and industrial leagues, pickup games, junior and senior

Ex-fighters chaperon the Millionaires...



... and judges are safe only in cages

Cup, a trophy emblematic of hockey supremacy.

The north end of the Forum is patrolled by ushers picked from the fistic ranks of yesteryear, muscular men, often with gnarled ears and flattened noses, who are able to bounce the too unstable among the Millionaires. Bill Head, trainer of the *Canadiens*, has a clinic fully equipped for almost any emergency.

"I have more customers from the audience than from hockey players," he says.

He riffles through a large notebook with five and a half pages devoted solely to treatment of those among the clientele during the past year who couldn't take it. There are almost 200 names.

"The most interesting cases are the pairs of friends brought in here during a game," Head declares. "Sometimes they are battered up good. They have cuts on their faces and black eyes and bloody noses, and we have to patch them up with a lot of tape. They won't talk to each other when they come in." "Friends? Do you mean to

league games and those for younger classes. In all, about sixty teams have locker space at the Forum. When two of them complete a game and leave the ice, two more squads skate out. West Hill and Catholic High Schools played for the city championship about a year ago, and after the game their partisans surged together to do battle. The ensuing general riot overflowed into the street, blocking traffic. To cool them off, the hose used to flood the rink was turned on the battlers. That hose is always kept handy for such emergencies.

When the Millionaires' Club isn't in session, there are other gatherings for hockey gossip, because Montreal lives its hockey season to the fullest. One of the more celebrated luncheon groups meets daily at "Uptown Childs" on Peel Street. That block between St. Catherine Street and Dorchester is called the Rue de Rumour because all the sport gossip starts there—or gets there in a hurry.

You'll find the same ones at the same table every noon. Visiting coaches and players often eat with the boys. Presiding over the discussions is Otto Wagner, an embroidery manufacturer,

CARTOONS BY ROY NELSON

called by many the Number One hockey fan in Montreal, who has been down on the ice many times to push and argue with officials.

He became interested in hockey when a friend gave him a ticket to a game between the *Canadiens* and Ottawa.

"Ottawa comes out and there is a lot of noise," Wagner recalls. "Then the *Canadiens* come out and there is so much yelling and stamping I think I am in the Russian revolution. And there isn't even anything going on yet, just the teams coming out."

Quite a player fight developed during the game, which Otto, always a man of action, greatly enjoyed, and when the game was over he didn't want to go home. His overwhelming love for *Les Canadiens* lost him thousands of dollars in business during the 20's and 30's when Montreal supported two hockey teams, the *Canadiens* and Maroons, and approached almost open civil war as the city's loyalty split down the middle.

"I would just as soon change my religion as holler for the Maroons," he maintained stoutly.

Because of that staunchness, Wagner had seven well-established accounts canceled. His case was typical; it was that way all over town. The situation was finally relieved in 1938, when the Forum directors disbanded the Maroons because they felt the city could not support two teams.

The Millionaires' Club and the other thousands of hockey fans who jam the Forum for each game have had their favorite "villains" and heroes. Greatest idol of all was Howie Morenz—Morenz the Magnificent—whose flashing Number 7 at center ice sent electric thrills through fans.

They still talk of Morenz in his prime, of how he took the puck and swooped gracefully around behind his own goal to pick up speed and then dynamited in a mad, crashing rush straight down the rink, blasting and tearing through the opposing defense, scattering his rivals as grain beneath a scythe, before sending his cannon shot at

the rival nets. In those days no spectator could remain in his seat during one of those brilliant solo attacks. It was as though the air were charged and every man unconsciously stood up to watch the reappings of the human whirlwind. Then one

night in January, 1937, Howie Morenz began one of his familiar dashes against the Chicago Blackhawks at the Forum. But he just failed to clear Earl Siebert, the Hawk defenseman, and a routine check sent him flying on his back toward the wooden boards that lined the rink. The sharp blade of his skate became firmly embedded in the wood, but his speed was so great that his body turned over and he lay face down on the ice, his swarthy face gone white. Aurele Joliat and Johnny Gagne dropped their sticks and skated swiftly to his side, tenderly lifting and carrying him to the dressing room, where a hasty examination revealed a double fracture of his leg.

Howie Morenz waved to children crying in the alleyway behind the Forum as he was removed to St. Luc Hospital. Then, one night about two months after the accident, Montreal was stunned at the news that Howie Morenz had died of pneumonia.

An estimated 50,000 persons filed through the Forum to view his body lying in state at center ice, where so often he had taken his place with *Les Canadiens*. Most of the crowd wept openly and unashamed. The red-white-and-blue jersey with the big numeral 7 was retired from *Les Canadiens'* dressing room for all time—with one possible exception. . . . Howie Morenz, Jr., if he can qualify after his amateur play.

Current hero of the Montreal fans is Maurice "The Rocket" Richard (pronounced Ree-shar), who last year broke the league record of 44 goals in one season when he counted 50.

Ice hockey has such a hold on the ways and habits of the city that other sports find stern competition. Take the story of sportsman Gene Brodeur, who organized a football team for a firm in the Montreal Industrial League. The first game resulted in an 89-0 defeat, and the company directors, figuring it was not creditable advertising, the next morning asked Brodeur some rather pointed questions. Finally one elderly French Canadian, steeped in the national sport over long years, put his finger on what he considered the weak spot.

"Why," he asked, "didn't you change the goalkeeper?"

Brooklyn may now look to its laurels!



Fans used to score their own goals...

... on close decisions at the cage

The Millionaires exult and then faint...
... with the shifting tides of battle



FAMOUS STREETS: Atlanta's Peachtree



NOT ONE BRICK on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Georgia, was changed by the movie "Gone With the Wind," yet those who had strolled along its busy sidewalks all their lives suddenly realized that this was no ordinary street. Hadn't Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler chosen to build a mansion there? And wasn't it on this very street that Scarlett's fluttering Aunt Pittypat packed smelling salts and brandy to flee to Macon while Yankee troops approached her door?

Unable to locate the exact spots where Margaret Mitchell's epic scenes were laid, because "Peggy," as most Atlantans call her, was carefully vague about them, some visitors may look for other signs of Peachtree Street's fame.

They'll find that it's the oldest street in Atlanta. That it existed as an Indian trail long be-

fore white settlers started building log houses on the red clay of Georgia, long before Wash Collier constructed the first crude combination post office and grocery store at Peachtree and Decatur, now known as Five Points. They'll discover that part of General Sherman's army entered Atlanta via Peachtree Street, and that in a two-story red-brick building there, Asa Candler started manufacturing a new beverage called Coca-Cola.

As of old, they will notice Atlanta's most beautiful girls walking its sidewalks. And if they happen to be there after Georgia Tech has won a football game, they will be fully aware of noisy students snake-dancing in sky-hooting triumph. And four symbolic peach trees are to be found standing in tubs before Davison-Paxon's department store.

Peachtree Street's unusual name goes back to the days when Spaniards brought the first peach trees to Georgia's sea islands. Sprouts from these trees were distributed among the Creek and Cherokee Indians by Roman Catholic priests. There is evidence that a Creek Indian village called the Standing Peach Tree, or Pitch-tree (the Indians used its gum to calk their canoes), stood near the junction of the Chattahoochee River and what is now Peachtree Creek. Tradition has it that this crossroads of several old trails was marked by an actual large tree. By 1825, Standing Peach Tree was abandoned and white settlers made it a post office. Peachtree Street is said to have been laid out on the foremost of these trails meandering through the Cherokee Nation to the Standing Peach Tree trading post.

In its early days, Peachtree Street probably resembled the main street in a boom town more than anything else. It was populated by pioneering railroad men. One section acquired the pseudonym of "Tight Squeeze," because it was considered scarcely possible to get through it without the loss of life or limb. As Atlanta began to settle down, Peachtree Street grew more respectable and by 1860 many of Atlanta's most distinguished citizens lived there.

Then, in 1864, after the battle of Peachtree Creek, Sherman burned Atlanta. Of 4,000 buildings only 300 were left standing. But Peachtree Street, like the rest of the city, lost no time in rebuilding. By 1880, Atlantans were on their feet again to dance gaily in Peachtree Street's mansions and to stroll its sidewalks in Paris fashions. Culturally and socially, Peachtree Street had "arrived."

In recent years society-minded families have moved beyond the city limits to Peachtree Road. The expensive [Washington Seminary, the exclusive Capital City Club, and a few lovely Georgian and Greek Revival houses are about all that's left of the Genteel Tradition.

Today trolleys and busses jam its intersections; tall buildings create the canyon effect of a modern big-city street. Hotels, department stores and office buildings are steadily edging out the remaining architectural reminders of the nineties.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH ROGERS



In the old Peachtree Road tradition

Five Points—Atlanta's crossroads in '64 . . .





Meet the Townsleys of South Bend—J. B. Townsley, the father, is 56. W. B. Townsley, the son, is 25. Their expert craftsmanship is the kind that puts extra miles of fine performance into every Studebaker. You never pay any premium for the plus value that Studebaker's painstaking manufacturing assures.



Back from the Army Air Forces to the Studebaker job of apprentice tool maker that he left 'way back in 1942, has come W. A. Smith, Jr. His proud father, W. A. Smith, tool supervisor, and a veteran of 26 Studebaker years, here takes time to give the young man some welcome suggestions.



They're "Mike" and "Bob" to the many friends and neighbors who are their fellow workers in the great, modern Studebaker automotive plants. Mike Milavec, a gauge maker, has 28 notable years at Studebaker to his credit. His son, Bob, was a Navy Aviation Cadet before returning to his Studebaker job.

Unchanged in a changing world!

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CARS vary in appearance with the years. Mechanical improvements continually come along to add new zest and convenience to driving.

But there's one thing unchanging in the ever-changing automobile picture—and that's the quality of Studebaker's unique father-and-son craftsmanship.

That trustworthy craftsmanship is one of the best of many good reasons for buying a Studebaker today, just as it was back in the goggle-and-duster days of the early motor cars.

Thanks to painstaking care in every detail of their manufacture, you find that Studebaker motor cars stay singularly free from the need for frequent and costly repairs—and they continue to command excellent prices as used cars, long after they

have left the hands of their original owners.

For generations, the quality of Studebaker craftsmanship has been zealously maintained by responsible workmen who are not only friendly neighbors but solid citizens with their roots deep in South Bend's history.

Home-loving, home-owning family men themselves, these craftsmen have encouraged their own sons, through the years, to join with them in building Studebaker cars to the very highest standards of excellence.

Studebaker

South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

**BUILDER OF CARS WORTHY
OF AMERICA'S HOMES**



Antigua's churches: Tropical Roman



Six hours south of New Orleans by air, antiquity



BY THURSTON HATCHER

A THOUSAND MILES south of New Orleans as the crow flies—the Clipper does it in six hours—lies a bit of America as Oriental as slant-eyed tribesmen in slit breeches, turbans and boleros can make it. Like the Far East, it's steeped in mystery and rooted in cradle-day customs of civilization. It's also a land where 16th-century cities transplanted from Europe refuse to die—where the social conventions of America's pioneer age flourish side by side with such vanguards of modernism as up-to-the-minute hotels, airports, automobiles and streamlined office buildings.

meets the twentieth century amid Guatemala's brooding volcanoes

Magnet of Middle

As haunting as its memories is this country's beauty. Imagine an area slightly larger than Tennessee, bounded on one side by the Pacific Ocean and on the other by the Atlantic. Make each coastal plain a tropical paradise tinted from a palette of natural colors and alive with oversized blue jays, chattering monkeys and gaily plumed parrots. In between the plains, place the highlands with scenic glory like our own Rockies. Then add thirty-odd volcanoes and you have Guatemala, the most northern and one of the most progressive republics of Central America.

Or take a sheet of paper and roll it up in your hands. Drop it and there's the shape of Guatemala. That's how Columbus with parchment described the country for Queen Isabella. And you can see for yourself how apt an illustration that was when your plane leaves the Caribbean waters and begins its flight inland.

Your destination is Guatemala City, a spick-and-span capital of 188,000 population on a mile-

high plateau not far from the volcanic wreckers of Guatemalan cities—"Agua" and "Fuego," Spanish words for water and fire. On arrival a barefoot Indian maid with dusty toes steps forward and shyly greets you with a pink camellia as a token of welcome. The wrap-around ankle-length sheath skirt and square-cut blouse she wears were made on hand looms, in a fashion whose origin is lost in antiquity.

Notice her walk as she leads you into the white stucco building, with graceful Spanish arcades, that presides over the modern airport. She moves with the effortless grace and silent rhythm of a smooth-flowing stream. That's the way Indian women of Guatemala walk, even with a child on the back and a burden on the head. In villages it's easy to imagine yourself in a land where tribal Rebeccas go to the well, as you watch silhouettes of women with water jugs on their heads cross the open square in white moonlight.

From one end of the country to the other you see the Indians walking or jogging with backs



Good Friday procession in the Highlands





Sunday market in Chichicastenango



America

bent under heavy loads of water jars, glazed ware or bolts of cloth. They're familiar with wagons and oxcarts but seldom use them. Yet they are not uncultured. They are heirs of the famous Mayan civilization that had its own systems of arithmetic and writing. Guatemala City has undertones of this Indian life as it has undertones of customs that date back to the Spain of Queen Isabella. But essentially it is a modern community as thriving and progressive as many in North America. It has five good hotels where you will be well fed and comfortable. It's the place to do your shopping too. To the big central markets comes Indian handicraft from every section of the country. There are world-famous Guatemalan textiles, wood carvings and paintings on wood, and endless variations of weaving in baskets and gourds—all decorated in that peculiar pattern of the Mayan Indian.

From the capital it's easy to get to the most dazzling regions of the interior over a system of fine roads. You can hire a car and chauffeur by

the day, or go the more adventurous way by bus. You'll find the busses old and slow. But then speed will be the least of your desires over roads that wind like spiral staircases through the clouds. Indian fellow passengers are friendly.

All through the highlands you cross the trail of the conquistador and the missionary, and since their day nothing has changed. The villages are just about as they built them and left them. Homes with plain high-walled exteriors concealing lovely patio gardens cluster around a central square, dominated invariably by a huge church in simple Colonial style. In this earthquake country it's not unusual to see church after church with sagging sides propped up by trunks of trees. Along the roadside you'll see Indians plying their looms, turning their pottery, and tilling their lands with the same primitive tools our own ancients must have used ages ago. Oddest sight of all is the dome-shaped steam bath outside each Indian's home in Nahuala, so primitive that white men even today dare not stay there overnight. In between the Indian villages you can stop to explore the great volcanic lakes that fill empty craters, dead for centuries.

Less than thirty miles from Guatemala City,

nature and man have joined to produce one of the most fantastic sights in the world—the magnificent ruins of a city that might have been lifted from the hills of ancient Spain. It nestles at the foot of Agua volcano in the Panchoy Valley. Its name used to be “Santiago de Los Caballeros de Guatemala.” That was back in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when it was a power in learning, culture and government, and its splendor was unmatched in the Americas. Once it held sixty thousand people, and its forty churches, its colleges, university and monasteries were the envy and boast of colonial Spain. Then one day in 1773 the city shook until all its fine buildings trembled like a man with fever. That ended this city's pomp and magnificence, as well as its career as a capital.

The earthquake launched one of the great migrations in history, as the fearful population began a trek across the mountains to found a new capital—Guatemala City. But even though deserted, the old city refused to die. Now called Antigua (old town), it still lives on—a community of seven thousand surrounded by skeletons of ancient grandeur.

From Antigua you can take the road to Chimaltenango and from there the Pan-American highway to Lake Atitlán, Guatemala's storied

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Agua Volcano broods over Antigua





Church steps and park are social centers



lake of turquoise blue from whose shores you look across to three volcanoes among the tiers of mountains. Here is the favored spot of visitors and Guatemalans alike, with good hotels, bathing, horseback riding, fishing, mountain climbing and just sitting drinking in the unspoiled beauty. You'll enjoy the Indian life in the neighborhood too. The lake shores hold twelve Indian villages named after the Apostles, and their festival dances in July are worth seeing.

From Lake Atitlán journey on up to Chichicastenango, the quaint old town nearly seven thousand feet up, where unforgettable scenes of Indian devotion and Indian trade take place each Sunday. You can stop at the Mayan Inn. It's all patios and arcades and as comfortable as it is beautiful. Early Sunday morning you can see the Indians arriving. Each pre-empts a spot in the public square and dumps his pack. It isn't long before almost everything that Guatemala produces is displayed. Then the Indian begins his devotions at the foot of the high and semicircular steps to El Calvario Cathedral. He makes the ascent on his knees, swinging an urn of Guatemalan-grown incense. As he goes up he drops rose petals and among them places lighted tapers.

Another and different section of Guatemala lies below the capital. It begins, as you descend,

with coffee lands where each plantation is a self-sufficient little world of people who are born, grow up, marry, work and die without ever leaving its confines.

Below the sweet-smelling coffee slopes, the narrow coastal fringe of tropics begins, and banana plantations are as common as orchards in New England. Pyramids and mounds of the ancient Mayans are preserved on some of these plantations, and visitors are welcome.

That long curved knife that every worker carries is a machete—an all-purpose tool for fighting the jungle, cutting banana stalks or splitting a coconut. The picturesque weapon seems a perfect souvenir. Visitors who buy are surprised sometimes to read "Made in U.S.A." on its blade.

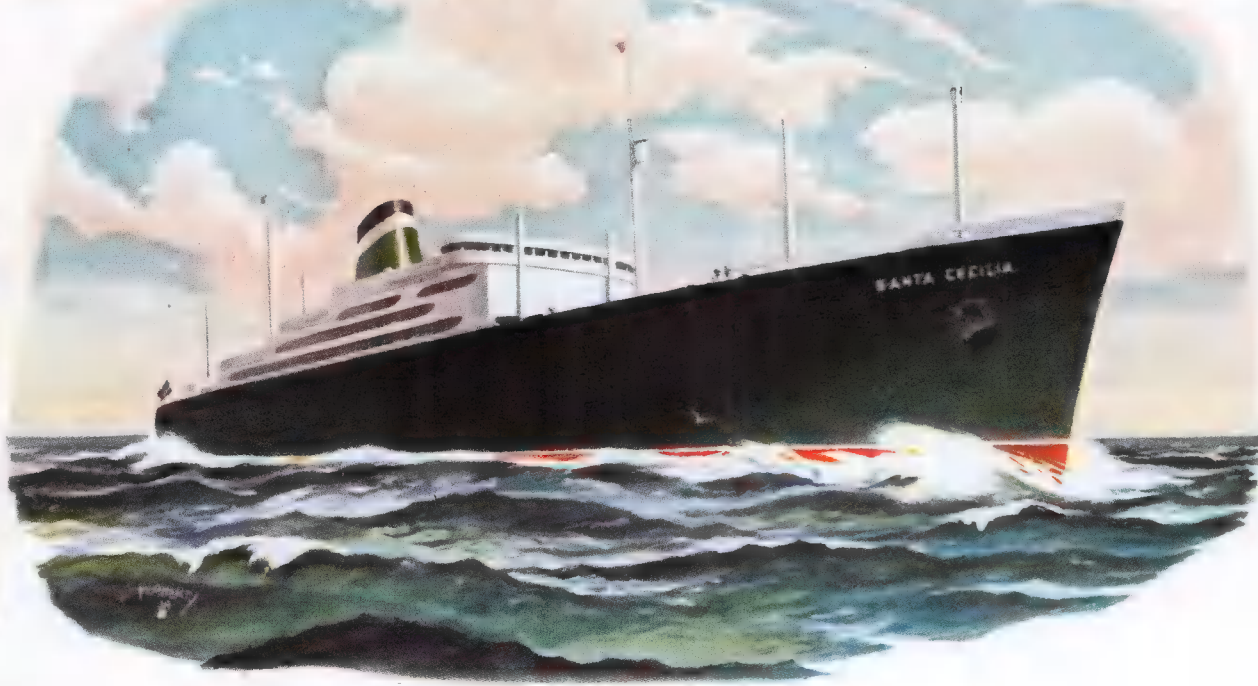
Nevertheless there is nothing more characteristic of the country's teeming lowlands than the machete. Though factory-made, it's as Guatemalan as the textile of the highland Indians. For though tempered steel and hand looms are centuries apart, they are not in Guatemalan life. And that is Guatemala's rare charm. Every corner of the country is memory-laden. It never really changes. In Chichicastenango or Antigua, in Atitlán or Guatemala City, or wherever you may go, the ages meet and never merge.



Indian laundries never change



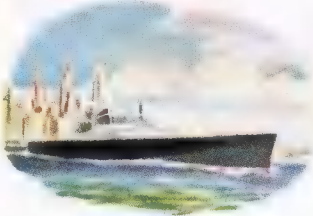
GRACE LINE *Announces*



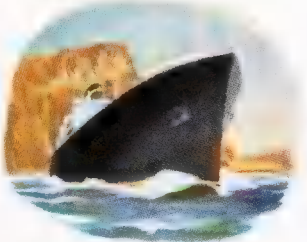
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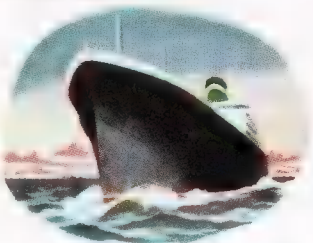
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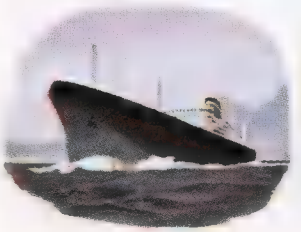
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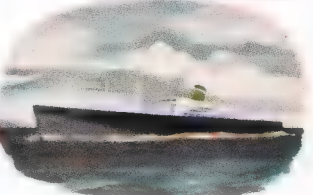
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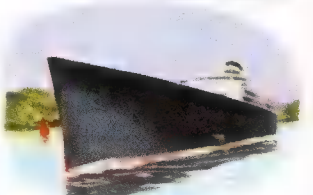
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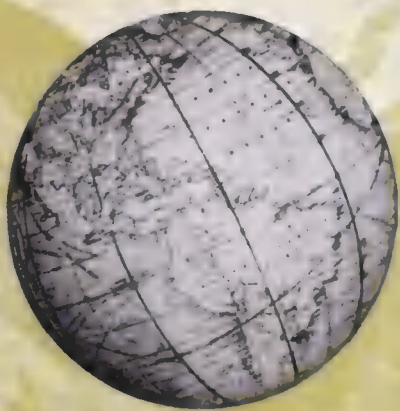
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THE WORLD TO CHOOSE FROM

Explore America, says Roy Chapman Andrews

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, famous explorer and naturalist, knows most of the beauty spots in the itinerary of every world traveler. He has seen the strange, far places, too; often was the first white man to reach them. So the other day as we sat talking about his adventures in thirty years of exploration, I asked for his vacation preferences. I had known Doctor Andrews for years, and had read the half-dozen books he has written about his work. I was sure I knew what his reply would be. He loved the Orient. He had made his home in Peiping for a score of years during his explorations in Central Asia.

On his first visit there, I recalled, he had seen what he still considers the most impressive sight of his life. As he stepped off the train in the countryside that day, and climbed the rocky pathway, he kept his eyes on the ground, so that when he finally raised his head he would see it, suddenly, as a whole, in all its majesty. Then—there it was—the Great Wall of China. Spread mile after mile across the land, like a huge, slumbering gray serpent, it dipped into the valleys, climbed the sides of precipitous mountains, on and on, as far as human eye could see.

"No other sight on earth," he said years later, "has ever stirred me like that. Not the Sphinx—nor the Taj Mahal by moonlight—nor the Pyramids—nor any other of the Seven Wonders of the World."

That's why I was sure he would propose China—and Peiping—for the most interesting vacation he could recommend.

"Where would you go?" I asked again. "You aren't hesitating?"

"Not for a minute," he shot back. "I'd pick Mexico! I'm going there on my next vacation."

"Mexico! But you've always said that tropical countries get you down—that you prefer an invigorating climate."

"It's the climate that sold me on Mexico," said Andrews. "The cool nights—sleeping under a blanket in the middle of the summer. The pleasant days. You don't get that along the sea-coasts. It's really tropical, and plenty hot, at sea level. But I'm speaking about the plateau on

BY RICHARD L. FIELD

which Mexico City is situated, and Cuernavaca and most of the other places world travelers want to see. The climate there is simply grand."

"What else makes you want to go to Mexico?" I asked.

"The historical background. As a schoolboy I was fascinated by the stories of the Aztecs and their ancient civilization—and of the coming of Cortez to Mexico—and of how the Aztecs were stampeded by the sight of those Spanish conquistadors on horseback, because they'd never seen a horse. I've just been reading a novel called *The Heart of Jade* that has brought those stories of Cortez and Montezuma to life again for me. When I read a fascinating book about a place I've never seen, I want to go there right away. Only in this case, it's worse. For my wife has been to Mexico—and the stories she tells of her experiences add fuel to the flames."

"Is this going to be an extended trip?" I asked.

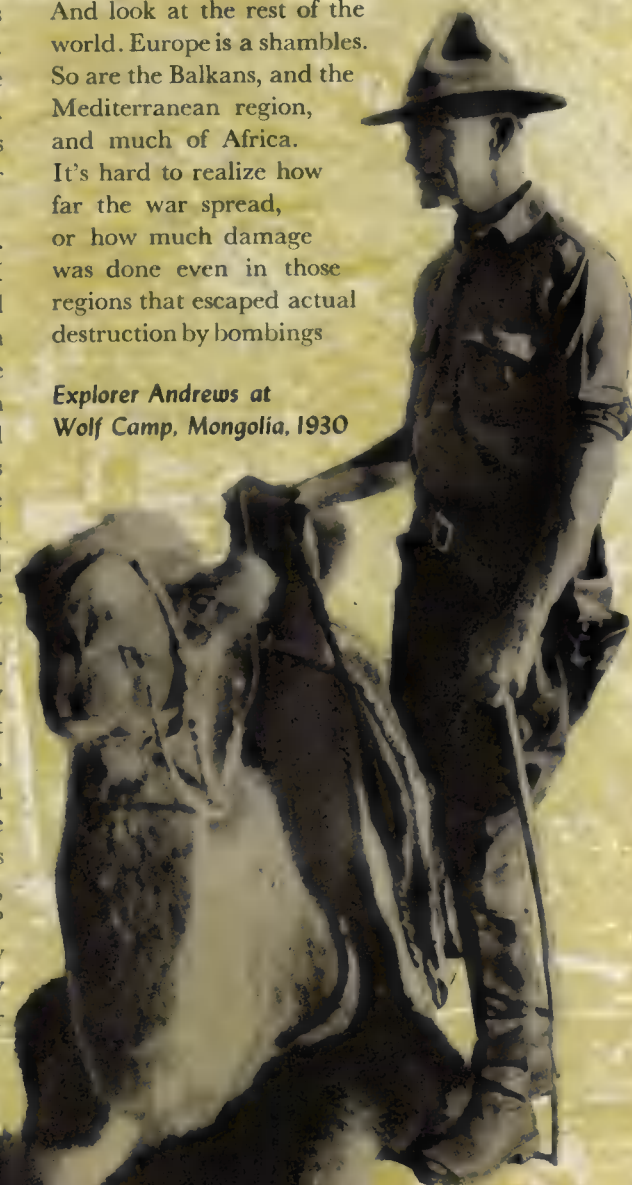
"I'd like to make it a leisurely trip, so that I can stay just as long as I like in Mexico City and the other spots we're planning to visit. And I'm excited at the prospect of seeing some of the ancient cities. I'd like to run down to Chichen Itzá to see the temples that were unearthed there—and go to some of the other ancient ruins that have been spotted from the air, and where the work of restoration has hardly begun. And then I'd like to go on down into Central and South America. That's the only large part of the world I haven't seen."

"But, Roy," I said, "aren't you picking Mexico and South America just because it's the only place you haven't seen so often that you know it by heart? You would probably like it—sure. But don't you think other people would have a lot more fun going to some of the places that are old stuff to you? Mightn't they like China's Switzerland, for instance, in Yunnan Province, at the Chinese end of the famous Burma Road? Wouldn't they like to climb four-mile-high Snow Mountain—and camp, as you did, in a grassy meadow below its summit? In your book, *Under*

a Lucky Star, you called that the most beautiful camp you have had anywhere in the world. You told about the great mountain towering above you, its jagged peaks crowned with gold from the light of the setting sun. Wouldn't people like to see the road that crosses the 'roof of the world'—where, in a few hours, you can climb from broiling July to bitter January—where centuries ago Marco Polo traveled on his trips for Kublai Khan? And what's the matter with Peiping itself?"

"You're forgetting the war," he answered, "and what's happened to the Orient. It's a wreck. China will be in absolute chaos for years and years. And look at the rest of the world. Europe is a shambles. So are the Balkans, and the Mediterranean region, and much of Africa. It's hard to realize how far the war spread, or how much damage was done even in those regions that escaped actual destruction by bombings

Explorer Andrews at
Wolf Camp, Mongolia, 1930



and conflict. There aren't many of the story-book spots that haven't been affected. Some have been wiped out of existence.

"I remember back in 1909, when I was traveling about the Malay Seas, how our ship put into a beautiful little port on the island of Celebes. Menado was its name, and its clean, wide streets were lined with magnificent trees. Little white houses were set in the midst of velvet lawns spotted with gorgeous beds of flowers. It was a beautiful town, and a happy town. The natives—and the Dutch settlers—greeted you with pleasant, friendly smiles. Life seemed definitely worth living, there.

"On that trip, throughout the Indies there were a dozen other towns just like Menado—Amboina, Gorontalo, Macassar, Ternate, and so on—and every one of them as happy as it was beautiful.

"For thirty years I talked of those towns—and seldom found anyone who had heard of them; never did I meet anyone who had walked their clean-swept streets. Then, a few years ago, I saw the name of Menado blazing from the front pages. The Japanese had rained death and horror upon these gentle people. And then Amboina—and the others.

"Some people may want to see the devastation caused by the war, but my guess is that most people won't. It's going to be years before those regions get back to normal, before they forget all the suffering that they have been through.

"I guess the Taj Mahal is just as beautiful in the moonlight as it ever was. There has been little actual damage to other beauty spots in India. But I wouldn't want to go there until it has had a while for readjustment. Almost every part of the world—except the Americas—will need time to recover, to get back to its old ways of life, before the tourist can really enjoy it."

"Well, isn't there some spot in this country where you would like to go?"

"You bet there is," said Andrews. "Just as soon as I can find the time I'm going on a trans-continental trip in my car. A leisurely trip—three months or longer. There isn't going to be any definite route, and I'm not going to decide in advance how long I'll stay in any spot. I'll have only a general, very rough itinerary, a route that will let me see as much as possible of America's gorgeous scenery and take me close to the best trout streams.

"I expect the best way to plan it would be to take a map and pick the best trout streams, and then lay out the trip to include the prettiest scenery too. One place I know I'm going to hit is Colorado—Idaho too. And if the fishing there is as good as my friends say it is, I'm going to want to stick around for a while. I'll take along a small light tent, so I can stay overnight, or for a week, or for as long as I like."

Camping beside a trout stream fits Roy Chapman Andrews. Coming back from one expedition to the Gobi Desert, he was given a bed for the first time in months. He couldn't get to sleep. Finally he rummaged around for his sleeping bag, stretched out under the stars—and was sound asleep in no time.

He's a broad-shouldered six-footer who's still just as straight and almost as slim as when he got

out of college, though he started losing his hair years ago. A pleasant, blue-eyed extrovert, he doesn't have any trouble making friends. People seem to like him just as much as he likes them.

"There's another tour I'd like to take," he continued, "and that is a trip through the Canadian Rockies. A month at least; longer if I can find the time. When it comes to scenery, the Canadian Rockies have got everything in the world wrapped up in one package. Switzerland can't touch them."

"Anywhere else?" I prodded.

"Sure. I want to go to Alaska again. I went there on some of my first expeditions for the American Museum of Natural History when I was tracking down whales, and I'm itching to get back. There have been tremendous changes; great sections have been made more accessible to the tourist. Here the war has had a constructive effect, not a destructive one; it has built up Alaska. I'd like to make a round trip over the Alaska Highway, with side trips to the places I visited when I was a kid explorer.

"Then, in late autumn, when the mornings start getting crisp, I'm looking forward to some quail shooting through the Carolinas, Georgia and northern Florida."

"But do these American trips mean that you have forgotten about the Gobi Desert? Aren't you planning to go back there to finish the work that you started? Or do you think that the war, and the airplane age, have put an end to exploration?"

His answer showed that only the fun side of the Andrews scheme of places to go had so far emerged—for he believes that, with the dawn of the air age, the world is entering its most intensive era of exploration; and he is ready for it.

"Central Asia," he says, "is the most important of these vast, little-known regions whose secrets must still be tapped. It will yield important results in every branch of natural science. Central Asia is the home of rapidly vanishing peoples and of ancient civilizations that have had a profound influence on human history. To understand our world of today, we must know its past—and the key to that past lies in Central Asia."

He would like to resume his search for that key, and go giant hunting. Just before the war in the Far East immensely important discoveries came to light on man's early ancestors. In Java, a primitive jaw was found—so huge that it makes the jaw of modern man look like that of a babe. In South China, three tremendous teeth were unearthed, dating back still earlier.

Scientists estimate that the primitive giant who once chewed with the Java jawbone must have weighed 450 pounds or more. And the men from South China with the tremendous teeth were even bigger, perhaps two or three times as large!

Andrews is hoping to get permission from the governments of China and the Netherlands East Indies to bring in bulldozers and unearth the bones of these human giants of long ago. But for the present he's all for getting acquainted with the Americas once again.





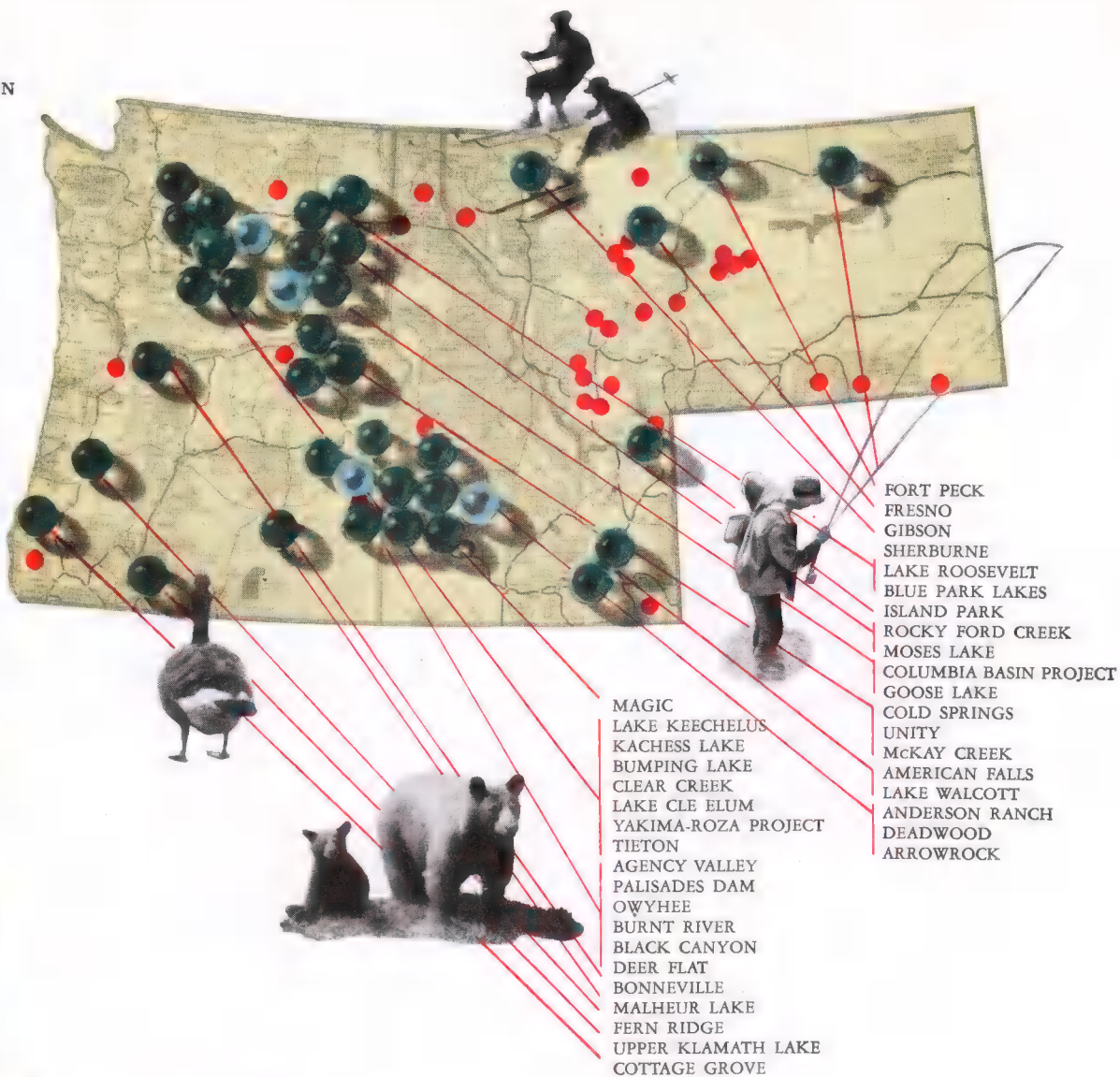
REMAKING AMERICA: THE LAKE MAKERS

BY LARS MORRIS

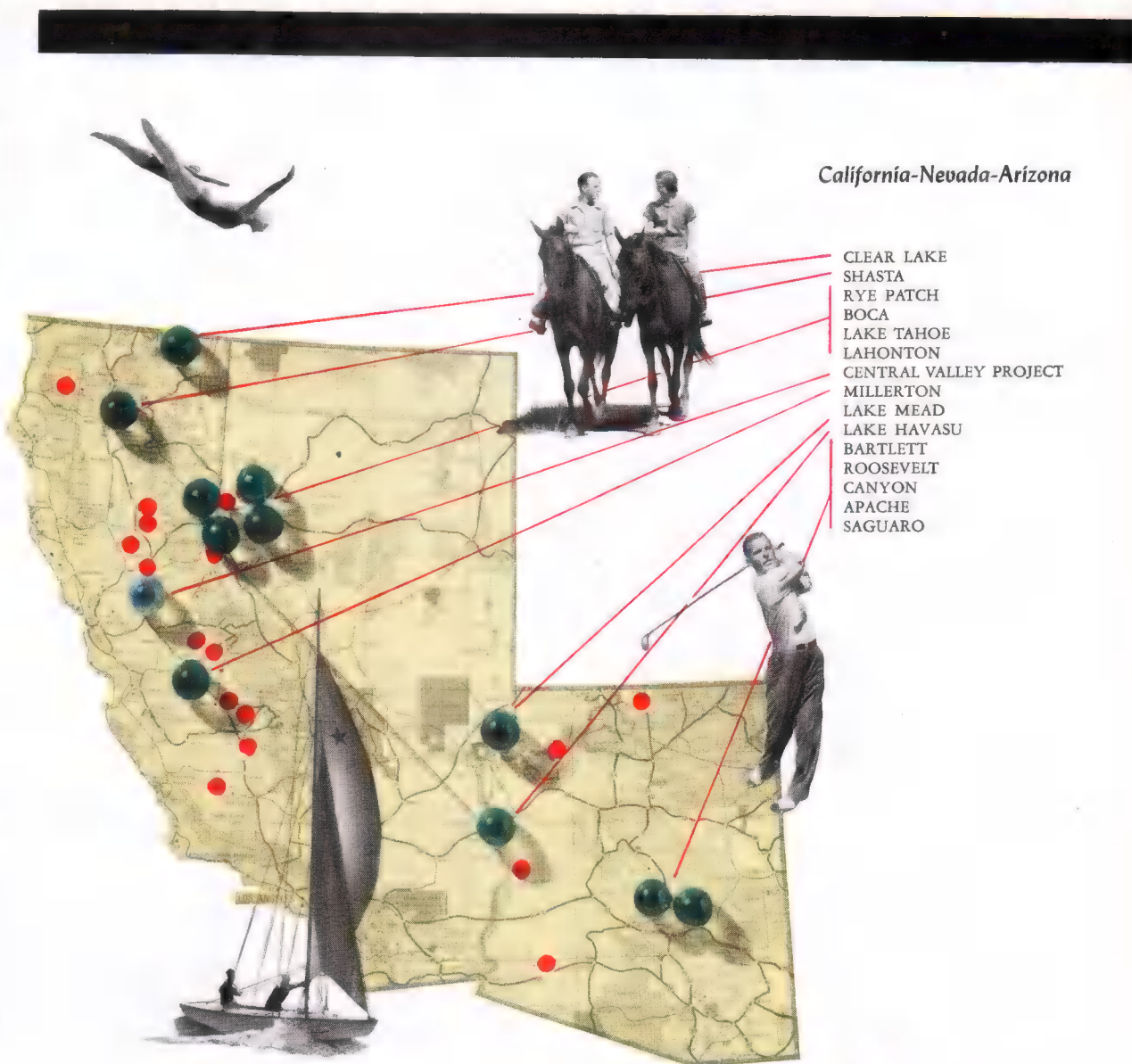
RECLAMATION PROJECTS ARE
CREATING PLAYGROUNDS FOR A
NATION OF WATER SPORTSMEN

"IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU," said a waggish friend who observed Moss Hart transform an old farm into a lavish estate, "what God could have done if He'd had money." The same wit should have watched Uncle Sam's lake makers.

Literally, on a colossal scale, the lake makers are putting Nature to work for your pleasure. Their magic elixir is water, backed up behind giant dams. Where there used to be remote and inhospitable mountain valleys, or undeveloped forests, or sunbaked, arid plains, there are now



Washington-Oregon-Idaho-Montana

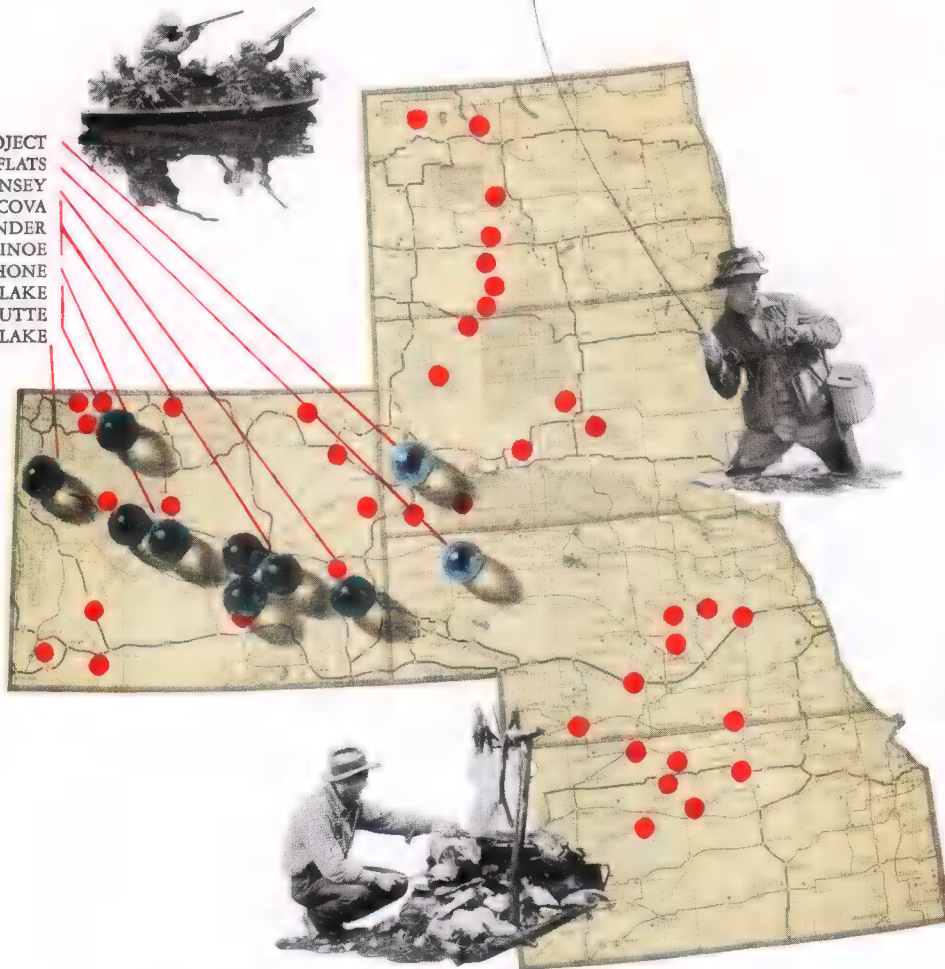


California-Nevada-Arizona

● EXISTING
● UNDER CONSTRUCTION
● PLANNED

Wyoming-North Dakota-South Dakota-Nebraska-Kansas

RAPID VALLEY PROJECT
MIRAGE FLATS
GUERNSEY
ALCOVA
PATHFINDER
SEMINOE
SHOSHONE
BULL LAKE
PILOT BUTTE
JACKSON LAKE



clear blue lakes, many of them of magnificent size, dotted with sails, thronged with fishermen.

There have always been lots of lakes in America, of course. Some states are famous for them, while our Great Lakes are inland freshwater seas unparalleled throughout the world. What the lake makers are doing, as the accompanying maps show, is to create extensive bodies of water in regions less favored by geological chance.

You see whole clusters of sporty lakes growing like grapes in the Rockies and the Sierras . . . a new Great Lake in the center of Washington . . . magnificent stretches of clear water blueprinted for what once was the Dust Bowl . . . an Eastern vacationers' Mecca full-blown in the former worn-out realm of the Southern Highlander. Lakes in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, that have made fishermen out of dirt farmers and yachtsmen out of cowboys . . . man-made seas often large enough to require navigation lights hooked on towering canyon walls, yet near enough to be reached in an easy drive.

The maps show at a glance what is happening in terms of projects of the Federal Government. They locate the large new lakes, the big ones definitely planned, and many smaller ones of particular interest because of recreational development. To fill in the more minute details of the whole vast picture, look around in your own neighborhood—you're almost sure to find at least a little lake, perhaps part of a Federal project, perhaps created by a state authority or by power and land companies. Some of the latter, like Lake of the Ozarks, southwest of St. Louis, are anything but small, at that.

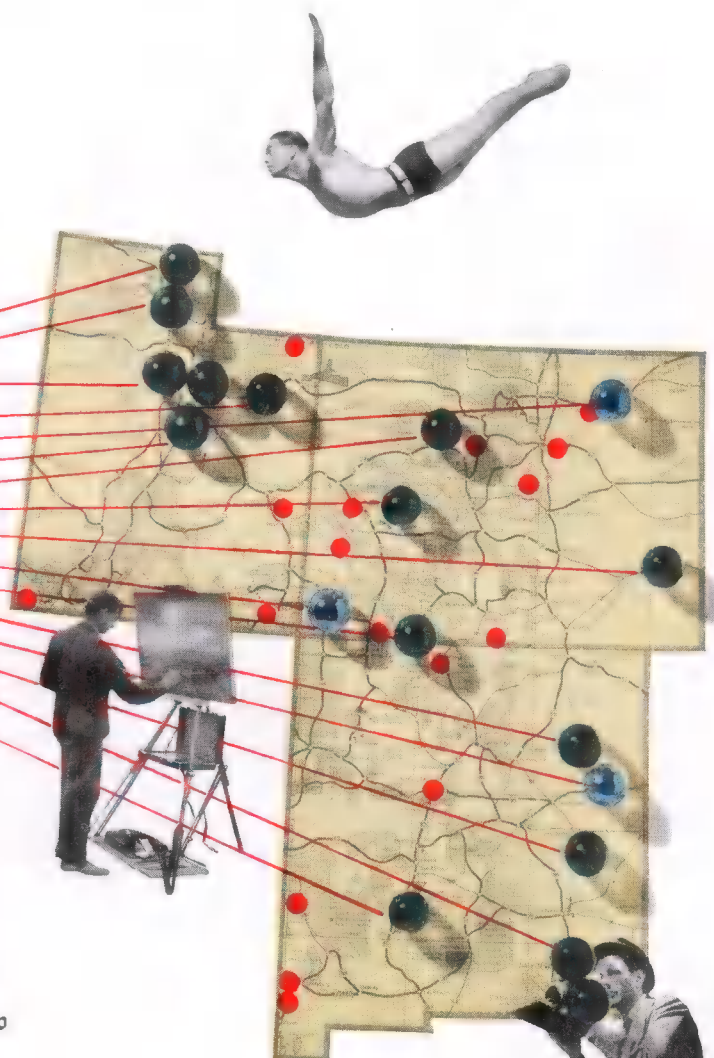
In origin, of course, these lakes were strictly utilitarian, designed for irrigation, flood-control, electric power, and such. The pragmatists who conceived them were scarcely prepared for the stampede of fun-lovers set off by their handiwork.

In one year Lake Mead, backed up 115 miles behind Boulder Dam, attracted 840,000 visitors alone, to buzz about in 250 boats. So many game fish schooled in the Tennessee Valley that, despite anglers' lines clustered almost like the warp of a loom, year-round fishing was instituted to keep down the piscine population. At Buffalo Lake, near Amarillo, Texas, they held a yacht regatta before 35,000 spectators. "We'll be a nation of twenty-five million sportsmen," predicted the director of the Fish and Wildlife Service. At Grand Coulee they were talking of a 360-mile scenic sail into Canada; at Shasta reservoir, in California's Central Valley, they dreamed of hunting big game from a boat. And so on.

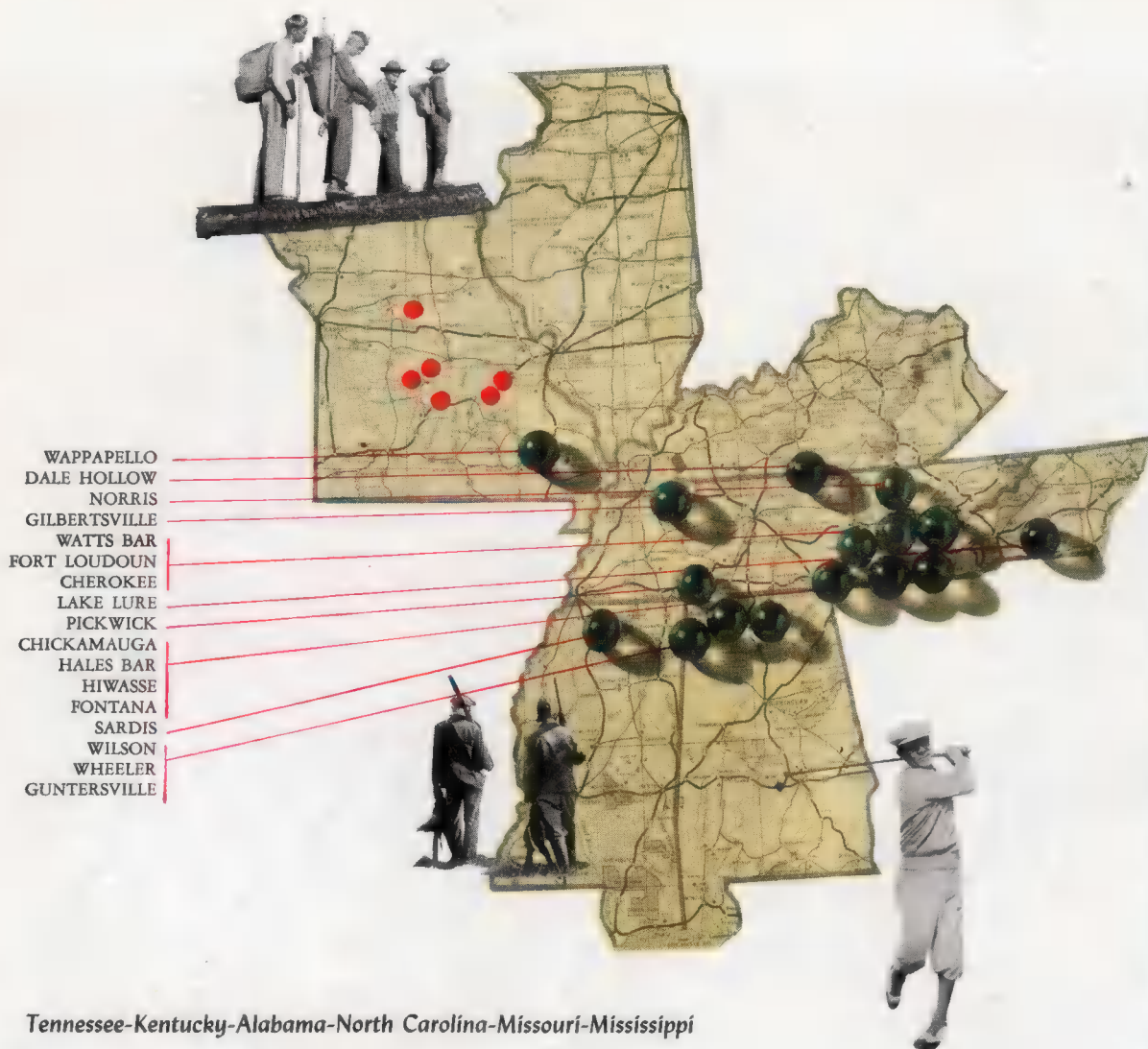
This swift recreational tempo will accelerate as facilities are improved. At most of the completed lakes shown on the maps such facilities already exist, or at least are beyond the blueprint stage. They include lodges or camps for rest, floats or beaches for swimmers, hiking trails, auto roads, docks (yes, and harbors!) for boating, and other essential equipage for a hardy week or two on water or mountain. Seasons vary according to climate or altitude, also because of changes in lake level when tapped for irrigation purposes.

So far, in addition to thirty new lakes in the East, about eighty have been created on Western rivers . . . and that's only the beginning. In 1944, Harry W. Bashore, then Bureau of Reclamation Commissioner, outlined a stupendous

HYRUM
PINE VIEW
DEER CREEK
STRAWBERRY
MOON LAKE
SHADOW MOUNTAIN
SCHOFIELD
GREEN MOUNTAIN
TAYLOR PARK
JOHN MARTIN
MANCOS PROJECT
VALLECITO
CONCHAS
TUCUMCARI PROJECT
ALAMOGORDO
LAKE McMILLAN
AVALON
ELEPHANT BUTTE



Utah-Colorado-New Mexico



Tennessee-Kentucky-Alabama-North Carolina-Missouri-Mississippi

postwar plan, its objective "the full development of the water and land resources of the West as rapidly as possible." Fifteen large river basins, including the Missouri, Columbia, Colorado, Arkansas and the Central Valley, are each to be made into "integrated, self-contained units"—meaning sometimes a dozen dams for each basin. Some were completed during the war, as in the Tennessee Valley; many more were shelved. As they emerge from the pigeonholes, they promise water recreation for all.

The most famous of these wholesale remakers of Nature's America is the Tennessee Valley Authority, whose 22 lakes, now virtually finished, brought new life to a soil-poor, perpetually depressed highland and also placed a vast natural playground at the doorstep of the teeming Eastern cities. In this beautiful and often quaint mountain country, you sail 70 miles up Guntersville Lake amid rhododendron-covered peaks.

Even more spectacular, if you consider the characteristic aridity of the Southwest, is the Colorado River development which preceded TVA. Lake Mead is now one of the largest bodies of water, natural or otherwise, within the United States, and its year-round bass fishing is becoming as famous as the Hollywood folk who cavort there. Like many others of the new reservoirs, it is adjoined by remarkable wildlife refuges.

The Columbia River development in the Northwest began when Bonneville and Grand Coulee dams, especially the latter, formed lakes so grandiose in size as to require large docks, marine ways, and overnight stopping places for motorboats. Other dams already built or planned on tributaries of the Columbia, such as the Snake River dams in Idaho, have equal possibilities.

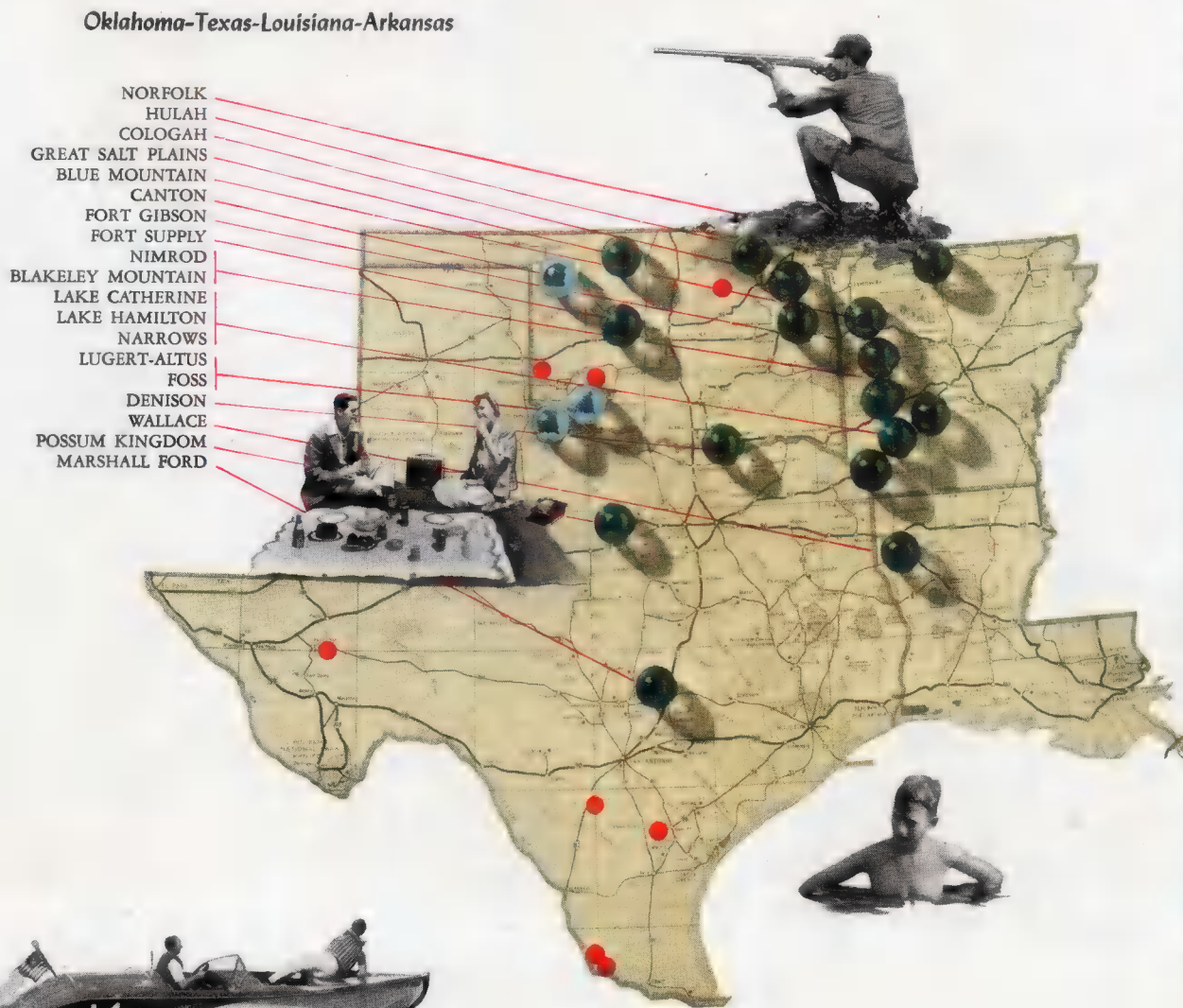
In the Central Valley of California, Shasta and Millerton reservoirs are filling with water, the first of twenty-one new large lakes that are in the works. Shasta is in rugged high country, set among red foothills and snow-capped mountains, while Millerton is at a lower altitude scarcely a half hour's drive from Fresno or Madera.

Another large cluster of lakes is scheduled for Montana and Wyoming, rivaling the extensive development already well advanced in Utah and Colorado. The latter state now has, in Vallecito Reservoir, one of the most gorgeous lakes of all the West, well stocked with trout, its wooded banks peopled by deer, bear and turkeys.

The cowboy country of Texas, New Mexico and Oklahoma, once virtually devoid of navigable bodies of water, is coming to be known, thanks to the engineers, as "the land of the little lakes." The adjective would be ungrammatical anywhere outside the boundaries of bigness-blasé Texas, whose new Texoma Lake on the Red River has a shore line of 1200 miles behind an enormous earth-fill dam. The ranch, farm and city folk have become nothing short of fish-happy.

Something akin to that, and perhaps even more dramatic, will occur in the Missouri River region when authorized projects delayed by the war are completed. The wheat belt of the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas, whose earthbound youth traditionally contribute more than their quota of recruits to the U. S. Navy, will have their own private little oceans if all plans mature.

"The world will be different!" said the pre-war lake makers. And they really meant it.



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For Your Holiday

"WHENEVER A BUSINESSMAN comes in nowadays, complaining that his food doesn't taste right, that he gets tired in the afternoon, yet cannot induce sleep at night despite the counting of sheep, that he is irritable both at home and in the office, I follow two lines of treatment," said the old doctor. "First, I ask him what he eats and I change his diet. Second, I find out where he wants to go for a vacation, and I send him someplace else."

Vacations are for rest and relaxation, but they must be wisely chosen lest they offer neither. In the past few years all of us have suffered strains far beyond anything the human body was ever expected to bear. During the war many a worker put in a seven-day week with a minimum of eight hours or more each day. Executives in many instances worked themselves to the point of exhaustion. The end of the war and the reconstruction of our world have brought new problems, new sources of tension. Reasonably, if we live twice as fast as we used to, we ought to rest twice as much and twice as often. Now, perhaps, we can think again of the possibility of both summer and winter vacations.

The type of vacation you choose should cause you to forget your usual occupation and habits. Desk workers and clerks, for instance, should spend their vacations preferably in some activity involving muscular exercise. Many a manual laborer undertakes a fishing or camping trip which is physically exhausting, when he might more suitably have spent his vacation resting flat on his back. I know desk workers, on the other hand, who spend their two weeks playing bridge in a hotel room or sitting in theaters.

Long ago physicians agreed that the chief factors in a healthful vacation include a change in occupation, lots of time in the sunshine and the open air, plenty of rest (both at night and during the day), association with congenial friends, and freedom from any insistent routine. Ramon y Cajal, one of the most famous Spanish neurologists, said: "The sun, the open air, silence, and art are great physicians. The first two are tonics for the body; the last two still the vibrations of sorrow, free us from our own ideas, which are sometimes more virulent than the worst of microbes, and guide our sensibilities toward the world about us, the fount of the purest and most refreshing pleasures."

Calvin Coolidge was no athlete, but he knew the value of the out-of-doors and of physical

activity as an antidote to the kind of life he lived in the White House. He took his vacations either in the Adirondacks or in the Black Hills. Though he did not climb mountains, he gained both the relaxation and the stimulation that come from a mountain environment. He enjoyed motoring along mountain roads deep into the forests.

That was also the kind of vacation that appealed to Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Harvey Firestone and John Burroughs. The four used to travel together in a motor car without any fixed course in mind. Usually Henry Ford supplied the car, which was equipped with Firestone tires and Edison accessories. They would camp out at night in the woods under primitive conditions.

They wore the most comfortable and loose clothing they had; they did not dress up for anything. Incidentally, the three who are dead lived very long lives and Henry Ford is an example to all who seek longevity.

Now I am not preaching vacations as a cure-all for everything that ails humanity. Some people get along without many vacations, and a good thing may be overdone. No sadder spectacle exists anywhere in this world than a vacation that has gone sour. Usually the trouble is an effort to do too much too quickly.

A family has decided to go somewhere two or three hundred miles away. Everybody gets up around five in the morning and is packed into

the family car. At the end of the tour, the father has to get the car properly located in a garage; he has to make sure the rooms are all right and get the family and baggage properly distributed. The unusual demands made on him this first day are more than he ever suffered in his office or his shop. He has had little sleep, has risen before his accustomed time and is tired and irritable. If, by some unfortunate dispensation of Providence, it rains, he has to work out methods of amusement for the family besides supplying their physical comforts. Every time he loses his temper, his wife reminds him that they are, after all, on a vacation and he is not making things any better by shouting—after which he feels like a dog in the manger.

One of my intimate friends, who spends most of his time managing an advertising agency, thinks of a vacation that is mostly golf. He prefers a summer resort with the golf

links right next to the hotel. His system is good for eighteen holes every third day. To get the value out of the course, however, he does thirty-six holes the first day, tortures himself with eighteen the next day, and lies groaning and moaning with stiffened limbs for two days thereafter. If he handled this situation correctly he would lie in bed until about noon, then do eighteen holes after lunch. After that he would have a hot bath and possibly a rubdown, then either sleep an hour before dinner or lie in bed with some relaxing literature. A little bridge, gin rummy or cribbage after dinner, and bed by ten o'clock would make a good day of vacation.

Civilization is well organized for vacations. The tourist bureaus will acquaint you with the travel conveniences at your disposal, but it is your own responsibility to assure yourself a real rest. You may find yourself in a hotel with three

IT'S DOCTOR'S ORDERS



BY MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

Editor, Journal of the American Medical Association

Once the car drew up before a roadside garage in the South. A mechanic approached; Mr. Ford stepped out and introduced himself. The mechanic gave him a long and searching look. Then Mr. Firestone emerged, walked around the car, kicked each of the tires experimentally, and asked the mechanic to test the pressure. Mr. Ford introduced Mr. Firestone. Then came Mr. Edison; he, too, was introduced. He received a more searching inspection than had been awarded either Mr. Ford or Mr. Firestone. Just then Mr. Burroughs looked out the window, and the mechanic said, "If you tell me you're Santa Claus, I'll brain you with this wrench."

Their trips brought these four men the factors that have been specified as the essentials of a healthful vacation. The routine of their daily lives was broken. They went to bed early at night and they arose when they wished in the morning.

orchestras that leave no interval in the constant din. You may run the hazard of overeating in the American-plan dining room. Sometimes you may find yourself in the kind of camp which gave rise to the anecdote that the only comfortable time in the hammock was during luncheon and dinner, when the flies were in the dining room.

Many who suffer nervous exhaustion or nervous breakdown will be benefited by a sea voyage—but not all. The number-one step in such circumstances is to find out the cause of the depression and the exhaustion. People who are melancholic may become more and more depressed by the sight of nothing but water for several days. Ill people who get seasick easily should not take a sea voyage for convalescence. A person who has had a nervous breakdown should never travel alone.

For a number of years I used to take brief vacations with Will Mayo. Sometimes we would spend days and nights on his boat, the North Star, traveling a few miles up and down the Mississippi River. Occasionally we motored through Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa. Will Mayo had a habit of relaxing for fifteen minutes every day immediately after lunch. Just as soon as the dessert had been finished he would say, "Come on now and we'll rest for fifteen or twenty minutes." He returned invariably from this rest greatly refreshed. The habit was an important factor in maintaining his health through many years of constructive work for the benefit of humanity. Experts in the treat-

ment of heart disease also recommend the fifteen-minute period of relaxation, best taken by sitting in a comfortable chair with the eyes closed, the mind at rest, the feet elevated and every muscle relaxed. Once the habit of relaxation is attained, it becomes easier and easier to get complete relaxation.

Dr. Harold Diehl has said that the time may come when we will have rest clubs as well as athletic clubs. The Latin Americans take time for a siesta, and the English relax at tea, but it is hard to get the average American to rest in the daytime. A famous quack made a fortune by developing a collar of wire to be placed around the neck of the person who was ill, and allowed to remain there for thirty minutes while the patient sat quietly in a large and comfortable chair. When people got up from the chair, they felt better. They gave all the credit to the "magic horse collar," when it should have been given to thirty minutes of rest and relaxation.

Among the most useful techniques for relaxation is the cultivation of a hobby. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as everyone knows, spent many a week in his little cabin at Warm Springs, Georgia, where he read and worked on his stamp collection. James Farley collects cartoons. Many famous physicians or surgeons have taken up painting, sculpture or etching as a relaxing occupation. The number of hobbies is limited only by the ingenuity of the hobbyist. I collect medical bookplates and ingenious birth announcements, and I have lots of fun showing them to my friends.

Practically everyone needs a way to blow off steam and to relieve tension. The choice of vacation should be such as to encourage one to

tivity the mental strain that disturbed him. Many an attorney or businessman will be discovered doodling or twirling his watch chain or practicing some other abortive movement as a means of relieving tension. The smoker gets this effect by the ritual which includes the selection of the cigarette, tapping it down by thumping it against the table, lighting it, taking a few preliminary puffs, and then perhaps smoking only six or eight more puffs before discarding the cigarette. The relaxation has come from the ritual of smoking rather than anything inherent in the cigarette itself.

The most foolish recommendation I could make would be to describe my idea of an ideal vacation. That would suit me but it might not

really suit anyone else. Since the vacation is for relaxation and recreation, it simply must include the forms of rest and the activities that are most pleasing to the person himself.

One of my friends in Chicago, who runs a big industry with thousands of branches all over the world, recently informed me with great glee that next morning he was flying to Canada with another friend to spend ten days in fishing. I saw him just the other day when he came home. "Did you really enjoy it?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "maybe for one or two days, but then it got tiresome and I thought about the golf course here at home, and the bridge game that we play and the freedom from mosquitoes and the good cooking, and yet I couldn't leave because we had planned for ten days of it."

Now, for him, the last few days just could not

have been either recreation or relaxation. Some people, however, can take months of outdoor life, with camping, hunting, fishing, storytelling around the fire at night, sleep on the hard ground—and like it. Even these people are likely to have psychological upsets toward the end of the session. They are responsible for that story about the host in Canada who had an elderly Indian squaw always sitting on the porch of the cabin. One of his guests finally mustered the courage to ask him what her job was. He replied, "When she begins to look good to the men in the party, I know it is time to go home."

For every man there is a recreation to his taste. If he is a smart man, he stops when he has had enough. We have heard the story about a man in an insane asylum who persistently bumped his head against the wall. When the doctors asked him why, he said, "It feels so good when I stop."

A good vacation is over when you begin to yearn for your work.

MAKE SURE IT'S REALLY A VACATION

SAYS

"THE DOCTORS' DOCTOR"

*Vacations are for rest and relaxation,
but they must be wisely chosen lest they offer neither.*

*The type of vacation you choose
should cause you to forget your usual occupation and habits.*

*The chief factors in a healthful vacation
include a change in occupation, lots of time in sunshine and open air,
plenty of rest, association with congenial friends,
freedom from insistent routine.*

*A good vacation is over
when you begin to yearn for your work.*

achieve this important, but often elusive, effect. The famous British surgeon, Sir James Paget, must have known how to shed strain in odd moments. In his eagerness during middle life to achieve success, he dispensed with vacations for fifteen years, yet he lived to be eighty-five. Another noted British physician, who was equally determined not to work himself into an early grave and therefore deliberately spent two months of every year in travel, died prematurely from pneumonia. Perhaps he worried about his career all through his holidays, or had permitted his nerves to wear too thin. Whether the strain of continuous labor, imposed on many of us during the war, will affect one's life span depends somewhat on one's ability to relax even while working.

I once knew a famous chemist, Dr. Walter S. Haines, who carried a mold with two parts screwed together as a watch charm. Whenever he was under tension, he would open and close the mold, thus transforming into muscular ac-

GREAT FOOD DOWN NEW ORLEANS WAY



At colorful stall in the picturesque French market in New Orleans, popular artist model, LaRette Mitchell, selects vegetables for supper. Miss Mitchell does her own cooking—likes to find new ways to prepare delicious meals in a hurry. She is devoted to Heinz Condensed Soups. Prepared the slow, home way from vegetables as fresh and delicious as the ones she sees at the market, Heinz Soups always have a very special appeal for those who really *know* good food!

Some of the best cooking in these United States comes from the land of the Creoles—not only from the famous restaurants of New Orleans but from the simplest home kitchens. Here one finds subtly spiced Creole dishes reminiscent of Spain and France.



Typical Cajun dock-worker (descendant of Acadians immortalized in Longfellow's "Evangeline.") lunches lustily on a Po' Bo' sandwich and a bowl of Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup. Sandwich uses half loaf of crusty French bread. Soup is thick, hearty as a stew, rich with tomatoes, potatoes, peas, lima beans—a dozen prize vegetables slowly cooked together.



At luncheon on the lawn of Elmwood Plantation in Jefferson Parish (live oaks and palms are in evidence but no elms!) famed hostess, Mrs. Durel Black, serves Heinz Condensed Cream of Green Pea Soup from her heirloom tureen. She suggests that a garnish of finely shredded breast of chicken blends deliciously with the delicate flavor of Heinz sugar-sweet, garden-fresh peas.



A rare item is an antique hand-written "receipt book" shown at the town's newest art gallery to Miss Florence Bryson, Woman's Page Editor of New Orleans Item. Book contains heirloom recipes. Heinz Condensed Soups and other Heinz 57 Varieties are also prepared to treasured recipes.

(Advertisement)



On her old-fashioned wood stove this bride prepares the traditional Monday meal of the Creoles—Red Beans and Rice. She uses a quick method . . . heats together one can Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, 1 cup each cooked beans, cooked rice, 2 sliced fried onions. The dish is seasoned with salt, garlic, cayenne and Heinz Pepper Sauce.

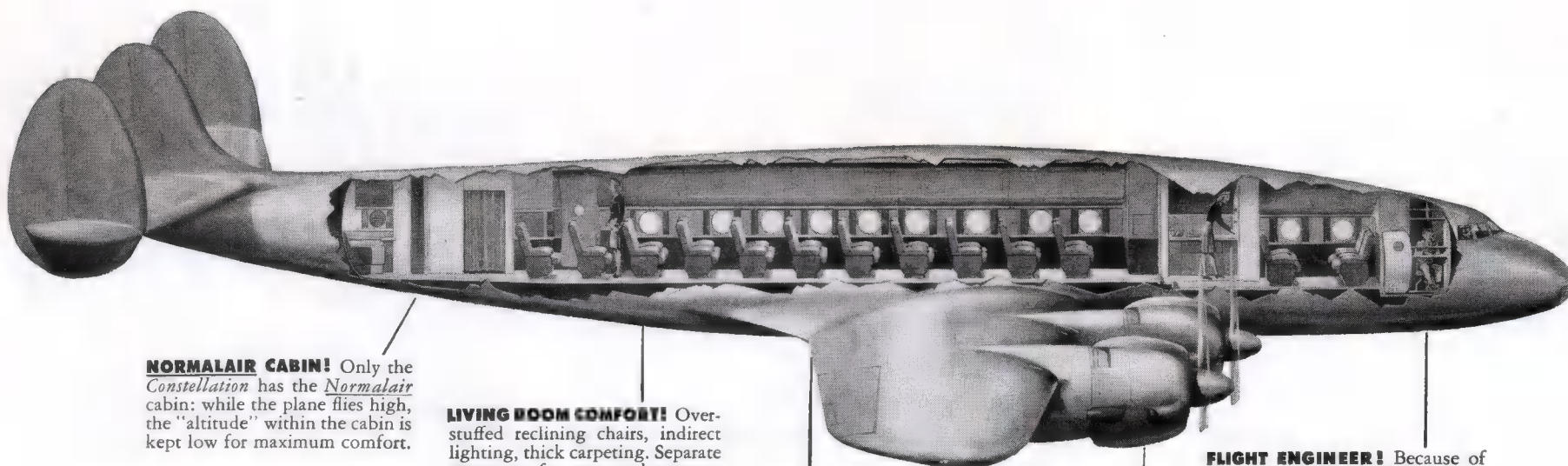


One of the South's great cooks—Celimene Burns—is the original of the famous character in Stark Young's novel, "A Jalous Business." For 31 years she has been cook at Louisiana's beautiful plantation—Shadows on the Teche. Celimene uses Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup often as a soup, and as base for Tomato Aspic.

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Places
to Go

Once a Bustling Thoroughfare, Batsto's Main Street is Peopled by Ghosts

IN JERSEY'S PINES...

LONG AGO'S NOT FAR AWAY

For an adventure
into the romantic past,
explore that near-by ghost town

BY ERIC CURTIS

AS IT IS NOW it was then by the lake. Cedar-water drowns in the pale lemon light of early spring, and the heady musk of wet pine forest scents the breeze. When the birches and oaks dress for summer and the noonday sun spills gold in the road dust, there are sudden jets of coolness from the brush. When the moon sails high over the Barrens, making a silver ribbon of the old Mullica, the people come home again.

They come here to Southern New Jersey just as they return to many "forgotten" byways throughout America. A little ghost hunting can revive the past and provide a day of unique outdoor fun. For this is storied country, right in the back yard of the metropolis. It isn't necessary to go to Bali to find romance. You may find it close to your own home. . . .

They guessed and they gossiped in Sweetwater. Tongues wagged and rumors sped up the road to Batsto where the forges winked fiery eyes at the wilderness, turning bog ore into cannon for Washington's army. They guessed and gossiped, wives of woodcutters, foundrymen and pine-land patriots, but only the deep woods and the swamp hemlocks really knew. Some of the facts the village had. Joe Mulliner kidnaped Honoré Read because she hadn't asked him to her party. Joe Mulliner, bandit of the pine woods, and Honoré Read, daughter of the ironmaster! It almost had to happen that way, they said.

She was young and darkly slim, with the bubble of laughter in her throat and a dancing gleam in her dark eyes. She moved with the grace of the doe that drank from the mill stream at dawn. She was loved, this daughter of the pine belt, by the villagers who worked for her father, by a gallant of the Continental forces, by a reckless, roaring, laughing, fighting thief. How could she ask a thief to a party among the very people he robbed? How could she more than glance at a man hunted by patriots and enemy alike? But then again, they asked that summer in 1781, how else would she expect a bandit to behave?

He took her back to her father's house late the night of the same day he abducted her. But what



of those hours between? Honoré, later to marry her soldier, never talked. They hanged Joe Mulliner that autumn—in the fall of the year when the pinelands were ablaze with crazy crimsons and yellows and mottled greens, when the color of the land he roamed matched his riotous soul.

It's all there today—all but the people.

Many are sleeping in the churchyard at Pleasant Mills. Others like them—Revolutionary heroes, leaders of religious freedom, woodsmen, iron-smiths, early Americans—rest in other wilderness obscured spots throughout the Barrens.

You pack a picnic lunch to enjoy at a rustic table on the pine-carpeted shore of Nescochaque Lake, or by the deep green bank of a little roadside river. In old clothes you clamber over stone heaps or into dusty ruins, pursuing the thrills of discovery. Best and most enduring pleasure, you feed your imagination a few historical scraps of information and turn it loose.

Less than fifty miles from Philadelphia, ninety from New York on good roads, you'll find the deserted village of Sweetwater. The Pine Barrens lie between the Delaware River and the Jersey shore (from Trenton, south on state route 39 to Red Lion, then east on any road; or from Camden to Hammonton on U. S. route 30).

Honoré Read's classic house, erected in 1762, still stands by the shores of Nescochaque Lake; two and a half stories with double-end chimneys and dormer windows. Its location is marked by a sign at the road bend, Kate Aylesford House,

1762. "Kate Aylesford" was the heroine of a novel by Charles Peterson; Honoré Read was her prototype.

The grave of Joe Mulliner is set back in the woods about two miles up the road. The marker has been knocked down and weathered. Bandit Joe doesn't need it. At night by the fires of the deer camps they say that Mulliner's ghost still storms the woods, seeking the gold he buried long ago.

Books say that Mulliner's band was one of many that harassed the Revolutionary villages of South Jersey.

His men were called Refugees because they swore allegiance to the king. There is ample ground for suspicion, however, that Mulliner never paid allegiance to anything but his own adventurous soul. He had his fun holding up local dances to drink and revel with the comeliest belles. When that palled he helled down the stage roads to rob the coach travelers.

But Mulliner swapped his luck for love that day with Honoré. A company of local rangers took him—at a dance hall—and they hanged him for giving aid to the enemy.

Sweetwater, or Pleasant Mills, as you'll find it today, consists of four or five buildings at a turn in the road by Nescochaque Lake. It was once a bustling place. Founded by Covenanters who wanted the right to pray in a manner at considerable variance with that of a Stuart king, the village came into being around 1707. The first structure was a chapel. The first commerce, rude necessities of woodland living—chiefly cloth

CARTOONS BY HARRY GOFF



This ancient foundry made cannonballs for Washington's army



The Pleasant Mills of Sweetwater . . .



and gunpowder—moved over the Indian trails.

As the years went by, the old trails gave way to a stagecoach road, and the pastoral culture acquired the comparative richness of bog-iron manufacture. Builder Read erected the "Aylesford" house. A new chapel replaced the old log church, grew old in turn and vanished, and in 1808 the trim little "Batsto-Pleasant Mills M. E. Church" came into being.

As the iron economy faltered on diminishing supplies of swamp ore, textiles moved into the pinelands. In 1821 a cotton mill went up across the road from the Read mansion, built by William Lippincott, brother-in-law to Jesse Richards, the baron of near-by Batsto. They called the factory the "Pleasant Mills of Sweetwater."

Fire gutted it and consumed two more mills on the same site, one a paper works. The structure that remains, forlorn with Apply to Owner and No Trespassing signs, was erected in 1880. The swirling waters turn no busy shafts. The mill floors sag wearily, and a gap of broken planking runs its length. Near by, however, the original mill house, part of the 1821 plant, stands as an antique shop.

Some of its contents might have belonged to the sleepers down the road in the Pleasant Mills churchyard. Bric-a-brac, perhaps, of those whose efforts have been swallowed in Time.

Wescoats, Sooy's, Doughtys, Abbotts, Isaacs, Lucas, . . . the dwellers of Sweetwater and Batsto up the road. Over some of them are the original wooden memorial slabs, the once deep-

carved letters now split and splintered into runic daubs on crumbling timber. Jersey sandstone, red and gritty, marks the final home of others.

Alongside the tiny church with its stiff benches and broad board floors, is a triangular vault, the grave of Jesse Richards. Near it, under a brown veil of pine needles, lie his children and grandchildren. Richards, tycoon of charcoal and iron . . . the fabulous family of Batsto, arsenal of the War for Independence.

The town doesn't look much like a thriving industrial center today; just a bend in the road to Wading River, a quiet cluster of drab houses with curling shingles and lean-to kitchens. The hundred yards of Main Street are hard-surfaced, but there are no sidewalks. There is a mute sadness where the town once was.

It wasn't so long ago when the forges of Batsto and the gristmills and saws of the Revolution meant the difference between victory and defeat—perhaps the difference between a nation and a dominion, when the ultimate records are all in. Cannon balls were going down the Mullica River to the ocean, up to New York and around the Cape to Philadelphia, until the red-coats closed the ports. Ironware—pots and kettles for Colonial kitchens—was lugged across the trails by wagons.

The British knew it, knew also that the Continental forces had made Great Bay a shipping center to replace blockaded New York and occupied Philadelphia. One autumn day some

twenty English sails poked from the Atlantic mists into the bay. Transports unloaded men for amphibious assault. The attack came at Chestnut Neck. Patriot musketry banged from the fort at Fox Burrows, rattled from the trees and from defense centers at the landing. But Chestnut Neck was taken and the shipping in the harbor went up in flames, most of the fires kindled by patriot hands to keep the prizes from falling to the invading forces.

Farther up the Mullica lay Batsto, and the English commander wanted it. Batsto Furnace out of commission would be the equivalent of four new divisions of men, and a death stroke to the supply-hungry rebel cause. So up the road echoed the tramp of marching feet. As the British moved, the pine woods stirred. Word ran through the underbrush like a blaze in September. By midnight a citizen army assembled in ambush along the road.

As dawn broke through the fog veils of the deep woods, the farmers, ironworkers and woodsmen sprung their trap. A massed volley from two sides of the road crashed through the British ranks with lethal effect. The precise formations split, wavered and broke in retreat under a withering fire.

At the close of the Revolution Batsto Estate came into the hands of Col. William Richards, a warm personal friend of Washington's. The town expanded. The forges blazed bright during the War of 1812, as once again a new nation crossed swords with an old. In 1822 Batsto man-

were making cotton a century and a quarter ago

Hundreds of historic villages lie abandoned near New York and Philadelphia



agement passed to the Colonel's son—the Jesse Richards of the Pleasant Mills churchyard.

His home still overlooks Batsto Lake, a great square rambling edifice with an L porch across the front and one side, a manorial house as impressive as any of the ante-bellum deep South. Its observatory tower soars above the treetops, revealing stretches of woodland dappled with cleared fields. Boxwood, forsythia and laurel stud the sweeping lawn. Sycamores, cedar and spruce trees line the winding gravel drive.

Outbuildings surround the manor house. At the foot of its sloping lawn, by a curved road, you'll see the old Batsto hotel and the company store. On the roof peak is a muted bell once used by the estate lords and factory supervisors to summon the help.

Only crumbled walls and leaf-covered piles of gray-green slag remain of the old foundry and the old ore diggings; only ruin and the endless, timeless chuckle of the creek's dark-brown eddies bubbling to meet the river.

Where did the people go? What happened to the men and women of the glass, iron and woodworking industries? Why are places like Hog Wallow, Batsto, Pleasant Mills, Weymouth, Mt. Misery, Ong's Hat and hundreds of other ghost villages mere place names on a map?

Well, these were gentle, humble places. For that matter, what happened to Nineveh, Tyre or the Garden of Eden?

When the iron ore dwindled in the bogs, and better roads and easier living pointed to other

localities, when all the first-growth timber was cut and poverty proved the essential sterility of the soil, the inhabitants moved. But not all of them.

There are people in the pines today—the "pineys." They are the bearers of some once-proud names, descendants of the restless who preferred to vanish into the undisciplined barrens rather than live with too much law and too many neighbors. Some of their moral standards are on a wilderness basis today. A woman may be known as John 1, 2, 3, or 4, according to what period in John's life she chose to live with him.

Nobody knows exactly how many people inhabit the pine belt, how many lonely, uneducated, lizard-poor souls span the years in shacks in the brush. They eke out an existence gathering sphagnum moss for florists, cutting cordwood, berrying, or farming minute patches in the sandy loam. They are pot hunters, taking game out of legal season for food. They are the creators of an alcoholic product based on apple cider that is known as applejack, Jersey lightning, or orchard dew.

They are a shy people. Many of them, given an education, do well in the world outside the woods. Certainly no casual visitor can judge them hastily, for when acquaintance ripens, sympathy and friendliness grow. Gather with them, if you are lucky, in some deer camp or village bar and listen to an index of pine-barren

life larded with a humor as broad as Bunyan, blood brother to John Henry and Mike Fink.

"I wouldn't say he was lazy, just smart. Leaves the top off'n his freeze-apple barrels and the skeeters move in to breed. When they git full growed and fulla apple he follows 'em into the woods. Just picks up the deer they bite."

"He don't know nothin' about the Navy, but if that big balloon spy sails over his still once more, he'll shoot." (Blimps from the Lakehurst Naval Station often return with bullet holes.)

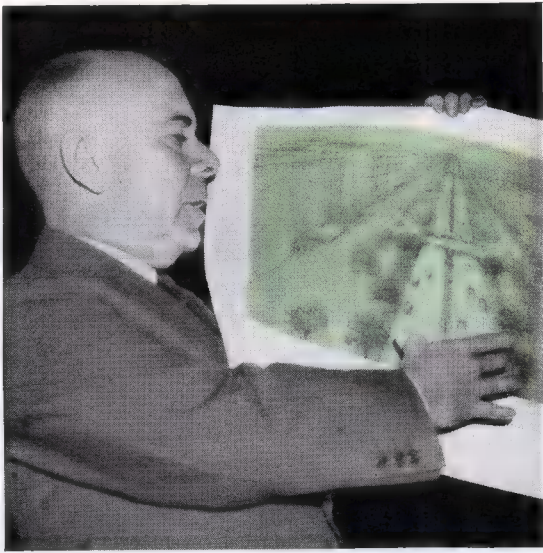
"Gimme five dollars and six shells and I'll live in these woods a year."

"Braddock's got a springer spaniel that'll fetch rocks from the pond. Got it for duck fetchin', but his old lady can cook rocks so they taste like ducks. Can't hurt his teeth. He ain't got any."

Back of the banter, off the concrete highways to the lavish seashore resorts, the Past still lives. Only the people have changed or gone away and the buildings have merged with tangled vine and holly bushes. The winding rivers move to the ocean and the deer still drink from them.

At dusk, when the trees gather close around the little churchyards, and questing bats wing from the crumpled eaves of the old houses and ruined mills, the ghost towns come alive. Mulliners, Reads, Sooy's, Richardses, Birdsalls. . . . The sleepers in the pines awake and wonder what that muffled noise is on the near-by highways, that faintly echoing racket made by hurried urban moderns who don't dream of romance in their own back yards as they speed along.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED A. DÉLARDI



Highway-planner MacDonald

EXPRESS STREETS WILL SPEED

COAST-TO-COAST TRAFFIC

THROUGH CITY BOTTLENECKS

A BALDISH, GENTLE little man sat across the table, shuffling through papers, stopping now and then to hold one up, to call attention to some particular feature about it.

The papers were drawings of the kind of roads over which you will travel on that transcontinental automobile trip you have been planning ever since Pearl Harbor, and they were being discussed by Thomas H. MacDonald, Commissioner of Public Roads. He is America's top roads scholar, and has a keen foresight of needs in highways, plus a habit of getting started ahead of time. He began building for World War II back in the twenties.

But the chances are that the types of roads Thomas H. MacDonald has planned aren't the types you may be expecting. When you think of new roads, ten to one you picture de-luxe super-

highways stretching without a break from coast to coast, or from the Canadian to the Mexican border—roads that by-pass all the towns and cities, roads on which you can make 100 m.p.h.

But not MacDonald. He's starting out upon the greatest highway program ever undertaken by any nation. He has three billion dollars to spend on roads in the next three years, half of it to be put up by the Federal Government, the rest to come from the states. But his thoughts don't run to such super-duper cross-country turnpikes.

"They'd be an extravagance," says MacDonald. "We can't afford them. We don't need them. And we probably won't ever need them.

"We have a three-million-mile highway system," MacDonald says, "and large parts of it are relics of horse-and-buggy days. What we need, quickly, is to transform those deficient sections into modern highways. We are planning to build thousands of miles of new roads. If we can place them where they are needed most—where they will serve the greatest number of people—these

new stretches of road will go a long way toward modernizing our whole system."

Where are they needed most?

"At the two ends of the highway system—on the main highways where they approach and enter the cities, and on the feeder roads that reach back to the farms. There will be plenty of work to do on the in-between roads too. Everywhere

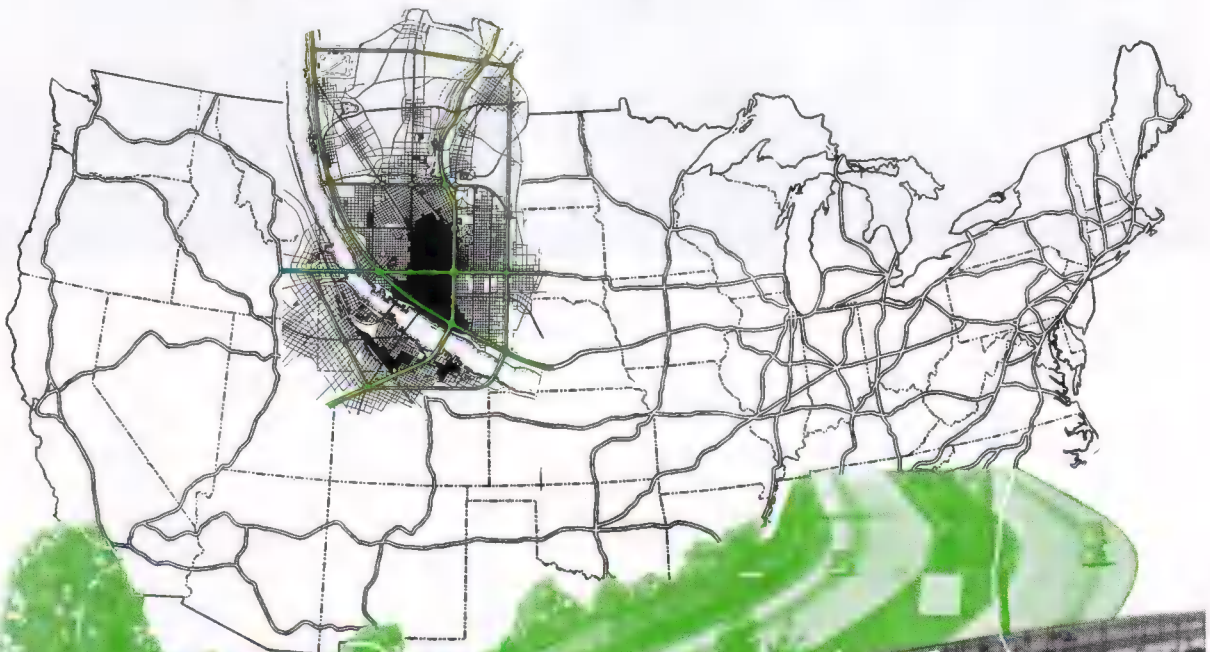
ROADS TO

BY WILLIAM CARTER

there will be repairs and replacements to make—the things that have had to be postponed during the war years must accompany improvements.

"So if you're thinking of tomorrow's roads as country-spanning superhighways, you're due for a surprise. The actuality will be something far

Even transcontinental drivers want to go through, not around, big cities. Here's how new roads do the job



Some will look like Connecticut's Merritt Parkway



more useful. The new roads will link together the cities of every state and section with those of every other section. And they will go directly through the cities themselves; express streets—often depressed—will allow traffic to zip along with none of the frustration of traffic snarls or cross streets or countless stops and starts.”

That’s where the bulk of the traffic is. That’s

don’t get a modern highway by doing that. The one-way street is a makeshift too; and it isn’t as modern as many people think. Pompeii had them back in its chariot days, and New York had them in 1907, and Chicago in 1908. Stop lights are no solution, either. They’re necessary on old-fashioned streets and roads, to prevent accidents. But they certainly don’t speed the flow of traffic, they slow it up. Such makeshifts don’t solve the problem, they merely dodge it. Now we’ve got to meet it head on.”

MacDonald and his group are planning to build highways capable of carrying the traffic we’ll have twenty years from now. Where traffic is heavy, the highways will be built to incorporate every safety feature that road engineers have devised. They will have strips of grass between the opposite streams of traffic. Often the two traffic streams will be carried on completely separated roads. This will make for still more enjoyable driving and, oddly enough, will be cheaper to construct, since the narrower one-way roads may require less rock-cutting, fill or grading. Many sections, both in city and country, will be without grade crossings, traffic lights and left turns. Connections with crossroads will be designed so that it will be possible to leave or enter the main highways without affecting the other traffic, no matter which way it flows.

All sections of the highway will be built so that speeds of seventy miles an hour in the rural parts,

and fifty miles an hour through the hearts of cities, will be possible and safe. MacDonald and his co-workers have recommended that the right-of-way should be wide enough so that landscaping can relieve the monotony of too-straight roads. And, wherever possible, the roads will be routed to pass close to scenic beauty spots. There will be no rows of trees planted alongside the highway. Trees will be there, of course, but they will be arranged so as to preserve a natural rather than an artificial beauty, particularly on banks and curves.

The system will connect directly all the large cities and many of the smaller ones down to towns of 25,000 population. These cities, of course, already are connected by highways. How many of these roads can be incorporated into the new system? Only a small percentage of the country highways, and even less of the city streets.

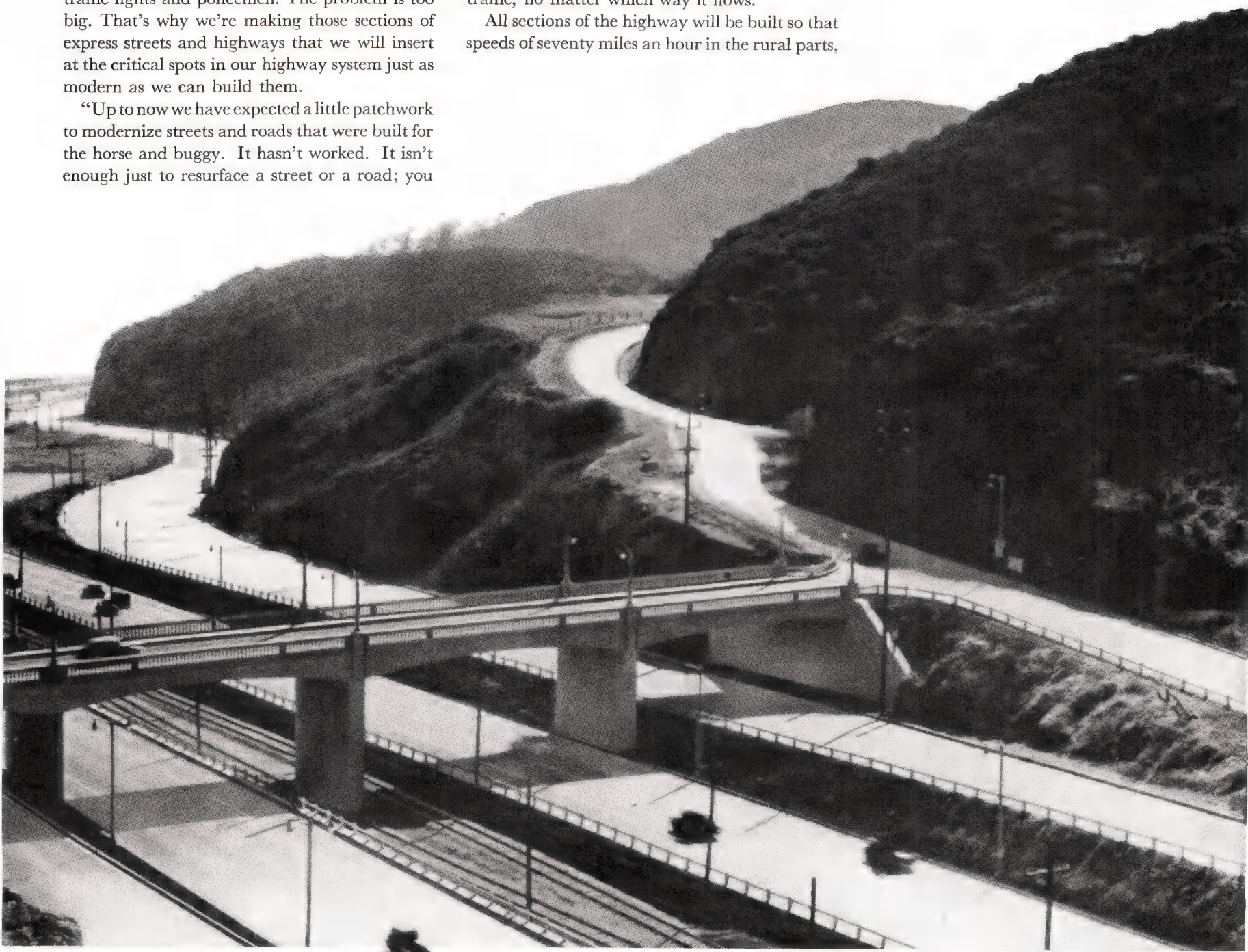
The trouble isn’t with the highway surfaces. Usually the surface comes close to what is required. It’s the widths and curves and grades that make the trouble. The existing roads and streets have such narrow rights-of-way that there isn’t room, in many cases, even to handle today’s traffic, much less that of twenty years from now. There’s no room at all to squeeze in a grass plot

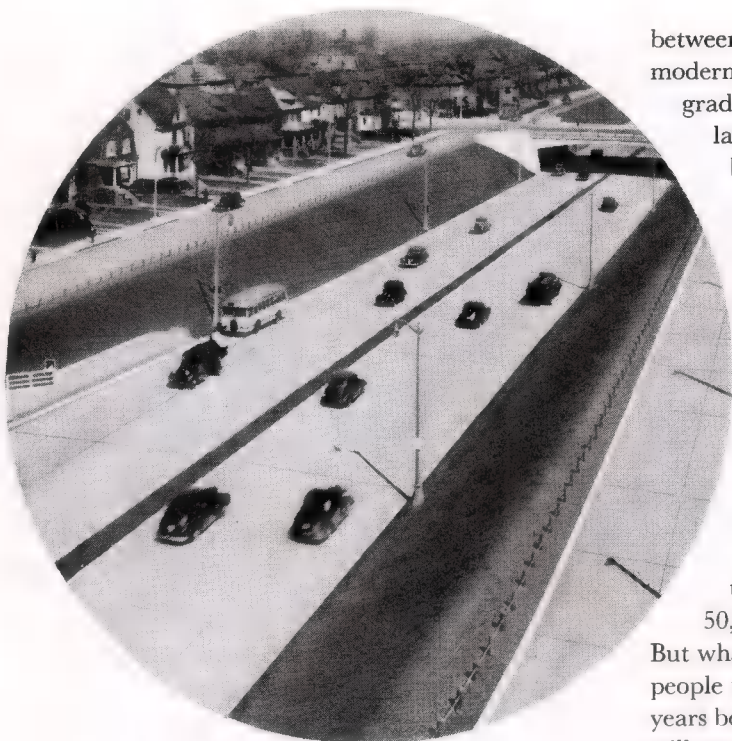
TOMORROW

where the need is greatest. Nine tenths of the traffic you see along rural highways either started from a big city or is bound for a big city, or both. And much of the rest will pass through a big city along the way. Surveys have shown that. And they’ve shown that half of all the cars are owned in the cities, and half of all automobile mileage is city mileage.

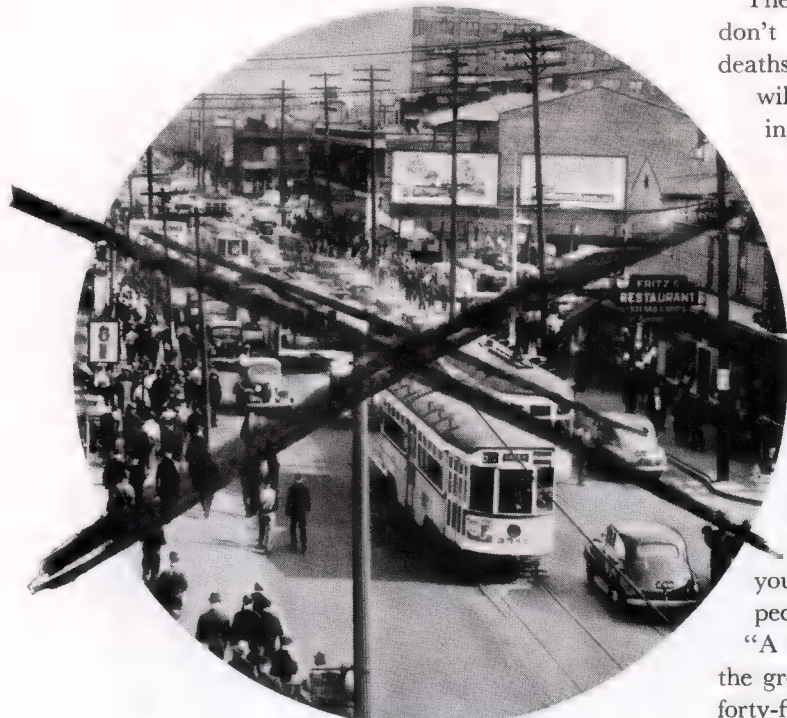
“If we can modernize those sections,” says MacDonald, “we’ll go far toward licking the traffic problem. But we can’t lick it just with traffic lights and policemen. The problem is too big. That’s why we’re making those sections of express streets and highways that we will insert at the critical spots in our highway system just as modern as we can build them.

“Up to now we have expected a little patchwork to modernize streets and roads that were built for the horse and buggy. It hasn’t worked. It isn’t enough just to resurface a street or a road; you

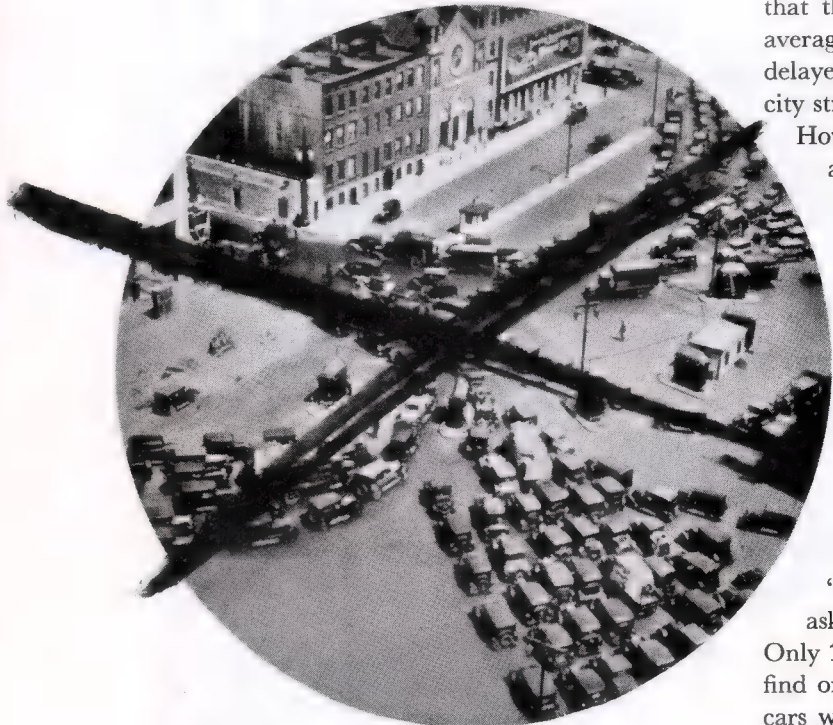




Express streets like this one in Detroit . . .



will end crawl-and-stop travel in cities . . .



and wipe out traffic blocks such as this

between opposite traffic streams, or to build modern entrance and exit roads, or to eliminate grade crossings, or to do the recommended landscaping. And the new land that would be needed to widen the rights-of-way too often is prohibitive in cost.

So new rights-of-way will have to be acquired for many of the new roads, and brand-new highways will be constructed. This doubling up of many highways, incidentally, will make it easier to carry the tremendous traffic load expected twenty years from now if present trends continue.

How heavy will that traffic load be? There were 32,000,000 cars in operation in 1941. Traffic engineers expect that figure to shoot up to 45,000,000 or 50,000,000 before twenty years have passed. But what about traffic accidents? Half a million people were killed by automobiles in the twenty years before the war. With a big increase in cars, will auto deaths shoot up too?

The men who are planning our new highways don't believe so. Instead, they predict that deaths will be fewer. Because the new roads will be safer. There will be fewer grade crossings—and that's where most accidents occur.

And other chief causes of accidents are being eliminated.

But won't this tend to increase automobile speeds?

"Perhaps," says Mr. MacDonald. "The new roads are designed for safe speeds of fifty and seventy miles an hour. But we're not building for speed; we're building for safety. Actually, we're not sure motorists want to go faster anyhow. We checked the speeds of thousands of drivers on stretches of highway that are so straight and wide and safe that you'd think they'd tempt you to jam the gas pedal down to the floor.

"A few drivers did travel at high speed. But the great majority went along at thirty-five to forty-five miles an hour, though the speed limit was higher. That made us stop and wonder. Is that the most comfortable speed, and does the average driver go faster only when he has been delayed by traffic snarls like those you get in city streets?"

How about the vacationists who are driving across the country? Are these new highways going to benefit them?

"Of course," answers Mr. MacDonald.

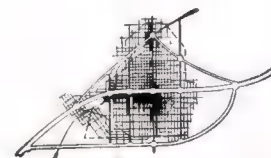
"Almost as much as if we built special highways just for them. But there aren't as many cross-country drivers as you may think."

Just before the war, road engineers made a careful survey of coast-to-coast drivers. They drew an imaginary line from Canada down to our southern border and counted every coast-to-coast driver who crossed it.

"How many do you think there were?" asks Mr. MacDonald. "Less than 300 a day! Only 150 traveling each way. Fewer than you'll find on many a tiny country road. If all those cars were traveling one road—they weren't, of course—they'd be about four miles apart. That

load of traffic is too small to build special roads for; it's too small even to consider when you're planning the location and character of new roads."

Actually, though, the system of intercity and through-city highways that is being planned will be ideal for the coast-to-coast tourist. Roads linking the big cities together also provide a whole series of highways stretching quite directly from coast to coast and border to border. These intercity and interstate roads won't give you a straight, continuous, unchanging highway. In country where the daily traffic is more than 3000 cars a day, you may find four-lane divided highways, like the Grand Central Parkway on Long



A choice: Through or around

Island, with beautiful landscaping and modern entrance and exit roads. Or there may be two separate roads—one for each of the opposite traffic streams. That way you may get a more beautiful road, and usually a far safer one.

Where the highway goes through cities you will find, perhaps, a depressed express street—with a grass plot down the center and wide stretches of landscaping bordering the road. There will be bridges overhead every block or so to carry city streets across, and probably a local "frontage" street running parallel to the highway and on a level with the other city streets. Every few blocks, entrance roadways will curve down to the express street, and exit lanes climb up. These will form long gentle curves so that you can enter or leave the express street without slowing the other traffic, zipping along at fifty miles an hour.

A lot of land is required for the entrance and exit streets, and on some of the unused portions you may find playgrounds and wading pools for neighborhood children, and handball courts, tennis courts, softball diamonds and other recreational facilities. There may be walking and bicycle trails, worked into the landscaping.

These city express streets are going to be the biggest boon of all to the coast-to-coast vacation driver. If you don't believe it, look back to the last time you drove to town along one of the modern parkways that stretch out into the country from many large cities. You're shooting along a wide, straight highway at fifty miles an hour—with no cross streets, or red lights, or pedestrians, or approaching traffic to bother about. Then, wham! The highway ends. Your foot reaches for the brake. You're back in the city—with all the irritations and frustrations of city traffic. And your speed collapses from an uninterrupted fifty all the way down to five or ten miles an hour.

The street is narrower than the highway—and twice as much traffic struggles along it. Street-cars and busses that stop at every corner slow your progress. Half the street space is taken up by vehicles that aren't moving at all—parked cars. And much of the time you are stopped completely by red lights.

That city street offers a vivid contrast to the country highway you just left. There were

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with the accommodations in every
case—so clean, comfortable, cheery;
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In fact, we found every United
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Sincerely,
Louise Gould Banion



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to make your stay more pleasurable. ★ And it is this spirit of genuine "homeyness" (plus rigid standards of cleanliness and comfort) that explains why more and more motorists put their travel-faith in United Motor Courts. ★ So we say: stop and stay wherever the UMC shield greets you on your way. We promise you, too, will find it "*your home away from home.*"

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(H1)

contrasts like that, back in the early twenties, when automobile touring was just starting—but then it was the country highway that played the villain role.

"We drove from New York to New Orleans back in 1923," one of MacDonald's men recalled, "and I'll never forget that ride from Louisville, Kentucky, to Nashville, Tennessee, along the Dixie Highway. It may have been a hard-surfaced road once, but most of the surface had worn away, and the highway was a succession of big and little holes. We rocked and shook and bumped along all day at the dizzy speed of eight miles an hour."



Small cities may be by-passed

Soon such roads really became highways, and city streets began getting snarled with traffic. Now city express streets are designed to cure that.

"There won't be much, if any, loss of speed when you leave the country and drive through the heart of the city," says Mr. MacDonald. "And you won't have any of the irritations and frustrations that make city driving such a headache."

But will these highways be as good for the cross-country driver as by-passes?

"Every bit as good," he answers. "And don't forget that most drivers approaching a city want to go into the city—even the cross-country vacationists. We've got surveys to show that too."

How do they select the routes that the city express streets follow?

"Surveys, again," he replies. "Origin and destination surveys. We get a sample of all the families in a city. Then we find out where every member of those families goes in his regular daily travels, what streets they use, how they travel."

How do they do it? That's a story in itself. The first survey was made in Chicago four or five years before the present sampling method was developed. A cordon of 6000 Boy Scouts was stretched around a big section of the city and recorded numbers of license plates and the routes and modes of transportation. Chicago spent eight months preparing for that survey—one day making it—and sixteen months comparing lists of plate numbers to find where people went. But it worked. And the Congress Street expressway with which Chicago is planning to relieve the serious traffic congestion on the West Side was based partly on facts turned up. The expressway will be eight miles long; will carry eight lanes of auto traffic and four rapid-transit lines.

Cordons of Boy Scouts aren't needed now. Engineers have devised more scientific methods.

Every movement, including streetcars, busses and taxicabs, is plotted on a master map. It shows where the express streets should be.

Surveys were helpful in planning a system of expressways in Detroit. Those surveys showed that the average resident of Detroit traveled twenty miles a day, and spent an hour and a half—a tenth of all the time he was awake—getting to and from work. Expressways running from the heart of Detroit outward in all directions are in the plans drawn for the future; there are circumferential routes, too, like rings, running around the city, making it simple to enter any area.

State and Federal engineers are starting work this spring on a highway program that promises to be the greatest in the world's history. Some of it probably will be under way before you read this. Work will start on many of the expressways, but along with it, the engineers will be making long-delayed repairs and replacements.

When will it be completed? That's another question, and one that neither the State highway engineers nor MacDonald can answer. Money has been appropriated only for three years.

"The best guess," says MacDonald, "is that you'll have your new cars before your new system of roads." And that's as far as he will go.

The goal: Maximum efficiency, minimum danger, as on Chicago's Outer Lake Shore Drive





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MORNING MIST by Ernest Kleinberg

For everyone the coming of a day

Is different; no great amorphous hand

Grasps and lifts up the gossamer of the dark

For all to wonder, seeing the same sun

Like a stark floodlight finger through the mist.

Day is within our hearts and minds; our eyes

See only the reflection of an image,

The face of God seen in a secret mirror . . .

Look how the pearly edges blend and drift!

For one, a lover's kiss; and for another,

The gnawed bone of a quarrel half-forgotten;

A newborn infant crying into life;

The last sigh of an old soul leaving it;

The stale crushed flowers,

The fresh tight-shut bud;

A small bird suddenly spinning dewy webs

Of music at the window, the harsh whirl

Of your alarm clock—these things all are day.

But for one moment day is more than these:

Color it is, and all the singing things

That cry within our hearts, that cry beyond

The hills, "Oh come, you anxious ones, and seek me!

For I can heal you, I can here to find

Take up your courage, come beyond the hills!"

And for one moment we all hear the cry—

Small, gentle, delicate, individual,

As Hope that shades her eyes and gazes upward

Through scintillating and delicious light

Whence all the misty doubts have blown away,

All sorrows, hazards, fears, and faithless things,

Knowing there is a world to build tomorrow

Beyond the bright horizons of her dream.

Mornings Must...

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

IT WAS IN ONE of the brief magic moments of day aborning that Ernest Kleinberg caught "Morning Mist." He and his wife had started at 1 A.M. driving inland from Los Angeles on a fishing trip. When they reached the little California town of Escondido, they breakfasted in a small, sleepy Mexican café and resumed their journey in a dense fog. After two hours the sun came up and a light breeze carried the fog away, leaving only formless trails of iridescent mist.

Near an old pepper tree, they stopped the car and walked down to San Pasqual Valley. While his wife stood enchanted, Mr. Kleinberg photographed the charm of early morning and called it "Morning Mist."

Born in Breslau (until recently a part of Germany), Ernest Kleinberg was taken by his family to Vienna at the age of five. After completing his education he became a photographer and free-lance writer for various Austrian


papers. He was chosen official photographer to Chancellor Dollfuss, of Austria, and his successor, Schuschnigg. He recorded their meetings with Mussolini, the assassination of Dollfuss and, later, Hitler's invasion of Austria. Gestapo agents arrested him and after a period in Nazi prisons he escaped to America.

He has taken pictures in most of the forty-eight states since then, worked for three large

newspapers and served in the United States Army.

Incidentally, peaceful San Pasqual Valley, in 1846, was a battlefield of the Mexican War. There the Mexicans repulsed General Kearney's army and caused Col. John C. Fremont to start the negotiations which settled the dispute.

For "Morning Mist," Mr. Kleinberg used a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic camera set at 1/25 second, and an Ektar lens, aperture between f5.6 and f8.



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You can explore the fantastic homes of ancient

Places
to Go

CLIFF DWELLERS

BY OREN ARNOLD

TO CONTEMPLATE the most incredible life-way of any people who ever lived on this continent, you must be prepared for sweat and danger. It will be necessary to visit their homes. That means climbing as high as a ten to twenty story building, not calmly on inside stairs but up a slippery outside, scratching for toe holds, clinging like an animal, and looking down on massive boulders or the tops of trees.

Locale will be any of a thousand or so spots within a 300-mile radius of that corner which is the only one common to four states—New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Arizona. It will be, probably, a beautiful canyon, at the bottom of which are a stream and moist, fertile land. And the actual building site will be one on which decent folk back before the days of gunpowder

found escape from whatever dictators beset them. These brown folk of prehistory, peaceful Indian farmers, prospered in the valleys until enemy Indians drove them high. From the cliff ledges they could—and often did—drop stones on those enemies; from sheer necessity they built towns in rock niches high above the tops of trees. No people since the beginning of time have built in more picturesque locations; and even though the towns are now peopled only with ghosts, we can stare in breathless awe, then climb up to enter their very doors.

You may, by convenience, elect to call first at Casa Blanca, in the renowned Canyon de Chelly (pronounced *de shay*) far up in Northeastern

Arizona on the Navajo Indian Reservation. Or you may go to Mesa Verde in Colorado, whose Cliff Palace will remind you of Hotel La Fonda in Santa Fé, which it surely resembles. Cliff Palace has 150 rooms, 23 kivas, plus several square and circular towers. Spruce Tree House, near by, has 114 rooms and 8 kivas, is 216 feet long and 89 feet wide.

If you are doing the renowned Dam Detour across central Arizona (which leads you by Roosevelt Dam and three other great irrigation projects) you will be able to stop at Tonto Cliff House, which is not large but is easier to reach than many. All told, the region of the cliff people contains literally thousands of dwellings high up on the sides of walls. Many have never been explored and many more doubtless haven't even

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Wind carved the ledge, Indian builders utilized it

been discovered. Those mentioned all have National Park or National Monument status, and thus will be more prepared for your visit.

If you are a genuine explorer you may hike or ride a horse back beyond the Four Peaks country or into any of several mountain ranges where panthers are more common than human beings, and discover a cliff palace which you may name for yourself. Twice I have been with friends into such places, and once on my honeymoon.

Adele and I had allocated two months to go where we pleased. We chose the wilderness. We camped in crimson canyons and climbed to snow-capped peaks. Then one day it rained. The driving, lashing whips of it caught us far from shelter until, breathless from running, Adele suddenly called, "I've found a cave!"

Together we scrambled in, panting, to discover it was no cave at all. It was a gigantic open mouth of the earth itself, shallow, but long, as if smiling. Down the front of it at that moment rain made a shimmering silver curtain like that of a stage.

"It is a stage!" Adele said. "Here is a perfect set. The properties. The scenery. It's some kind of house!"

The rocks at her elbow were not piled that way by natural phenomena. They were masonry, in straight walls, structurally and aesthetically better than many seen in this modern world. Wooden beams held up the ceilings. Windows were scarcely a foot square; and doors, amazingly, were about as high as my belt.

"Pygmies!" breathed Adele, who was and still is incurably young. "I've read about them. And I've heard of cliff houses too, but . . ."

"Come on," I ordered. "This is wonderful."

They're Still There

It was more than wonderful, and it can be that way for you, even though you merely visit one of the National Monument dwellings. You would be lucky, in fact, to miss some of the things we encountered. For instance, a scorpion stung me when I naïvely put my hand in some trash. And in a back room, an inner kind of dungeon blackened with smoke and soot centuries old, where we ventured with crude torches made from a broken ceiling beam, Adele suddenly shrieked in terror. It was hard for me—never too heroic—to be the brave hero. For there, on the floor, were some of the cliff people themselves. They were not pygmies. They were as tall as you and I.

Rain is rare in this country, and the normally dry air desiccates and embalms. One mummy was sitting against the wall as if the individual had merely paused to rest. One, a woman, was near a stone fireplace, where she doubtless cooked the family meals. A third was lying prone and not so well preserved as the others. All were elderly people, and we could only guess that they died of disease or in a stupor of starvation, here in the "living room" of the home they must have loved, while younger clansmen were out fighting off raiders.

Archaeologists have done what they could to preserve those ancients, and have dug out many pots, implements, corncobs, weapons, pieces of woven fabric, all manner of things which they used. From the treasures encountered here, you may reason out the why of all the exhibits around

you. For example, what of the doors that are only waist-high?

"You must remember those were agricultural people," a Government man later told us. "The men had to go down to the valleys to till the soil by day, and the women had to be emergency defenders. If some of the predatory tribesmen happened along, and if they did by chance manage to climb up to the cliff castle, they still couldn't get at the women and girls, or the stored food, without going through those low doors. And to do that, they had to stoop."

"To—stoop?" Adele repeated, puzzled.

"Yes. Stoop. Bend over. Try it. . . . See how your head was bowed down as you entered the room? In perfect position for a squaw to bash you with a club!"

The very inaccessibility of the cliff dwellings is romantic. Look at Betatakin, also in Arizona; standing on a flat valley floor, you throw back your head and gaze up as high perhaps as the Empire State Building, to see the top of a red rock cliff. Time and the winds have eroded it magnificently, for these are tools of the Master Architect, and they have carved gigantic columns, long perpendicular planes and setbacks, in modernistic styling like the skyscrapers of New York. And then, when your eyes can come to pinpoint focus, on a level up perhaps a third of the

way, you will see a house where human beings actually lived.

The urge to go up there will be irrepressible. Don't try to repress it. But if the place you choose hasn't been developed and isn't guarded by Government agents, remember the danger can be grave. There may be no steps or trail at all.

"Well then, how did they go up?" you ask indignantly. "The cliff people themselves?"

They went up as you must do, hand over hand, toes in little cracks. And they, mind you, carried babies on their backs, and pots of water and bags of grain. In the beginning, they carried some of the rocks and mud for the building. They walked to the forest, sometimes fifty miles distant, and brought back logs for vigas or beams; it is through tree-ring studies of these logs that our scientists have been able to help date the dwellings.

Exactly how they got all these heavy things up to the castles fringed with sky, we do not know. There were never any formal stairways or steps. They may have used ladders, but in most instances there were no landings suitable for ladders to rest on. They may have used hand-woven ropes. Remember, these ancients had no metals, no wheels, no tools save rocks and sticks. For their day-by-day routine, going down to work the fields and back, going for water, bringing food and firewood, we must envision near-naked

brown bodies shinnying up and down the rock walls like so many squirrels. Dwarfed by the size of the cliffs they would look nearly squirrel size.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., movie star of years ago who made his fame by athletic prowess, once climbed dramatically down from the top of a high cliff on a rope, swung back and forth and so landed in a dwelling that could not be reached from below. Erosion over the centuries had worn away all the ancient toe holds. Fairbanks' idea—prompted no doubt by his press agent—was to be "the first white man" ever to visit this dwelling. It was a good idea except for one thing: Douglas found several cattle brands of the

region burned on a log up there! Cowboys from local ranches had long before swung down that same way and left their usual signatures.

You will see such an inaccessible cliff dwelling in Canyon De Chelly, called White House. It is whitish of color against the red cliff wall. Archaeologists had the devil's own time getting up there for their studies. If you elect to force your way up to one of those inaccessible places, equip yourself with ropes, spikes, food, water, good shoes and clothing—and first-aid equipment.

A few years ago a young explorer decided to spend the night in an isolated dwelling. In the morning Navaho Indians found him lying at the base of the cliff, badly injured. When he recovered and was finally discharged from the hospital, the physician asked the patient's attractive Navaho nurse what advice she had given him regarding his care in the future.

"I tell him not to sleep in cliff dwellings," she said.

For the young man it was excellent advice—he had walked off the cliff in his sleep—but even for the fully conscious, wary walking is safer.

Many travelers choose Montezuma's Castle for a first visit to a cliff dwelling. This was named by mistake for the great Montezuma of Mexico, who never saw the place, but who might well have been proud of it. It is 65 miles east of Prescott, Arizona, on a road of spectacularly beautiful scenery. You may not see the Castle itself until at its very base, so deft is Nature at camouflage.

You must climb up a hundred yards of slope to the base of a limestone cliff, thence forty-six feet up ladders to the bottom of the first building. These ladders are securely bolted now, but you are not obligated to mention that detail when relating your story back home.

You will enter a clan house five stories tall and seventy feet wide, with twenty rooms. There is a narrow "front porch," with no railing; you will wonder how Indian mothers kept their children from falling to death on rocks below. You will, too, envision some keen-eyed sentinel discovering enemies on the far horizon, and crying out his warning, then thumping a huge tom-tom. That would be the tocsin that brought all the farmers to battle stations.

The cliff peoples are fascinating because of much that we don't know about them, but our scientists tell us that they eventually disappeared because not even these sky citadels were adequate defense. Industrious, the cliff folk prospered, had much to eat, much to wear. Raiders nagged at them constantly, finally laid siege to their citadels, and won the war of attrition by starving them for water and food. Pestilence and disease may have been added factors. At any rate virtually all the dwellings were abandoned a century before Columbus sailed.

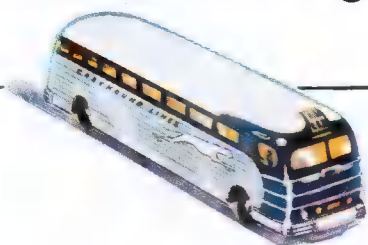
Thus the finger and hand prints that you can still study in them, and even the facial characteristics of their mummies, are of people who lived and worked and dreamed at least six hundred years ago. We have dispelled their mystery, but we shall always behold their homes with awe and admiration.

More dwellings like these
await discovery





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BALLERINA'S

Ageless Legs

Ballet exercises preserve the shapely limbs of youth
and the prowess of athletes



THE BALLERINA was a little sad for she loved baseball. For her and for seventy thousand others in the Yankee Stadium that day the figure of the big man jogging around the bases held a hint of tragedy. It needn't have happened so soon, she thought.

Only an instant before he had whirled his two hundred and twenty pounds of brawn into action. His timing was perfect. Bat crashed against ball. A white streak soared high. Then a roar shook the stands as the sphere dropped into the bleachers. Babe Ruth had done it again.

Even so the crowd knew—and the Babe, too—that his home-run days were about over. He still looked as good as ever at the plate. But on the bases, or in the outfield, the great Bambino wasn't "big league" any more. His legs were gone. They had aged faster than the rest of him and showed it. That was why the danseuse thought to herself: It needn't have been this way. He should be playing for ten years more.

BY ROBERT W. DESMOND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID ROBBINS

TODAY SPORTS-LOVING Catherine Littlefield—then a top-ranking ballerina, now dance director for shows and movies—is surer than ever that most athletes, like the Babe, retire years too soon.

"I know," she says, "they quit because their legs go. But that's the point, and it's a tragic one too. Their legs don't have to go. It's ridiculous to regard a ballplayer or a fighter as old at thirty-five or forty."

"Why not?" you ask. "Neither is any better than his legs. And legs begin to weaken in one's thirties."

"Legs are what you make them," retorts Miss Littlefield, "and someday the athletic world will discover that simple truth. Then champions like Dempsey and Louis will be fighting at fifty. Or if they do retire earlier, it won't be because their legs can't carry them."

"And," she adds, "it's a truth that American girls should take to heart. When they do, they'll be even more beautiful than they are—and without girdles."

It's Miss Littlefield's conviction that only ballet training develops legs properly. She doesn't suggest that Joe Louis, Bob Feller or any other athlete become a ballet dancer.

"That would be ridiculous," she agrees. "But I do say that the leg exercises we use in ballet work should be a regular routine for all athletes—and for girls who want shapelier legs."

The danseuse should know what she is talking about. She has trained at least one fighter, and a number of football players, as members of her own ballet companies that have won acclaim in Europe as well as America.

"Men in ballet last until well past the age of fifty," she points out, "although they use their legs as hard and even harder than any athlete. In one performance they weave or bob like boxers, leap twenty feet through the air several times

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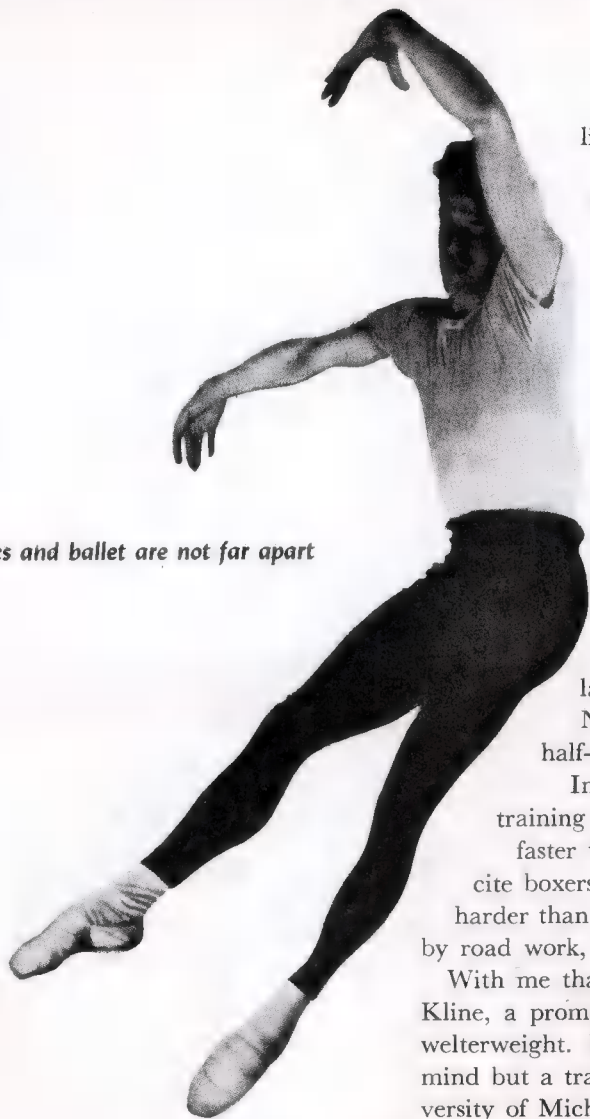
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Dempsey

Athletics and ballet are not far apart



like a broad jumper, or jump five feet straight up from a standing start like a high jumper or like an infielder going after a line drive. In between they toss a hundred and twenty-five pounds of partner over their heads as easily as you'd throw a basketball. Mind you—they do this at fifty or even sixty."

Miss Littlefield sprinkles great names in ballet through her arguments. "There's Alexander Volinine, more than sixty," she asserts. "He lives in Paris now. He can still out-dance many a youngster. The late Mikail Mordkin and the great Nijinsky could do it long past the half-century mark."

In Miss Littlefield's view, faulty training of athletes makes their legs age faster than other muscles. She likes to cite boxers as examples because they work harder than ballplayers to develop their legs by road work, rope skipping, and knee bends.

With me that day in her studio was Monty Kline, a promising twenty-year-old New York welterweight. Kline not only has an inquisitive mind but a trained one. He finished the University of Michigan four-year college course in two and a half years.

"What's wrong with the leg training of boxers?" Kline challenged her. "They do exercises."

They grow lazier with the years. Just as hard workers in an office carry along the slackers, so do busy muscles tend to take on the work of the lazy muscles. That's why the legs of fighters, ballplayers and track men get bulgy and eventually break down. They're not properly developed.

"Did you ever hear of a ballet dancer with a 'charley horse'? I never have, and I've been in ballet since I was a child."

She pointed to a ballet dancer who was working out in the studio. "There's Roland Guerard," she observed. "He's forty and is still a big name in ballet. In fact, today he's faster than ever and he was ten years with the Ballet Russe. Look at his legs—they're long and supple because every muscle is trained to do its share of the work."

To bring out the contrast in leg development, Miss Littlefield had the fighter and the ballet dancer run through the ballet leg exercises together. The exercises look easy to do. But they call for disciplined muscles and a range of movement that is beyond the capacity of most athletes.

Kline and Guerard did them at the ballet barre—a waist-high horizontal bar attached to a wall. The first movements are simple. Anyone can do them. If you want to try, kick off your shoes and stand by your bedroom bureau. First you balance on one foot, then on the other. Do it with your hand on the bureau, then without support. Now, while balanced on one foot, rise on your toes—up and down—then on the other foot. Don't drop to your heels abruptly. In ballet work the muscles always are under con-

Twenty minutes of this . . .

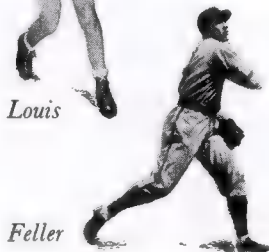
loosens the leg muscles



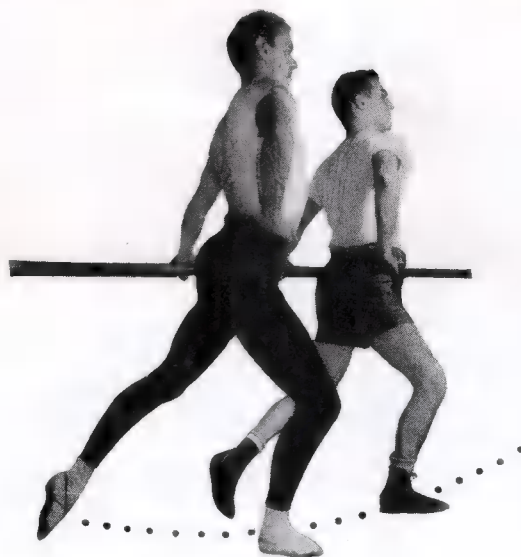
Peacock



Louis



Feller



"If you really want to know, get into a gym suit and see if you can do a few simple leg exercises that are the A-B-C of ballet training," the danseuse replied. Kline did.

"Look at your legs," she commanded. "They bulge from calf to thigh—typical fighters' legs. They're the kind that some day may knot, tighten, and pop into what your trainer will call a 'charley horse.' Why? Because the training you give them builds some muscles and neglects others. You'll regret that in later years.

"Muscles that don't work," she continued, "get lazy. And lazy muscles are like lazy people.

trol. Come down from your toes slowly and evenly. These exercises develop the feet, insteps, arches, ankles, and the Achilles tendon, just above the heel. When Kline did them, his calf muscles tightened into a hard, heart-shaped bunch.

The next exercise is difficult. You stand with feet several inches apart and turned out until they form a straight line, heels inward, on a line with your shoulders. Put your hands on your hips. Now bend at the knees but stay erect from the waist up. If you can't get your feet in a full turnout, try it three quarters and bend. Don't let your heels come up as you bend. Even as fine



an athlete as Kline couldn't do much of a bend at first. This was the exercise that convinced him ballet work developed leg muscles never reached by his ordinary training. "That bend pulled at muscles from waist to heel that I never knew I had," he said.

It also pulls hard at the Achilles tendon, so much so that there is a tendency for the beginner to ease the strain by going up on his toes as he bends. When you bend, don't hold it. Holding a position encourages muscles to bunch or tighten.

Then there are the kicks, such as one Miss Littlefield calls the "football kick," to lengthen leg muscles. The kicks loosen the hip joint and free it for rotary and side movements. You work up to these. They're not for a beginner.

"Get rid of those bunched leg muscles and you'll add years to your ring career," was Miss Littlefield's advice to Kline. "Moreover," she adds, "without them you can forget all about rub-downs after a workout or fight. No matter how difficult or how long the performance, ballet dancers never get a rubdown. We consider it archaic. Its sole purpose is to relax bunched or overworked muscles, and our development program prevents that."

Basic ballet exercises can be great aids to beauty, according to the danseuse. "They build a natural girdle of muscles about the waist and the abdomen," she explains. "They also develop the back and pectoral muscles. That's why ballet dancers have perfect streamlined bodies. The exercises also give a man or woman balance, and that makes for a good carriage." Miss Littlefield personifies the things she says about ballet. She's

Civic Opera Company and she hasn't danced in an actual ballet performance since.

Even when she's working in the theater in slacks and shirt and perhaps bare feet—she likes to get her shoes off—she's all grace and effortless rhythm. With a cigarette in one hand and a container of coffee in the other, she's never still. Nothing escapes her at a rehearsal; she moves attentively about and her voice grows husky from shouting at the performers.

Kids who like to go barefoot have a champion in the danseuse. She believes that the support given the feet by shoes—and especially by high heels—tends to shorten and to soften the Achilles tendon. "Going barefoot," she says, "stretches the tendon. And it's the stretching that gives a jumper or a dancer the springiness to leap high and far."

She believes that many great Negro athletes owe their success to a childhood habit of going barefoot. Temple University, she recalled, had three great Negro trackmen in one year. "And it's a fact," she added, "that their Achilles tendons measured much longer than the tendon of the average athlete." She was referring to Eulace Peacock, Alfred Threadgill, and Andrew Harvey of the 1936 Temple track team. Peacock was a broad-jumper and pentathlon champion. Threadgill, jumping without spiked shoes, set a new world's indoor high-jump record of six feet seven and three quarters inches, which still stands.

Miss Littlefield is not opposed to high heels. "We ballet dancers find them restful," she says, "and so would any woman who takes care of her feet and leg muscles. But without care and exer-

recalls, "I had a child with a steel brace on one foot. The mother begged me to take him, and it wasn't many months before the child lost a slight limp and the steel brace.

"There was another child who had been a paralysis victim. The disease left her with scrawny, weak legs. The ballet instructor worked with her slowly. Gradually the child got to the point where she could do the simpler exercises. Then she advanced bit by bit to the more difficult stretches. Today that girl—Nana Joliner—is one of America's top-ranking ballerinas."

Miss Littlefield gets intensely serious when she talks about children. "We take care of children's teeth and we see that they get sufficient milk," she says. "Now it's about time we do something to make sure they go through life with good feet and legs. Let's not wait until the next war to begin worrying about the large number of four-F's."

When the Japs blew up Pearl Harbor, Miss Littlefield was performing in Chicago. Within a few days, most of the men in her company volunteered for service and without exception passed the physical tests. One of them joined the Marines, whose training is supposed to be extra rough.

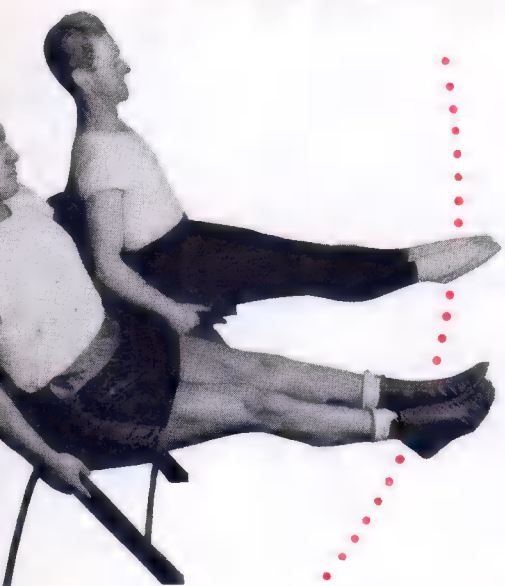
"He didn't find it so," she says. "He even found time to practice ballet exercises on his own. Other Marines saw him and got interested. So he put a number of them through the ballet *barre* routine. That same group went through the Guadalcanal campaign with minimum casualties, and I like to think that the *barre* exercises helped prepare them for that ordeal."

Dancing as a preparation for war is not a far-fetched idea, but one of the theories of its origin. Miss Littlefield tells you that dancing in primitive times was limited to men, especially warriors. She can illustrate how the dances of the Indians and other aborigines were simply training to avoid spears and arrows.

She'll concede that today many athletically minded men think of ballet as an effeminate pursuit. She has an answer for that too. Her company was the first big American ballet to go abroad. She had recruited factory and shipyard workers, boxers and football players, her thought being to develop a completely American ballet, from dancers to music and form. She proceeded on the theory that Americans have the physique, rhythmic sense, spirit, and instinct for the art, plus a virility and freshness not found in other lands.

The honors that came to her and to the company, both abroad and at home, indicated that Miss Littlefield was correct in her theory. Today she's just as positive that ballet can contribute much to improving youthful American legs.

For freely-moving joints . . .



try the ballet "football kicks" . . .



blond, petite, and as elfin today as when she appeared in the late Florenz Ziegfeld's Broadway musical production, "Sally."

She moves with all the grace that won her acclaim on the stages of Paris, London and Brussels. She has the skin and figure of an eighteen-year-old girl, though she laughingly concedes she's "over twenty-one."

To look at her you'd never get a hint of the muscular strength in her body. Miss Littlefield's abdominal muscles are firm and solid. Yet it has been more than five years since she was ballet mistress and *première danseuse* with the Chicago

cise, high heels tend to aggravate poor muscle formations and to distort the figure."

The ballerina's contention is that ballet exercises should be a part of every American boy's and girl's physical education. "Ballet work won't make old legs young," she says, "but it will make young legs shapely and lasting. When it comes to developing children's legs, we're still in the dark ages. How else do you explain all the flat feet and hernia cases that the draft turned up?"

She insists the exercises can work marvels in eliminating or preventing physical difficulties among youth. "In a class of mine, years ago," she

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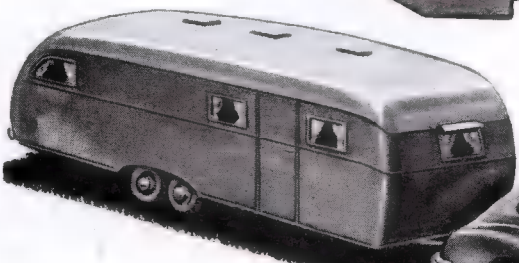
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probably will be an...

Easter Sunrise Service

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE is both a very old and a very new idea. Very old because, for thousands of years, men have held spring festivals to celebrate the resurrection of Nature, and have regarded the sunrise as a symbol of that resurrection; very new because it was only recently that, in America, Christian worshipers thought of celebrating the resurrection of Christ on Easter Sunday in beautiful natural surroundings, and at dawn.

What is believed to be the first suggestion for such a service was made by a Danish author, Jacob Riis, upon the occasion of the opening of a road to the top of Mount Rubidoux in Riverside, California. A cross was erected at the summit, in honor of Father Junipero Serra, founder of the California missions, and two years later the first Easter sunrise service was held. Only one hundred persons attended, but they derived from the service such an inspiration that year after year the numbers increased. Now more than 15,000 worshipers, on Easter morning, make the pilgrimage to the summit and many spend the night by the Cross.

Encouraged by the success of that first experiment, other communities adopted the idea. Nowhere perhaps is the scenery more striking than on Mirror Lake, in Yosemite Valley, California.

At the end of the valley is Half-Dome, a mountain of granite, and at its foot Mirror Lake, which owes its name to the accuracy with which its smooth surface reflects the surroundings. The minister and the black-robed choir stand on a tiny island in the middle of the lake. On either side the slate-gray granite walls, towering 9000 feet into the sky, reflect the voices as would the nave of a cathedral. All those who have attended this service say that it is of incredible and deeply religious beauty.

So popular has the idea become that hundreds of such ceremonies will be held this Easter morning, April twenty-first. Some have become

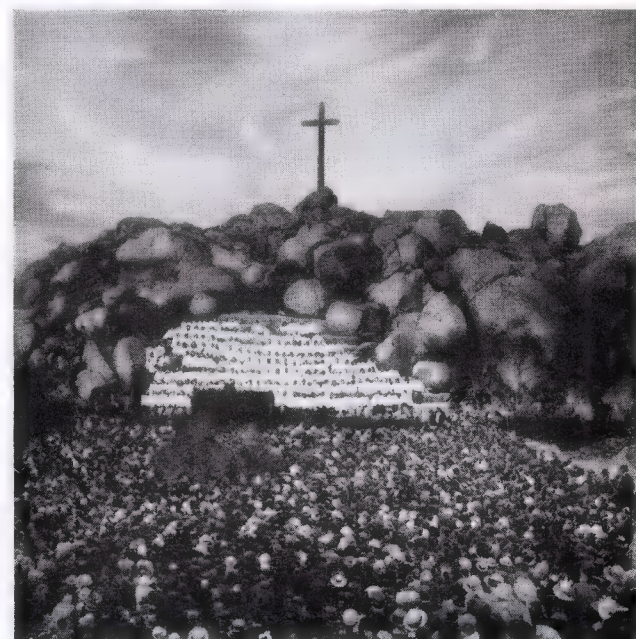


Colorado's Garden of the Gods is a natural cathedral

Easter pageants, as, for instance, the Sunrise Service in Hollywood Bowl, where a living cross is made of three hundred children and where young girls in white robes sound the celestial trumpets.

The Easter Sunrise Pageant of Zion, Utah, is to that part of the United States what the Passion Play at Oberammergau was to Central Europe before the great wars. But most services remain very simple and owe their sublimity to faith and to Nature.

It is a fact that a beautiful natural spectacle helps men to enter into the reverent and solemn spirit without which there is no true worship. High mountains are a temple. The starred heavens, the rhythmic waves of the sea, the forests reflected in a lake compel even the unbeliever to concede that this world is orderly and that its divine harmony cannot be explained away by a reference to the laws of hazard. Nature preaches the best sermons. Many saints



First outdoor services were held on Mt. Rubidoux

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On the *City of San Francisco* (Chicago-San Francisco), the *Daylights* and the *Lark* (San Francisco-Los Angeles) and the *Sunbeams* (Houston-Dallas), Southern Pacific tested many modern ideas in years of daily service. This experience gave us a head start in designing the trains to come.



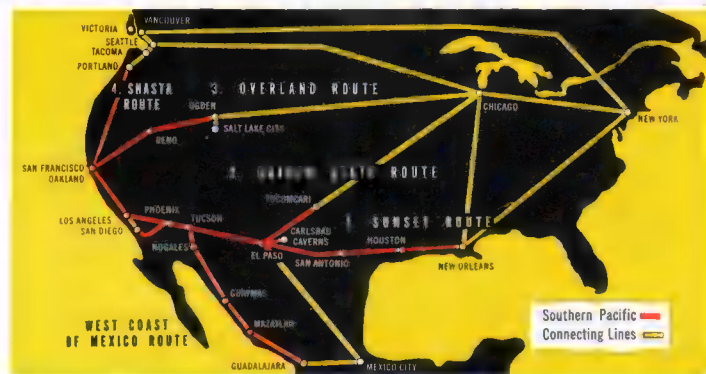
tomorrow:

Southern Pacific is planning more streamliners. We will have them on our four major routes as fast as conditions permit. These new Southern Pacific trains will be the finest the world has ever seen. Watch for them.

P.S. While Southern Pacific trains are still busy returning veterans to their homes, we believe that by summer travel conditions will be somewhere near normal again. So if you are planning a trip to California this summer, we look forward to the pleasure of having you as a guest on our trains. Be sure your ticket reads *Southern Pacific*, the West's greatest railroad—route of the *City of San Francisco*, the *Daylights*, the *Lark* and the *Sunbeams*.

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tween Chicago and Detroit, for example, you could enjoy all this luxury, at present rates, for *only 30c more than the price of a lower berth!*

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say that they learned more from the trees and fields than from books.

*One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.*

More than any other time of the day, the hour of dawn is inspiring. The stars in their courses slowly fade out. From a still invisible source a suffused light rises behind the snowy peaks.

Assembled on the hills, the congregation is awaiting a miraculous event and, because it has faith, knows for certain that the miracle will take place.

But, some will say, sunrise is not a miracle; it is a law of Nature.

Yet the miracle of miracles is that there *are* laws in Nature, that this world with all its faults is faithful and trustworthy, that the sun rises every morning and that, "if winter comes," we know that spring cannot be far behind.

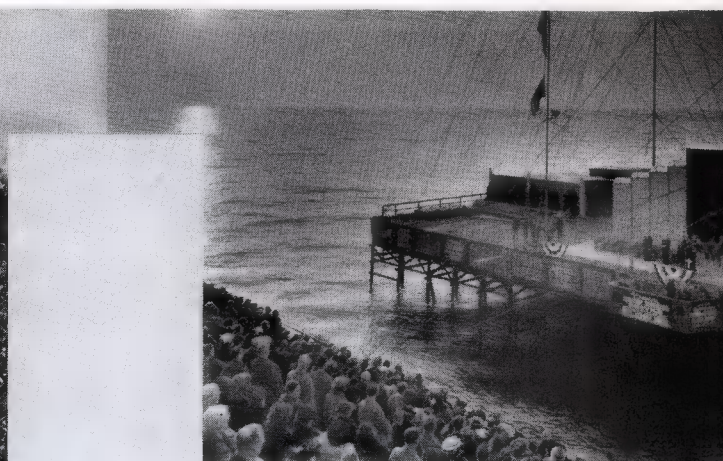
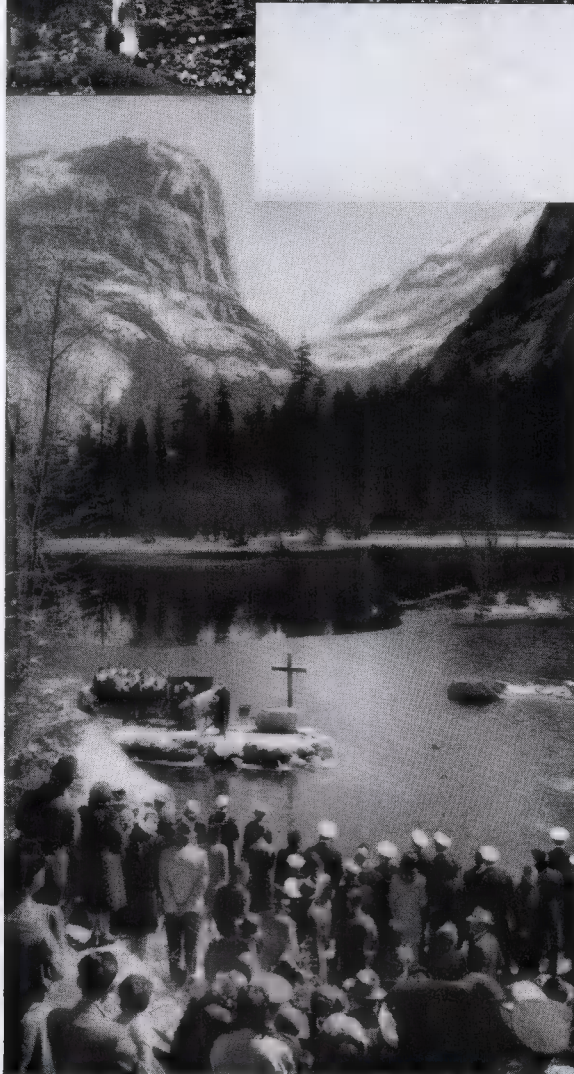
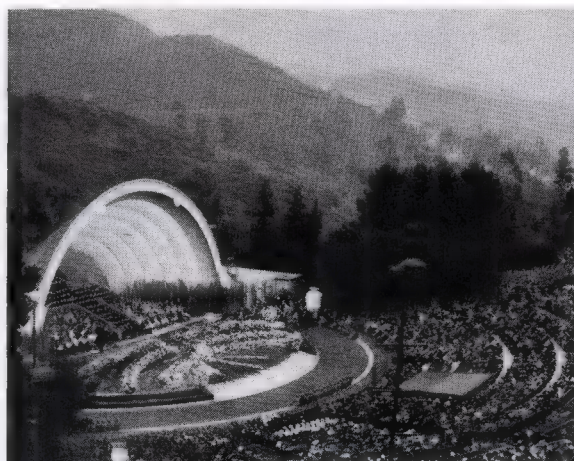
To keep in touch with Nature we must go to her. How can one truly worship the Creator if he never sees the creation? Thomas Traherne, a mystical English writer, wrote: "You never enjoy the world aright till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God as misers do in gold, and kings in scepters." In order to derive from the magnificence of Nature the highest spiritual inspiration, it is necessary to approach her in a mystical state of mind. High mountains are a temple, yes, but only to those who come to them as to a temple. When the harmony of hymns and songs mingles with the first blush of the morning light, when the Cross, at the top of the peak, inscribes its sign upon the sky, then truly does the world become a cathedral. And that is why everyone of us should, on solemn occasions, come to Nature in a religious mood, for a religious ceremony.

That spring festivals and sunrise rites are as old as human societies should not be an objection.

Of course it is true that the Egyptians and the Greeks greeted the resurrection of the soil every spring by religious celebrations. The myth of Osiris, the myth of Adonis, the myth of Orpheus are all variations on the theme of the annual death and resurrection of the Earth's green things. Many gods and heroes of antiquity were supposed to spend half of their life in Hades, and to be restored every spring to life and youth. Nothing is easier to understand than the anxiety with which our primitive ancestors awaited the annual germination. They were never quite sure that once more the crops would be forthcoming. They tried, by magic, to incite the plants to grow, calling on their gods for the renewal of life.

Sublimation of Ancient Rites

It is not a weakness, but a strength for Christianity to have sublimated these ancient myths. Modern man, when he greets the new sun and celebrates the resurrection of Christ, remembers dimly that before him, and before our era, thousands of generations have waited anxiously for similar events. While his faith is much more spiritual than his ancestors', he rejoices to share, on that day, in the memories of the human race.



Inspiring settings vary from wilderness to St. Patrick's, New York

We cannot ignore that mysterious and miraculous side of primitive life from which Christian ritual is derived.

Most everyone knows the charm of the Christmas Eve Midnight Mass in the Catholic Church. The unusual hour, the stillness of the night, the snowy roads combine to make it a striking ceremony which never fails to produce a deep impression. Easter Sunrise Services have the same appeal. This year, more than ever, Easter rites will have a peculiar significance. After a long period of relative prosperity, once more a hungry world faces starvation and awaits the new crops with as much anxiety as our savage ancestors. It is not only the resurrection of the soil but the resurrection of civilization that we hope and pray for.

Here again sunrise is a good symbol. Just as we know that the sun will rise because it always did, so we trust that the spirit of Christian charity will not die because, ever since it ap-

peared in the history of mankind, it has, in the long run, always triumphed. These thoughts will cross the minds of the innumerable pilgrims who, on Easter Sunday, will attend early services of all denominations and rejoice in both the physical and spiritual beauty of God's world.



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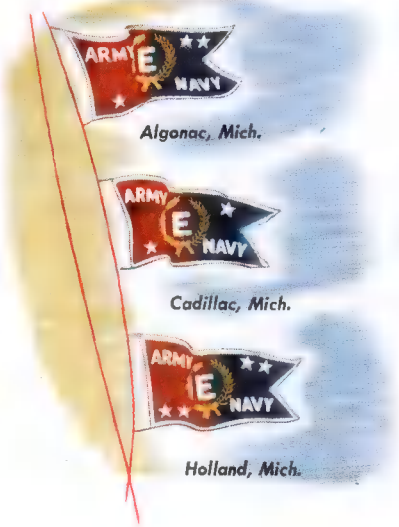
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Granddad's square dances were too much fun to disappear, and now even the youngsters are answering to oldtime "calls."

PUSH BACK THE CHAIRS, folks, and roll up the rugs; we are going to have some fun. In barely ten minutes we'll actually be doing one of those delightful square dances which grandmother enjoyed and which have recently been revived all over America. They offer some of the finest recreation imaginable.

I'll be caller—the person who directs a square dance. Ready? All right, "Sets on the floor!" Each set of four couples forms a 12-foot square.

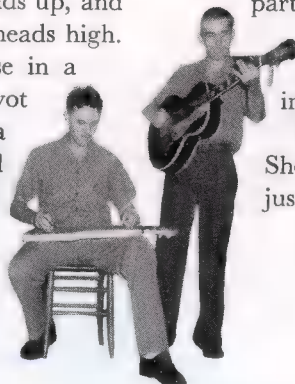
This is the basic square (Diagram No. 1); every maneuver starts and finishes in this position.

That's it, all facing in, ladies on the gents' right. Now for the first call—"Ladies to the center and back to the bar." Instantly the four girls two-step to the center, bow gracefully and quickly to their opposites, then back-step to position. . . . See how easy?

Next—"Gents go in and form a star, with a right hand up —" Do just what it says; gents two-step to the center with right hands up, and opposites clasp them palm to palm, heads high. You continue two-stepping clockwise in a circle. The clasped hands will be a pivot point (Diagram No. 2). ". . . And a howdy-you-do, and a left hand back, and a how-are-you." Parts of that call are

just vamping, to fill time, but you gents obey the specific part. Drop right hands, turn left around and re-make the "star" as before, but with left hands this time, reversing direction of the dance. Now you are two-stepping in a circle counter-clockwise. Do everything rhythmically, gracefully. When we start the music, after this walk-through, it will help tremendously.

Next call—"Meet yore honey and pass her by." Do just that! Ignore the gal (your original partner); look down your nose at her; give her the cold shoulder; while she (presumably) pines away. But immediately—"Take that next gal on the sly." Your own honey gets even! She links arms with the man two-stepping just behind you (her left arm in his right),



BY B. W. ALLERDICE

"SWING THAT PRETTY GAL"

Things to Do



DOLLS BY LIBBIE LOVETT



"Sets on the floor!" This basic square begins and ends the dance. Partners are changed four times; follow them through by their identifying letters.



"... and form a star..." Men advance to center. Opposites clasp right hands, forming pivot, and circle clockwise.



"Take that next gal..." Men form new pivot with left hands, now circle counterclockwise. Each passes his original partner and links arms with next girl.

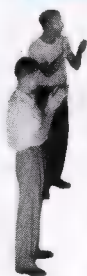
and flirts a little with him as she two-steps along too. You, of course, have the new girl who was ahead (Diagram No. 3). All of you are now in a big, picturesque "star," circling counterclockwise, men's left hands still clasped head high for a pivot.

Now comes a pretty maneuver. Do it swiftly, with full grace. "Gents swing out and ladies swing in, and form that Texas Star ag'in." Men break the pivot and swing the ladies around to the left, still linking arms (Diagram No. 4). This brings the men to the outside of the circle; the ladies re-form the pivot with their right hands, and all keep two-stepping but now in the opposite (clockwise) direction.

Last call—"Now everybody break and swing, and promenade around the ring." Girls drop right hands. Each man swings his girl once around, right hips touching. Then cross hands with her and two-step together to form the basic square again—but you'll have a new partner, of course (Diagram No. 5).

Repeat that entire maneuver three times, and you regain your original partners, back in your original positions. You will have done one of the oldest, yet newest, and prettiest, of all square dances, the Texas Star, also called Arizona Star.

It was popular in gold rush days, almost a century ago. Cowboys preserved it in isolated communities all through America's sophisticated decades and about 1940 it came back strongly everywhere. I once saw 85 sets, four couples to a set, dancing it at one time in a great stadium, and I know at least one multimillionaire who took it up at age 79 and found much pleasure. He is J. C. Lincoln, chairman of the Lincoln Electric



Company in Cleveland. The Star was voted the No. 1 dance for aviation cadets in the many Southwestern fields in 1943, '44 and '45, where thousands of American, British, and even Chinese trainees learned it with local girls.

Do that walk-through a couple of times, then let one of the boys be caller while you dance it to music. Mr. Caller, don't be bashful, be rhythmic! Sing it, if you can, to the music; show animation, chant it, shout it, liven it up, ad lib. Here it is in jingle form:

"Ladies to the center and back to the bar,
Gents go in and form a star,
With a right hand up and a howdy-you-do,
And a left hand back and a how-are-you.

"Meet yore honey and pass her by
And take that next gal on the sly.
Now gents swing out and ladies swing in
And form that Texas Star ag'in.

"Now everybody break and swing
And promenade around the ring."

Most good callers will add some fun-finale, remembering that the great and good purpose of square dancing is to have a grand time. For instance, this:

"And when you get there just give her a kiss,
Then tell her that marriage is nothing but bliss."

Women can be good callers, too. Mrs. Viola Ruth in Phoenix, Arizona, is the best caller I ever heard, next to old Uncle Peculiar "Peck" Haines, aged 78; and pretty Dottie Boykin down there sings her calls in a way to make you tingle.

For music, get one of those geniuses who can play anything by ear, on piano, accordion, or fiddle.

Of course an orchestra is superb, but also costly; hire the hill-billy variety, not the smooth swing kings. In my town

we employ a pianist or sometimes use a phonograph. If you use a phonograph, "calling" records may confuse you at first. Start with half a dozen or so good old-timey hoedown pieces such as Money Musk, Turkey in the Straw, O Susannah. Get a strong rhythm, in fast two-step.

If you are the host or hostess, you may find your crowd fearful that these fine old dances are entirely too complicated. But they aren't. They just look complicated from a wallflower's point of view. They are simple pattern dances which children as young as eight years enjoy and learn readily. You do have to listen attentively; square dancing is regimented, and a dictator gives you exact commands. But he is a genial dictator, picturesque, who has as much fun as the dancers. He can dream up calls and even whole new dances of his own, he can add infinite variations, and after just an evening or two of practice you can follow his every whim. Best way is to coach three or four fellows to call, so that all may have some opportunity to dance as well as boss.

Professional instructions are unnecessary. The best thing about square dancing is the holiday spirit you can build up in your own yard or living room. A barn with a smooth floor is the traditional place for a big square dance. A schoolhouse floor is excellent; no floor should be highly polished, for this. I have attended square dances in abandoned stores, "haunted" houses, garages, bank lobbies, and on paved streets. High fun is to get about two sets of friends and a fiddler, then move all over town serenading and dancing. You will be welcome, for your Texas Star and other dances constitute a tops floor show. The fame of Oklahoma! grew largely from the pageantry of its Western dances, with colorful costumes and lilting music.

What you wear is important. For practice, anything will do; but when you have your first real square-dance party, dress it up. Let your imagination soar. Correct costume for men is a cowboy outfit; it may be expensive, or simple. A Mississippi gambler of Civil War period would be correct and impressive; so would a soldier from





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YOURS AGAIN

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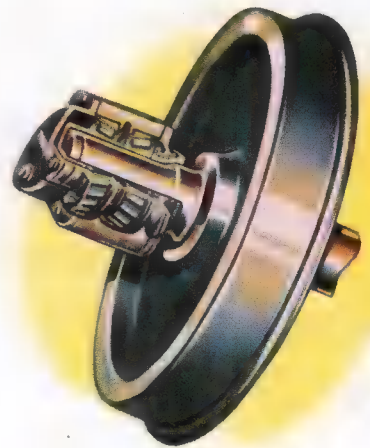
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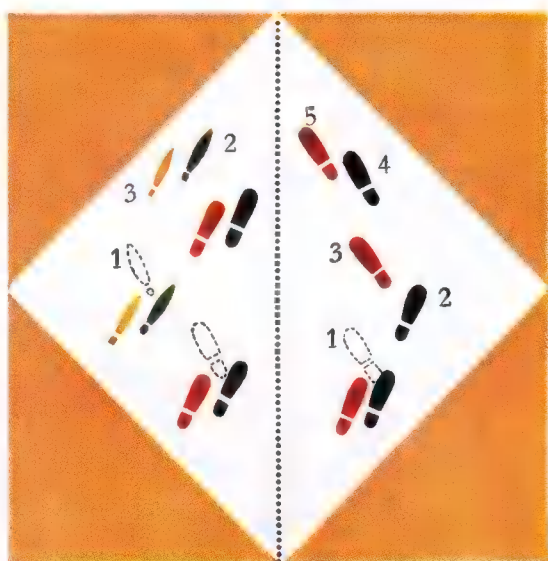
"... that Texas Star ag'in." Men drop pivot and swing new partners to center. Ladies form pivot with right hands, dance clockwise



"Break and swing..." Ladies drop pivot; men swing them around to left. Pairs cross hands and side-step to form square again. Repeat three times

that War, or a gentleman planter. For girls of all ages, brilliant cotton print dresses, floor-length and six to eight yards around, are perfect.

Such dresses need not be costly, but usually have to be made. The club to which I belong paid an average of \$3.85 for costumes, and our women had fun making theirs at home, working together, with stories, music, and games for added pleasure. Square-dance night also is the time to raid the memory chest. Remember that glass pendant with the lock of dear departed Cousin Lucretia's hair? Borrow it tonight! That cameo which Great-Uncle Jim brought Grannie from Europe—flaunt it yourself tonight, Grannie, pinned right there in the middle of your daringly low-cut evening gown of 1890. You men borrow those long chains once used on vests to hold watches. Girls borrow ancient earbobs. And do your curls in Scarlett O'Hara style, with a flower in them too.



Left, three-count basic step of Varsovienne. Right: five-count step (man's); lady's is identical.

Round dances go hand in hand with the squares. Connotation of "square" dance is obvious; you dance it in a square on the floor, with four couples. But in rounds, one or two couples dance together, usually moving in a big circle, progressing from partner to partner in rhythm.

Most beloved of all round dances is La Varsovienne. It was popular 100 years ago in War-

saw and Vienna, from which it acquired that name. We hear it misnamed "Varsity Inn," "Suzy Ann," "Souvianna" and other corruptions of "Warsaw-Vienna."

Let's try it. Stand up, gents, each of you this time behind your pretty lady and a little to her right. Hold her fingers daintily in yours, head high. To do this, since you are behind her, your left arm crosses behind her head to hold her left hand, while your right hand holds hers just in front of you. Start with toes angled right, left toe alongside right heel, and with the weight on your left foot (diagram below to left).

Some name this the "Put Your Little Foot," because with it goes a sweet song:

"Put your little foot,
Put your little foot,
Put your little foot right there."

With the music (it is easy to buy records for this graceful dance) boy and girl both raise right foot high, point toe downward, and sweep it in front of left foot. Then step forward with right foot, and close with left foot in a duplicate of the original position. This becomes easy, almost automatic, once you get the count, which is a variation of the waltz—"One and TWO and three," or "Sweep and STEP and close." We sing it to the same lilt—"Put your LIT-tle foot."

Do that twice: "Put your LIT-tle foot, put your LIT-tle foot..." Start it a third time, but now do it in five counts, inserting a walking step (diagram at left). On the third count, instead of closing with the left foot, step forward with it, then step forward with the right foot, and close with the left. At the same time, on this third count, turn so as to face the left for the last three counts. When you close on the last count, you place the left foot just ahead instead of just behind the right foot. This brings you out facing left, in the reverse of your original position, with the weight on your right foot.

The count is, "One and TWO and three, four, five," or "Sweep and STEP and turn, step, close." Or singing it, "Put your LIT-tle foot, right, there." Now the gentleman is still behind the lady, hands high, but facing at an angle toward the left. Repeat the three movements, starting this time with left foot, and you'll end up

toward the right again. Now do the five-count motion four times (twice to left, twice to right) as a sort of chorus. That's all.

It may seem a bit tricky in reading, but actually it's as simple as one-two-three. I have taught many a lady the Varsovienne in five minutes.

Remember—you gents especially—every motion you make must be graceful; no hops, jumps, jerks, stomps. The charm of both square and round dancing lies in its flowing beauty.

Thousands of patterns have been used, and currently about a hundred squares and fifty rounds are being danced in America. New ones are added constantly, others disappear, old favorites stay on with steady popularity. For your part, you will need a repertoire of about twelve squares and six rounds, and you can learn them easily in three or four pleasant evenings. Then pretty soon you will be able to do twenty or thirty without realizing it. You will also learn some "Introductions," which are the preliminary movements demanded by any good caller before he swings you into a dance proper. You rarely hear two alike, so don't worry about learning them at first; the callers like to have free rein here. Here is a typical one:

"All join hands and circle west (left),
Stride and strut and bust yore vest
And swing that gal you love the best,
Then promenade, oh promenade home.

"Bow to yore lady and bow to yore man,
For I'm callin' now as quick as I can."

It's lively, and it's easy to do, and it puts you quickly into the mood, while the people not dancing—a square dance always attracts spectators—clap hands in time with the music, thus helping you sense the rhythm. The caller may also cry "Allemande left." That's easy, too; it merely means to go around the lady on your left. "Dos-à-dos" is a call for a simple back-to-back passing. "Sashay" is a side step, right or left as called. Thus much of the "hard" part about square dancing is learning its peculiar talk. You can learn all of it in less than an hour, while laughing and dancing and enjoying fellowship with friends.

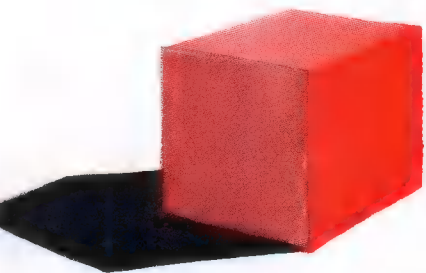
A typical evening might include the Texas Star, the Ring-Ring, the Outside Arch and Inside Under, the Virginia Reel (not a conventional square, but similar and very fine), the Lady Round the Lady, the Sally Good'n, Birdie in a Cage, Dive for the Oyster, and the Waltz Quadrille (all-singing calls, ideal for a soprano) among the squares, and the Varsovienne, Schottische, Manitoh, and Polka for rounds. If you hint around a little in your town some enthusiast is almost sure to invite you to a square-dance class. I've never met a square dancer who wasn't anxious to teach somebody else.

Henry Ford, who has done much to preserve our old-time folkways, once said, "You cannot carry your family worries, tax problems, or business considerations through a square dance; you have to relax your mind completely, and you can hardly avoid having a good time."

If that's true—and it is—it's worth a million spiritual dollars to you. Organize your party!



more at home



AS GREAT MINDS throughout the world debate the question, "Can atomic energy be harnessed?" I feel quite smug in the thought

that I have already done so. Daily I face this energy and although at times it gets out of control, my little atoms—William and Patrick—frequently split old orange crates into aircraft carriers, bounce around in a most useful fashion and give me the time of my life.

Bill is six and Pat is two, but once in our home workshop they are the acme of controlled force bent on constructive pursuits. My sons and I throw the book away and try to outdo one another. The results are astonishing, eventful, and full of fun and companionship for all of us.

Anyone can look at our work and know full well that Bill, Pat and I are nothing but hacks. We admit this. Our workshop is quite unlike those pictured in decorating magazines where complete sets of tools are "musts." We have only the bare minimum, hammer, saw, plane and pliers, placing us only a step ahead of Neanderthal man. The whole outlay originally did not exceed six dollars, but in this workshop we find enjoyment, whenever I have a few hours on a holiday or an evening after work, in making things together. Things which when complete we might call a boat or a wagon, but which Rube Goldberg might call just plain plagiarisms.

Not all of our energies go into creating "originals." We repair toys as well, and we consider ourselves quite adept at improving the products of orthodox toymakers.

These "improvements" sometimes arise out of necessity. For instance, there was the time when Bill got a ferry barge from his godfather and Pat, naturally, felt slighted. Out we went to the garage for an improvement job. By attaching long pieces of string to each end of the problem toy and fashioning two windlasses from old thread spools we made it a plaything for two.

The arrangement permitted Bill to wind the barge over to his "dock" as the string played out from Pat's windlass. After an exchange of cargo Pat could then wind it back to his "landing pier." A real shuttling operation resulted, much to our delight, especially after I had followed Bill's suggestion that I saw up an old broom handle into "barrels" for additional lading.

BY WILLIAM H. RADEBAUGH

It is difficult to say just what gives the most pleasure—invention, repairing, or improving things. Most anything we do presents a challenge to our collective ingenuity; we are no craftsmen working from blueprints. Take our "unsinkable boat."

We live on the Delaware River bank and it presents problems, especially with two small boys. Water is irresistible and the urge to go boating is natural. But mother always objected for fear of a craft's sinking. Bill was impressed, but his desire was not suppressed. So he suggested we build something unsinkable that we could sail—but on the lawn.

We defied all the rules of shipbuilding, but we were as proud of our job as Columbus was of his Nina, Pinta, or Santa Maria. For the sails, Bill used a pair of circus-print curtains from his room. Pat, as shipfitter, installed the bell he had pulled off the toy fire engine, and I made the navigation wheel from an old tea-cart roller. In no time we were off to the water's edge to sail the grassy green.

Last Easter it appeared that Mr. and Mrs. Bunny grew weary of "laying eggs" for all the



DRAWINGS BY HELEN BLACKBURN

children in the country and pulled up to a halt on our back porch. At least that was the conclusion Pat and Bill drew as they excitedly examined a pair of snow-white rabbits hopping about on the porch that morning.

New Easter outfits remained hanging in the closets as Pat, Bill and I slipped out to the garage to make the newcomers a home. Pat wanted to be sure there was a bathtub in it, and Bill suggested a built-in crate for their "eggs." But in the end the boys were convinced that the important thing was to build a cage first and let additions wait on the requests of the new tenants.

An old play pen was converted for this purpose. I'm sure Frank Buck could use what we made to transport no less than man-eating tigers, but we could take no chances with neighborhood



dogs on dark nights. We used Pat as a test against this threat. When we finished we put him inside. And when he didn't escape or break through in the time we figured he was capable of rendering anything useless, we hailed the Radebaughs' Home for Friendless Bunnies as a success—which it was.

Before Pat started to serve his apprenticeship at the small workbench that Bill made for him out of the breadboard (yes, mother dear, that's what happened to it), the war had not yet made lumber and such supplies so hard to obtain. It was during this period that Bill and I made sturdy war fleets from 2x4 beams. Pat was simply a naval observer for these operations, as we turned out our own "Task Force 58" with torpedo boats, landing barges, auxiliary craft and flattops—complete with miniature planes made from clothespins. With a map of the Pacific Ocean sketched on the garage floor, we attacked enemy-held islands defended only by Pat in his new role of Jap admiral. He gave us plenty of trouble with devastating kicks and mischievous hands, which disarranged the approaching fleet but failed to crush the overwhelming power of our homemade striking force.

The period of chronic war shortages which followed saw the three of us begging a packing case from the druggist or fruit crates from the grocer. These we would carry through the streets like junkies while neighbors shook their heads and questioned our sanity. All they could see was a man and two little boys struggling home with boxes which they themselves would put out for the trash collector, but we agreed to "see them first" before the collector got there.

While Bill and I lamented the lack of good material, Pat delighted in working with the frail lumber which eventually comprised our stock. He was able to "express himself" with this thin, unseasoned wood. With little supervision he made a variety of indescribable things which he named according to his mood. Outstanding was his "bird trap," complete with salt shaker to sprinkle on the bird's tail. Runner-up, I believe, was his "lawn mower." This, of course, would not cut grass, but there was no denying that grass would never again grow after it had been gouged up with Pat's brain child.

For a while Bill and I feared we had created a Frankenstein monster in teaching Pat the knack of using hammer and saw. But he passed through this questionable stage without our fears maturing. Back into the fold he came to join us in such regular projects as making an automobile, repairing Bill's scooter, inventing a lifting crane, and building a downstairs toy box.

We directed our energy many times toward constructing some "war-casualty" toy, and this was a boon to our morale.

When coaster wagons, for instance, were no longer available we attached a set of wheels to a box which arrived with The Book of Knowledge.

The publishers reaped the benefit of this unscheduled promotion of their product.

In addition to making a perfect vehicle for riding Pat, the bunnies, and Bill himself, it served the purpose of hauling groceries from the store. Everyone in town knew we had said "yes" to that book salesman who'd been so persuasive.



The most elaborate wartime job we undertook was transferring an electric turntable to the case of an old wooden portable phonograph. The turntable was useless because the radio to which it was attached was beyond repair. The old phonograph had a good sound box, but



the turntable mechanism would not function. I don't think I would have dared this feat except that Bill made it sound so easy. Pat was his "yes-man," and between the two there was no chance of saying it could not be done. "Take the old turntable out of the Vic and put it in the electric one. That's all you have to do, daddy," they chorused.

Mother long ago recognized I was no Steinmetz and warned against any ideas I had about "fixing" the phonograph for the boys. Making them promise to help, and share the blame three ways if we failed, I agreed.

We don't know whether it was because I read three chapters of Electronics Made Easy or because mother just underestimated our ability, but, when we finished, it worked. It was as simple as they said it would be.

Because so many of our projects seemed motivated by things we couldn't get during the war, I often wondered what effect peace would have on our workshop antics. It wasn't long before I got my answer.

We were straightening the spokes of Pat's tricycle after he had crash-dived it into a neighbor's tree. To finish the

job we needed an odd-shaped wrench, and off we went to the garage up the street to borrow one.

On the way I remembered that we wanted some shellac so we walked up to the five-and-ten. As I made my purchase the boys wandered over to the toy counter. It was stacked to overflowing with the wonderful playthings that returned with peace.

"Hey, daddy," Bill shouted, "come here!"

Here it came; now the boys could buy what they wanted, and our workshop days would come to an end. Bill had a pull-toy in his hand, and I was already reaching in my pocket for the money to buy it.

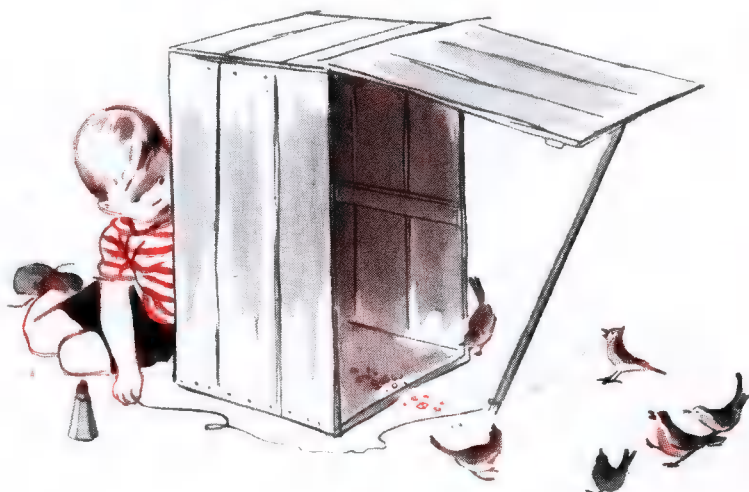
"Hey, dad," he said, "look at this. They want twenty-five cents for this old thing and it's no better than Pat makes. Let's go home and make some real pull-toys and sell them!"

He was in earnest, so I solemnly told him it was a fine idea. Then quickly I asked if he and Pat didn't want some honest-to-goodness toys now that the war was over and we didn't have to make them. He put the boat back and looked up at me.

"Certainly I do, dad. At Christmas and on my birthday and on Pat's birthday and times like that, you can buy us all the presents you want.

"But, dad," he added, "if we are going to have any real fun we'll still have to make things ourselves!"

There was my answer. So let the pundits and the politicians argue the possibilities of harnessing atomic energy. I know where I stand.





this —→ **fabrics** **st**afford is the Stafford Stallion...

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Carnival and its costumes create . . .



MARDI GRAS MAGIC

unhurried days, romantic nights in New Orleans

Comus Ball. They must be practical clothes too. Indeed, clothes for the Mardi Gras pose a pretty problem. Once you've accepted the invitation to gaiety, you'll want to look forward to smooth, unhurried days and romantic nights—making comfort and confidence the keynote of your holiday. You'll want to travel light, yet be prepared for every event, including perhaps The Occasion. It can be done with a fortnighter and a hat-and-shoe-box, crammed, but not jammed, with an ingenious selection of soft wools, sleek silks, and comfortable tweeds.

On the train you may settle against the cushions with the reassuring thought that the brown and brown plaid suit you are wearing is just right in weight and color. A dark brown jersey blouse, one of several you packed because they roll out of the suitcase without a wrinkle, adds depth to the suit. With a small but smart brown hat, a brown leather sling bag and shoes to match, you are literally sitting pretty.

There's hardly a spot in the fashion world where black doesn't belong. A black wool dress topped by a white tweed jacket is another excellent selection for travel. By merely slipping off the jacket, you can be correctly attired in a dark dress. Brighten this with a touch of gold jewelry, an unusual belt, or a saucy scarf, and you will

Things to Wear

BY CECILE NATION

FOR THE FIRST TIME since Pearl Harbor, March in New Orleans again means Mardi Gras. And that, to thousands of people all over the United States, means a glamorous week in the colorful metropolis of the Mississippi. New Orleans is turning itself inside out for the visitors who will gather for the six days preceding Lent to pay

homage to the Sovereign Lord of Misrule, under the spell of torchlighted quaintness and the glow of a golden scepter aboard the "royal yacht."

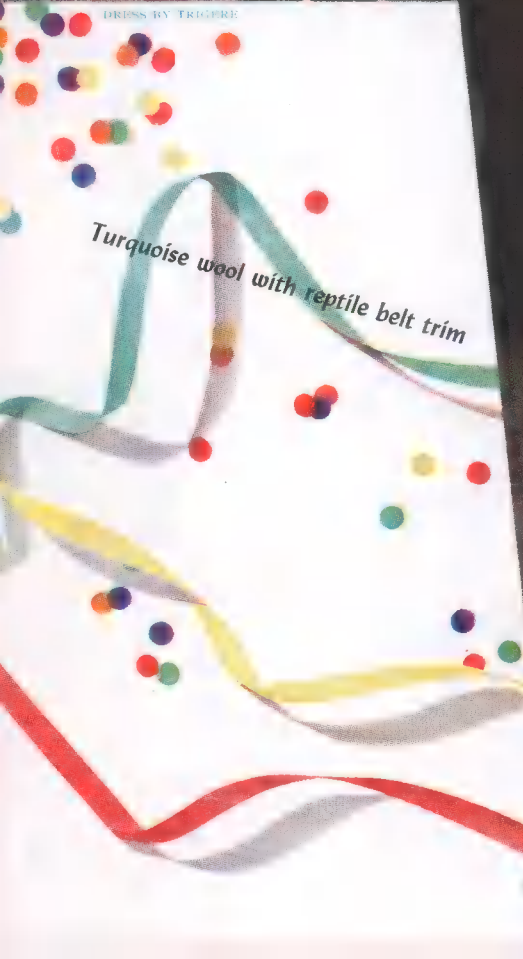
Mardi Gras means glamour, gaiety, and—for any woman—clothes. Exotic clothes to match the street throngs of Dutch boys, Spanish caballeros, hula dancers, artists, sailors, pirates, awaiting the parade to open the Carnival. Subtle clothes for dinner at Antoine's, glittering clothes for the

Brown lines on beige tailored suit are deepened by accessories

Gay print on natural silk with Milan cartwheel hat



DRESS BY TRIGERE



Turquoise wool with reptile belt trim



DRESS BY DAVID CRYSTAL, HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

A wrinkleproof casual in wool gabardine

be ready for that luncheon date later at the St. Charles Hotel. A small, ribbon-trimmed hat, simple black shoes, and bag in suède will serve many purposes besides accenting the black wool.

Merrymaking goes on around the clock during Mardi Gras week, from the breakfast dance your first morning there, through hours of sight-seeing at the Cabildo, or old Capitol House, where the Louisiana Purchase was consummated. Afternoons are spent perhaps driving to Lake Pontchartrain, or wandering among the lovely old houses of the Vieux Carré. Your simple, well-chosen outfits, with the stress on jackets, hats, and accessories, will produce changes of appearance as sudden as your own changes of mood.

Dinner at Antoine's . . . your first evening in a city keyed to fiesta pitch calls for something special. Here again black contributes its dramatic charm. . . . That one black silk dress, so carefully selected, set off by a gold brooch and earrings. A chi-chi hat trimmed with jaunty pink and black feathers nestles softly in your curls.

Dinner over, you will drape a Norwegian blue fox boa about your shoulders to keep out the chill of New Orleans nights. After dark, the city comes to life. Crowds gather at the corner of Canal and St. Charles streets. Floats are on parade, lighted by the glow from a hundred torches.

Morning tempts you to wear the turquoise-blue dress belted with a narrow strip of reptile, the little black Breton sailor, the handy sling bag. And flat-heeled shoes take you with a lighter step through the sunlight of the old French Market.

In the afternoon you may visit the Old Quarter, with its antique shops, knickknacks, and rare bits of jewelry. You are ready for anything in the all-beige outfit of gabardine with black accessories—designed for a walk through Jackson Square or a short boat trip on the Mississippi.

It's wise, on your New Orleans visit, to be prepared for sudden changes of weather. A full-length woolen coat in black, beige, gray, or even bright red, can be worn over a suit or with any casual clothes. And in case the weather turns sultry, you can make use of last summer's silk

DRESS BY DAVID CRYSTAL





GOWN BY CEIL CHAPMAN,
SCARF BY ESTHER DOROTHY, BAG BY JOSEF

DRAWING BY GRAFSTROM

Beaded crepe with a billowing chiffon skirt creates graceful Grecian silhouette

print, with a hat of fire-engine-red Milan straw. Parades, dinners, tea dances . . . the week is drawing to a close, and before you quite realize it, you are entering the Boston Club. Here Rex, the Lord of Misrule, meets the Queen of the Carnival and her court. He presents her with flowers, toasts her with champagne. This is "Fat Tuesday" at last, the Mardi Gras that climaxes

the week's festivities—a day filled with masked street dancing. When the shadows lengthen, the parade of Comus winds its way through the city.

This is the time when, pausing for a last glance in the antique full-length mirror, you can understand why Carnival balls were originated to pay homage to the fair. The season's debutantes comprise the Royal Court. And you, with a simple

invitation tucked carefully away, head straight for the balcony section, the brilliants on your red taffeta dress catching the light from a dozen crystal chandeliers.

Later there will be time for a look in at the Morning Call to relax over café au lait.

Your small but well-chosen wardrobe has seen you through on every occasion!

Be Specific— Say "Union Pacific"



They're still coming back by the thousands—those fighting men from overseas. America's railroads are doing their part to get them home as rapidly and comfortably as possible.

But civilian travel conditions are rapidly improving. Before very long, you can take that trip to the Pacific Coast, Colorado, or other of the many scenic areas served by Union Pacific.

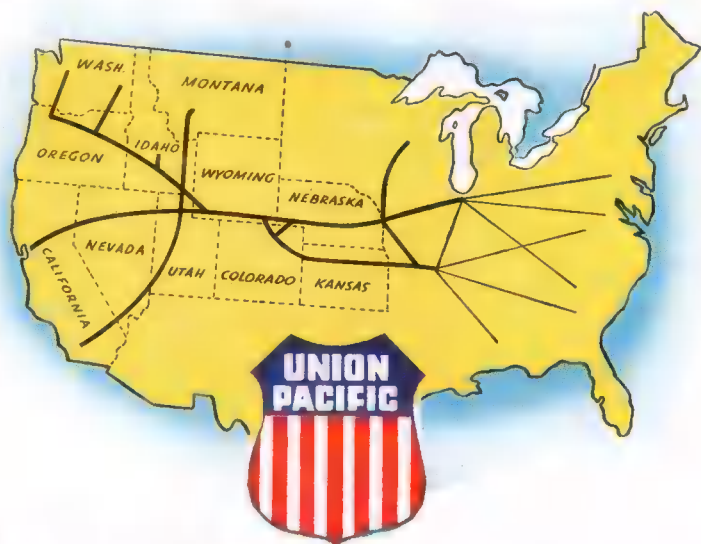
Travel in comfort over one of the nation's smoothest roadbeds. Sleep soundly—dine relaxed—enjoy the ever-changing scenic panorama. Your journey by train will be a high spot of your vacation or business trip.

Take your choice of a Union Pacific Streamliner . . . a Limited

. . . or the famous low-cost Challengers.

Union Pacific offers the world's greatest vacation travel bargain; serves more western scenic regions than any other railroad.

There's a simple, highly satisfactory way to arrange for safe, enjoyable transportation; just be specific, say "Union Pacific."



The Progressive

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

MARCH IS A MOODY MONTH



Caxton the printer

ONE YEAR, on the first day of March, William Caxton, fifteenth-century printer, boarded up his shop, retired within, and ignored the entire month by working on an English translation of the French "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye."

Mr. Caxton's idea owned merit, but there are many reasons why you cannot share any such retreat. Among the most valid is the fact that Uncle Sam might not like it. Uncle shows a definite curiosity about people who ignore March in this country. If such folks pass by March 15th, for instance, he is likely to lock them up in such places as Leavenworth, where they may ignore years at a time, wishing all the while that they had paid income taxes in 1946.

Even though it were legalistically possible to jettison the third month, Mother Nature would remind you that it is around. The sun crosses the equator at the vernal equinox, thus making Spring official. Monstrous masses of cold air collide with monstrous masses of warm air, causing head colds and all the weather it is possible to compress into any thirty-one-day period. Montana, for instance, will have subzero temperatures while Pennsylvanians in sweaters sniff hyacinths. There will be snowdrifts in California and flood crests at practically any spot along the Mississippi. Naturally, there will be wind in gusts, puffs, gales and hurricanes, and

cold rain or snow. March, as the old-timers remind you, was directly responsible for the blizzard of 1888.

The month has been around long enough to get pretty well mixed with human history. Of course, there may have been a time when it didn't amount to much. The early Anglo-Saxons called it Hlyd-monath and Lencten-monath (blowing month and lengthening month) and used its long gray days to commit suicide or help Beowulf out with his epic.

It took the Romans to give March a running start in history. They named it after Mars, made it the third month of the Julian calendar, then used it to remove Julius Caesar, himself.

As the years spilled away, March acquired glamour. Saint David, patron saint of Wales, was born and the Welsh now celebrate his work by wearing leeks on March first. Saint Patrick, that good man, removed the snakes from the ould sod so the bhoys would know the sham-rock for the proud thing it is. Biblical Esther made her husband, King Ahasuerus, rescind an order to wipe out the Persian Jews, thus causing the Feast of Purim, which, like Saint Patrick's day, also falls on the seventeenth this year.

Michelangelo was born, and on various dates in various years other distin-

Mars gave his name



ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM PACHNER





Michelangelo

guished people entered this life. Gerard Mercator, Vincent van Gogh, Casimir Pulaski, Alexander Bell, Luther Burbank, General Sheridan, Kemal Ataturk, Albert Einstein, Andrew Jackson, James Madison, Rudolph Diesel, Jim Bridger, Grover Cleveland and Johann Sebastian Bach were all new infants this month . . . just to give you an idea.

Of course, if any of the above, or those not listed, were born in 1582 there is something awry with their birthdays. That was the year the Roman Catholic Church abandoned the Julian calendar and adopted the Gregorian, throwing ten days away to adjust for seasons. Two hundred years later the British heard about it, assembled Parliament, and also adopted the Gregorian time chart. The English dropped eleven days for their adjustment, thus making all birthdays in 1752 a bit peculiar.

When you see what your forefathers thought about time it makes you wonder why it is so important to get around the world in six days or why it is even necessary to get out of bed before Wednesday each week.

Of course, you will want to get up for Easter to see the children hunt for eggs. This religious event is among the so-called movable feasts and fasts which shift around between March and April because the Council of Nicaea, A.D. 325, was working on lunar calculations at the time. The Council ruled Easter as the day which should be celebrated the first Sunday following the full moon that appears on or next after the vernal equinox, March 21. Easter thus moves between March 22 and April 25. There will be a total of ten Easters in March between the years 1916 and 1965 if you care to wait that long. Just as a reminder, Lent begins March 6 this year and Easter comes April 21.

While we are on the subject of Lent, it is only right to state that Pancake Tues-



St. Patrick at Tara

day occurs in March. Pancake Tuesday is really Shrove Tuesday because it is the day on which sins are shriven so that Lent may be started in proper penitence. The English gave it the pancake title because in some parts of England the people made merry by cooking up all the fats and other luxuries so that Lenten fasting would be a reality.

This particular Tuesday is also known as Fat Tuesday, or, in New Orleans, Mardi Gras.

If all the foregoing were not enough reason to admit March into your life, sheer weight of history will force entry.

Standard time—ha!—was established March 13, 1884. And wandering freely through time that was never standard, you will discover that the Boston Massacre took place and that Crispus Attucks, the first Negro to die in the cause of American freedom, fell that day in the New England city. The Civil War naval encounter between the two tin cans that inspired the modern battleship was held off Hampton Roads, Virginia, as the Monitor and the Merrimac fought to a scoreless draw. And, apropos of you know what, the first treaty of "peace, amity and commerce" was negotiated with Japan back in 1854.

There were other significant occurrences. Alexander Graham Bell got his telephone patented—doubtless for the convenience of the drives which were being held by the Red Cross, the Girl Scouts and the Salvation Army, all of which began their American activity in this month.

But all the previous data pale into



Bell called Chicago

limbo in Texas. The dwellers beneath the Lone Star remember March as the month Santa Anna wiped out the garrison in the Alamo, a distinct error for which they made him pay dearly six weeks later at San Jacinto—thus assuring Texas of independence. Nobody ignores the third month in Texas. It isn't permitted. And there isn't any use of reminding Texan that the United States Constitution went into effect in March of 1789. It only causes them to remind you that Texas is only in your Union because she wants an ally, and

that she can duck out any time she chooses.

In the teeth of all this talk about ignoring the month, it is fair to record that some people love March. Kids, for instance. Kites sail like crazy and the mud-pie market booms on every vacant lot.

But like it or hate it, nobody except Mr. Caxton ever succeeded in ignoring the third month. For the rest of us March is a revolving door full of moods and tempests designed to shake people out of winter lethargy and remind them that hope is eternal, that each spring is hope renewed.

The Master Room is a commodious apartment with six seats for daytime, four beds by night and two enclosed toilet-shower rooms, and wardrobes.

The Double Bedroom provides real luxury for two passengers—day and night. Each room has enclosed private toilet facilities, shower bath and wardrobe.



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in the new Budd-designed All-room Sleeping Cars**

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Of exceptional interest are the new All-room sleeping cars designed by Budd for day and night travel. In these cars, every passenger has privacy. Rooms will vary in cost, but even the Budgette, most inexpensive, has its own broad window, its private toilet and lavatory, its individual heat and light control, with air conditioning.

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Budd



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Winter Sports Remain, Spring Festivals Begin

DUCKS ARE GOING NORTH; baseball clubs are going South. There are ski tournaments in Wyoming and bluebonnets opening in Texas; tobogganing in the Adirondacks and flower shows in New York City. Whatever else may be said, March offers a goodly variety of weathers and events.

It's time to polish golf clubs and bring the fishing equipment down from the attic and time to buy that Easter bonnet. Best of all, it's time to plan your garden—that delightful garden which may not get far beyond the blueprint stage. But in March it doesn't matter.

Lovers of outdoor sports, hot toddy and open fires, will hurry to the mountains and get one last week end of winter frolic. And if you don't like the wind, sleet and snow, signs of spring are everywhere apparent in the gay Mardi Gras festivals, the flower shows and St. Patrick's Day celebrations sprinkled throughout this merry March almanac.

■ Events are marked.

EAST and Northward

- MAR. 1-6 Feste Carnelevare, Buffalo, New York.
A combination of pre-Lenten festivities based on the Mardi Gras celebrations of Nuremberg, Rome and Florence.
- 4 State Day celebrating Vermont's entry into Union, 1791.
- 5 Anniversary of the Boston Massacre of 1770.
- 9-10 U. S. Amateur Ski Association jumping, cross-country and combined championships at Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.
- 9-10 Women's downhill, slalom and combined championships, Rutland, Vermont.
- 11-13 North American Wildlife Conference, New York City.
- 11 On this day, 1888, began the Great Blizzard.
- 12 Interstate high-school *A Capella* Choral Fest, Philadelphia.
- 13 Born in 1813, that famous New York restaurateur, Lorenzo Delmonico.
- 14-MAY 8 World Bowling Championships, Buffalo, New York.
- 14-16 Spring Flower Show, New York Horticultural Society in New York City.
- 16 Birthday of West Point (1802) and James Madison (1751).
- 17 It's the Irish that'll be parading down Fifth Avenue past old St. Pat's Cathedral today.
- 23 Philadelphians might visit the botanical gardens of John Bartram, first American botanist, born 1699 on this day.
- 24 Celebration of Greek Independence Day, Wilmington, Delaware.

March Almanac

- 25 First colonists arrived in Maryland in 1634.
- 28 Mt. Mansfield Sugar Slalom, Stowe, Vermont.
- 29 Schoolmen's Week College Choral Music Festival, Philadelphia.

SOUTH and Eastward

- MAR. 1-6 Mardi Gras celebrations in New Orleans and Shreveport, Louisiana; Pensacola, Florida, and Mobile, Alabama.
- 2 \$50,000 Widener Race, Hialeah Park, Miami, Florida.
- 2-3 Biscayne Bay Motor Boat Regatta, Miami, Florida.
- 2-31 Natchez, Mississippi, Pilgrimage—tours through ante-bellum houses climaxed by costumed Confederate Ball.
- 3 1845, Florida admitted to Union.
- 5-9 Invitation Amateur Four-Ball Golf, Miami, Florida.
- 7-10 \$7500 International Four-Ball Golf, Miami, Florida.
- 7-10 Negro Folk Festival and Ham and Egg Show at Fort Valley, Georgia.
- 10-11 Speedboat Regatta, St. Petersburg, Florida.
- 11 Anniversary of the death of John Chapman, or Johnny Appleseed, patron saint of trees and orchards.
- 12 Girl Scout Day. In 1912, Mrs. Juliette Low organized the Girl Scouts in Savannah, Georgia.
- 15 A time to visit The Hermitage near Nashville, Tennessee. It's the birthday of Andrew Jackson, and the lovely gardens are in bloom.
- 16-17 Speedboat Regatta, Lakeland, Florida.
- 21 Vernal Equinox marks the beginning of spring. Azaleas are blooming on the seventeen-mile trail at Mobile, Alabama.
- 25-30 State AAU Amateur Boxing Championship Matches, Miami, Florida.

- 26-30 Delta Livestock Fair, Greenwood, Mississippi.

NORTH and Westward

- FEB. 22-MAR. 6 St. Paul, Minnesota, Victory Carnival.
Twenty-five thousand expected to participate in parades, winter sports, fireworks and grand-finale ball.
- MAR. 1 State Day, commemorating Nebraska's entry into Union.
1 On this day, 1872, the Yellowstone region was made a national park by Act of Congress.
- 2-3 Tri-state Ski Meet, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.
- 4-9 Zuhrah Temple Winter Circus, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
- 4-9 Winter Show, Valley City, North Dakota. Wildlife and agricultural displays.
- 6-8 Alta Ski Club Cup Race, Alta, Utah.
- 15-31 Allied Nations Unity Festival, Detroit, Michigan.
- 16-17 California Ski Association Championship Downhill and Slalom, Mt. Rose Bowl, Nevada.
- 17 Inter-Mountain Cross-Country Ski Meet, Wasatch Mountain, Utah.
- MAR. 31-APRIL 29 Thirty-third exhibition of Wisconsin Art, Milwaukee Art Institute.

WEST and Southward

- MAR. 1-2 Desert Cavalcade of Imperial Valley, Calexico, California.
- 2 Sam Houston Memorial Day and Texas Independence Day.
- 2 Santa Margarita Handicap, Santa Anita Park, Los Angeles.
- 2-3 Big Pines Ski Club Downhill Slalom, Big Pines, California.
- 6 Alamo Day in Texas.
- 7 Arbor Day in California. Anniversary of the birth of Luther Burbank in 1849.
- 9 Santa Anita Handicap, Santa Anita Park.

- 9-10 Downhill Ski Race, Mt. San Antonio, California.
- 16 San Juan Capistrano Handicap, Santa Anita Park.
- MAR. 20-APRIL 30 "La Fiesta de San Ysidro," stage production near Claremont, California.
- 23-27 Santa Monica Ski Club Open Team Race, Mt. Waterman, California.
- 30-31 Ski Mountaineers Spring Slalom, Mt. San Antonio, California.

Preview the 1946 Major League Baseball Teams at These Training Camps

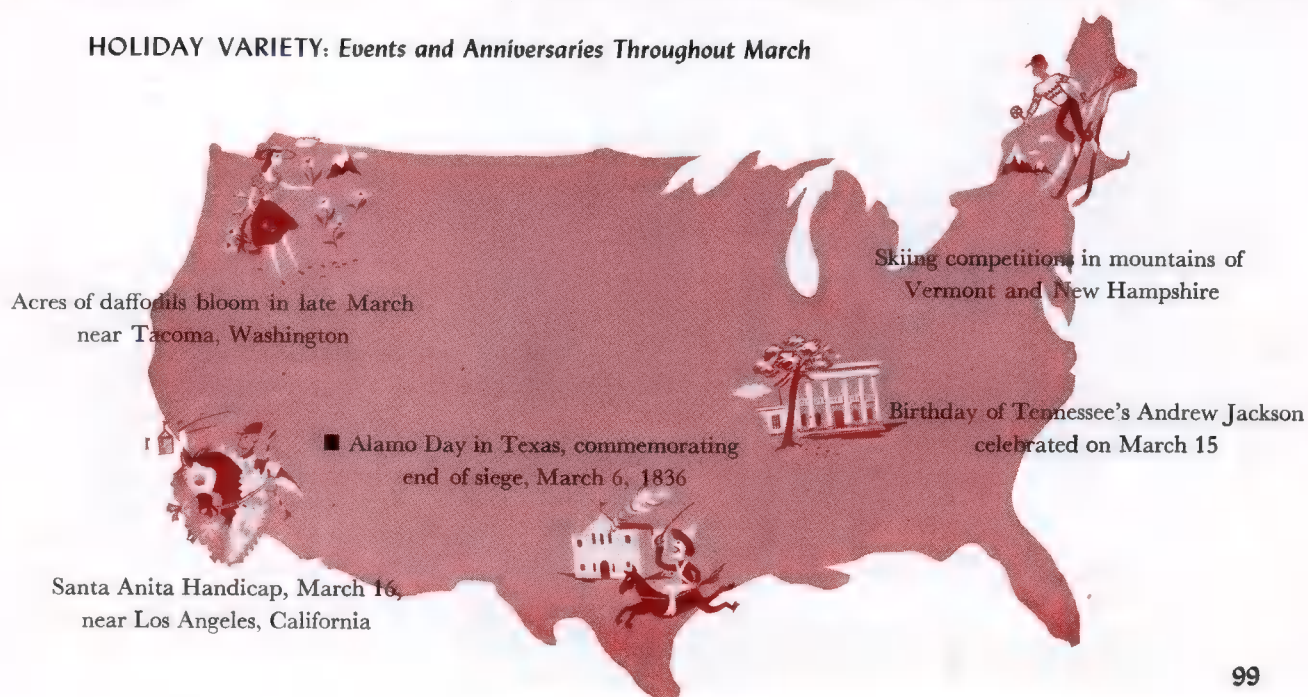
AMERICAN LEAGUE

Lakeland, Florida—
Detroit Tigers (*World Champions*)
West Palm Beach, Florida—
Philadelphia Athletics
Anaheim, California—
St. Louis Browns
St. Petersburg, Florida—
New York Yankees
Orlando, Florida—
Washington Senators
Sarasota, Florida—
Boston Red Sox
Clearwater, Florida—
Cleveland Indians
Pasadena, California—
Chicago White Sox

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Catalina Island, California—
Chicago Cubs (*League Champions*)
Miami Beach, Florida—
Philadelphia Phillies
Daytona Beach, Florida—
Brooklyn Dodgers
Fort Lauderdale, Florida—
Boston Braves
Miami, Florida—
New York Giants
San Bernardino, California—
Pittsburgh Pirates
St. Petersburg, Florida—
St. Louis Cardinals
Tampa, Florida—
Cincinnati Reds

HOLIDAY VARIETY: Events and Anniversaries Throughout March



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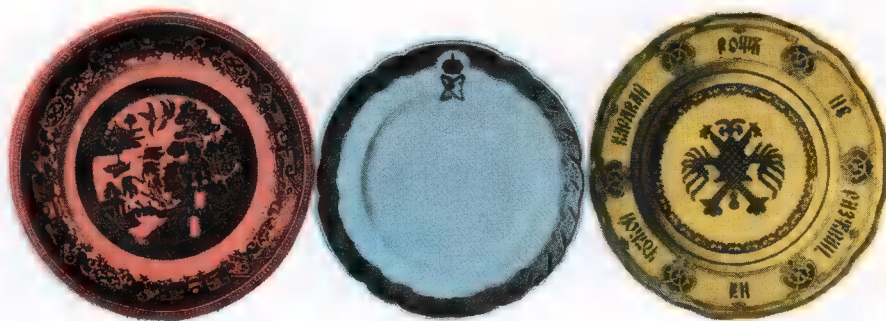
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Make the dishes of distant

Grand Tour in

BY MALCOLM LAPRADE

THE TRAVELER who carries along with his baggage a lively spirit of adventure, an inquisitive palate—and a good digestion—may savor of the world's culture with an insight that is as enjoyable as it is literal. If there is one necessity common to all mankind, it is food; if there is one pleasure universal, it is eating; if there is one art that epitomizes the infinite variety and subtle attributes of all civilizations, it is cooking.

Gourmanderie, like sight-seeing, broadens the viewpoint as well as the girth. To paraphrase good Saint Augustine, "The world is a great cook book of which they that never stir from home read only a page." Every region has its dish, and the adventurous traveler will make each his dish, too. Even he who stays at home may, through the magic of cookery, taste the exotic flavors of far-off places with a strong sense of participation and intimacy. Most of the world's great regional dishes must be tracked to their lairs to be properly enjoyed, but some are obtainable in reasonable facsimile without stirring from your own American kitchen. A dish of *kascha*, and you are in Russia; a

ter and flavor of each of the main items on the bill of fare. Frequently they serve string beans, lightly browned in butter, as an individual course; so prepared, this workaday vegetable makes a special appeal to the sense of taste.

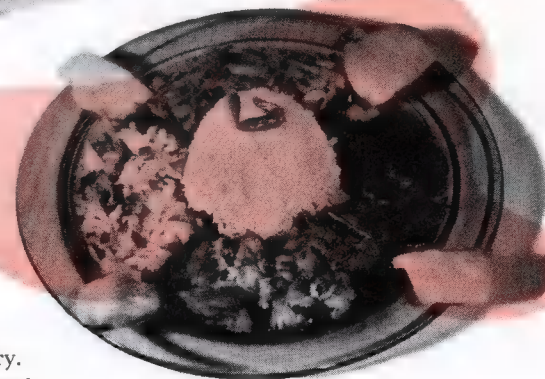
Of the many superb combination dishes in France, the famous bouillabaisse, or fish soup, has a noble tradition. It is more of a stew than a soup, and attained its renown in the old section of Marseilles, along the waterfront.

In case you would like to try your hand, the proper ingredients of bouillabaisse are: lobster, haddock, turbot or brill, bream, whiting, eel, and crabmeat, all filleted and cut up in medium-size strips, and totaling about two pounds. Two large onions, two toma-



Chinese dishes are exotic but good

Infinite variety can be obtained with oysters



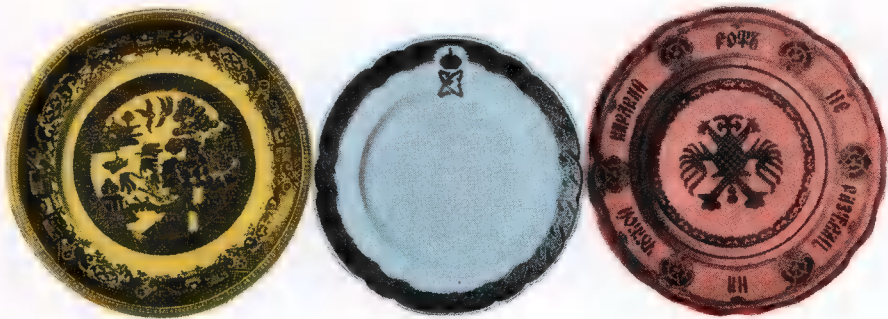
clot of cream, and you are supping with an English squire; a dash of paprika, and your digestive juices dance to the gypsy violins of Hungary.

The dishes of France, for example, need not await the return of normalcy in Europe to be enjoyed by the determined epicure. We may logically start this cook's tour of the world in the land whose chefs are the most logical of all peoples in their preparation of food. American appetites on tour in France feel quite at home unless they encounter such essentially Gallic specialties as snails.

French cooks do not, as some people imagine, invariably produce fantastic mixtures and highly seasoned sauces. It is their aim rather to bring out the charac-

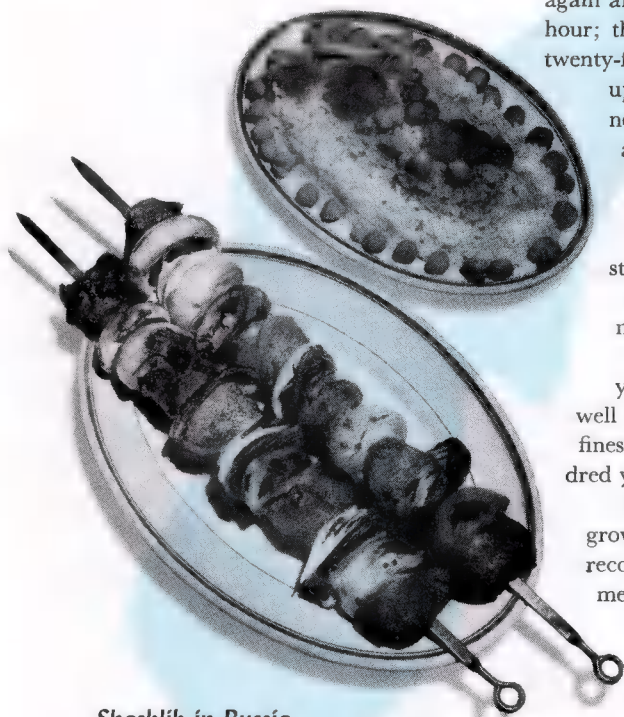
toes, three cloves of garlic, a sprig of thyme and fennel, a bay leaf, a strip of orange peel, a cup of olive oil, salt, pepper, and a pinch of saffron, and finally a bit of chopped parsley, complete the formula. First the vegetables and seasonings are simmered in the oil, then the fish is added, covered with boiling water and simmered for a few minutes more, then the parsley is sprinkled over the stew.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED A. DÉ LARDI



nations your own with a . . .

the Kitchen



*Shashlik in Russia,
shish kebab in the Levant*

King of all soups is the ancient and time-honored West Indian pepper pot, as brewed in British Guiana. Travelers who are fortunate enough to taste it usually go native, and never return to the innocuous fare of more civilized countries. This soup is composed of a large piece of salt pork, diced and fried until brown; a partially roasted fowl, cut up in the usual fricassee manner; a large onion, a dozen shallots, and a few dried chili peppers. These things are simmered slowly in a large buckpot or pipkin, and as they cook a sauce is added. The sauce consists of two tablespoons of brown sugar, half a tablespoon of salt, a teaspoon of cayenne pepper mixed with ten tablespoons of butter. Finally about ten tablespoons of cassareep, the concen-



trated juice of the bitter cassava, is stirred in until the soup is brown in color. Now the pot must simmer for an hour or so, then it is set aside to cool for twenty-four hours.

On the second day the soup is boiled up again and allowed to simmer for half an hour; then it must rest for another full twenty-four hours. On the third day it boils up again and simmers, and only now is it ready to serve. Still it is a young soup and by no means at its best. Among the epicures of

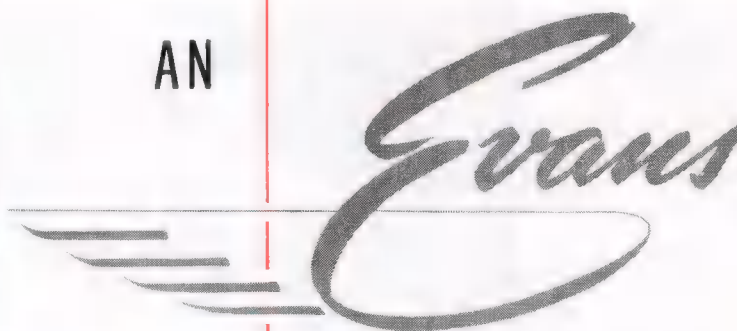
Guiana it is customary to keep the pepper pot going by constantly replenishing its ingredients to compensate for the portion removed. It is heated up day after day, month after month, and year after year until the pipkin is well caked like an old brier pipe. The finest pepper pot is at least a hundred years old, they say; it passes down from generation to generation, growing richer and spicier. I do not recommend the pepper pot to busy men, but if you have reached the age of retirement and are moving to the country, I suggest that you cultivate this soup as a hobby. Devote your declining years to the creation of the perfect

West Indian pepper pot, and when you are finally gathered to your fathers, you will leave something to be remembered by. Furthermore, through eating this soup day after day, you will accustom yourself to intense heat. It is always well to be prepared for the hereafter.

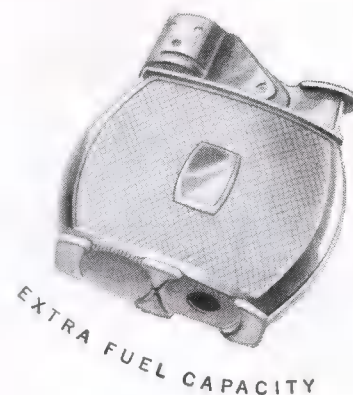
The food of England seems reasonably familiar to American visitors, though it is not so well prepared as in France or even as at home. Flavor is noticeably lacking except in certain London restaurants which follow French or Italian methods. There are, however, certain typically English foods which are excellent. The English mutton chop is a fine and rugged fellow, and Stilton cheese ranks with the best strong cheeses of the world, especially when it has been well soaked in port wine. The clotted cream of Devonshire and Cornwall is a real delicacy, going wonderfully well with scones and strawberry jam.

Any man with a cow can make clotted cream, and I strongly advise him to do so, for it will delight his week-end guests. Take a gallon of raw milk, place it in a large and deep pan and leave it in a cool place overnight. The next day heat it very slowly over a low fire until a thick yellow crust forms on the surface. Now place it in the refrigerator, let it stand until the next day, then skim off the yellow crust and press it into a bowl for safekeeping. This is the clotted cream,

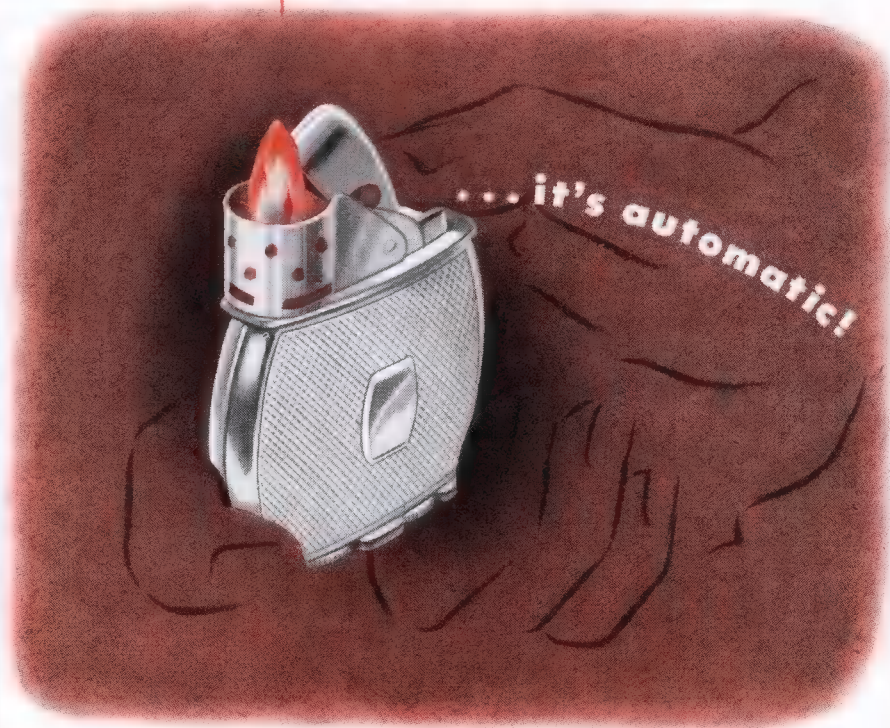
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and you may use it as you need it, on bread and jam or on any pie or pastry. Apple pie à la clotted cream is far superior to the usual apple pie à la mode.

Travelers in Russia will observe that sour cream plays a highly important part in the dietary. It appears in all kinds of dishes from soups to desserts, and even accompanies caviar. Sour cream is easily digested and highly nutritious.

Psychologists maintain that the processes of the Russian mind are more roundabout than those of the American or Anglo-Saxon. A strange manifestation of the Russian tendency to overcomplicate simple matters is the extraordinary dessert known as *Gouriewskaia Kascha*, a species of pudding composed of powdered almonds, walnuts, milk, sugar, semolina, apricot jam, assorted crystallized fruits and bread crumbs. The method of composing the pudding is as complicated as an orchestration by Stravinsky.

The milk is poured into a flat baking dish and placed in a moderate oven until a light brown skin forms on the surface. This is carefully removed, then the milk is returned to the oven to form another skin and so on until the cook has five or six. Now the semolina is added to the remaining milk and simmered over a low fire until it is thick and pasty. The ground-up nuts and sugar are stirred in. Then you make a rim of pastry, about two inches high, around a baking dish; a layer of the nut-sugar-semolina mixture is put in, and a milk skin laid on top of it. Now a layer of apricot jam and crystallized fruits, and another milk skin.

The process is repeated, alternating fruits with nuts, divided by milk skins, until the dish is full. Bread crumbs are sprinkled on top and the concoction is baked in the oven. When it has cooled off a sprinkling of white sugar tops the dish, and this is browned over by holding a hot iron close to it. At long last the *Gouriewskaia Kascha*, a pie or pudding, or perhaps the ultimate triumph of a Five Year Plan, is ready to serve.

In Germany dishes with a sweet-sour flavoring, combinations of vinegar and sugar, have always been popular. In Hungary a copious use of paprika appears to be obligatory. Cold foods dominate the table of the Scandinavian countries, which may seem odd in these Northern latitudes. However, a variety of spirituous liquors and frequent cups of hot coffee serve to keep the Nordic stomach warm.



The Italian cuisine is characterized by many dishes composed of pastes, such as macaroni, spaghetti and ravioli, and by a liberal use of onions, garlic and wines in cookery. In Spain the flavors of garlic and olive oil prevail, but travelers cannot fail to admire the wonderful variety of egg dishes and sausages.

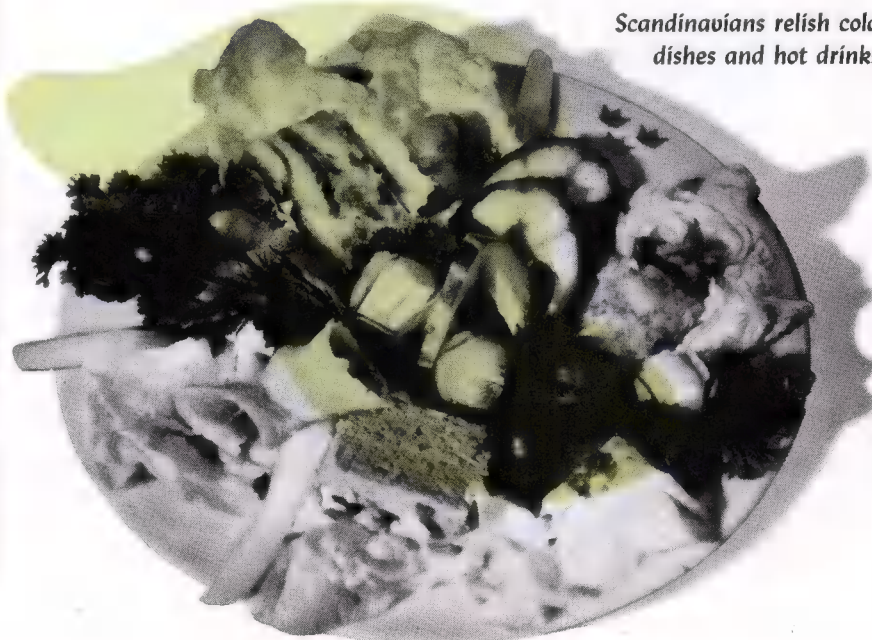
The Andalusian egg dish prepared "à la Flamenca" is an example of the way Spaniards mix ingredients which we would consider uncongenial. It contains eggs, tomatoes, green peas, string beans, fried potatoes, asparagus tips, pimientos, onions, sliced sausages and ham. It is noteworthy that this dish contains neither garlic nor olive oil, yet is typically Spanish.

We often point with pride to the four-thousand-mile frontier between the United States and Canada, unguarded by a single fortress. We describe it as a line which unites instead of dividing our two countries. Similarly, there is little difference between the foods of Canada and the United States.

Among our neighbors to the south it is quite another story. In Mexico, Spanish and Aztec antecedents have produced a cuisine as different from ours as day from night. You may feel that, having eaten tamales and chile con carne in some American restaurant and survived, you know your way around the Mexican cuisine. This is a mistake. Those tamales and that chile were prepared in Texas style, for average Americans who are not proficient fire eaters.

Truly nothing could be more bland and tasteless than the basic food of the Mexican peasant, the humble *tortilla*, which is a simple pancake made of sticky corn meal. But the *tortilla* is only eaten neat when the poor Indian has nothing to season it with. When rolled up and stuffed with bits of pork, chicken, eggs or cheese, the *tortilla* becomes a *tacos*, Mexican counterpart of our sandwich. Crisply fried *tortillas*, spread with minced chicken,

Scandinavians relish cold dishes and hot drinks



meat or salad, are called *tostados*. And these, well spiced with a *mole* or tomato sauce, liberally seasoned with chili peppers, become *enchiladas*. At this point they take on a fiery quality which gives the traveler pause.

The brown beans known as frijoles are a staple food of Mexico. They are boiled, fried or mashed, and served with chicken and rice, or with eggs and bananas. Like most other foods of this country, they are apt to be seasoned with chili peppers. Avocado, stuffed with peppers and onions, is a favorite salad south of the border.

The *mole* sauces of Mexico deserve special mention. They are made of chili peppers, ground-up nuts, spices, sesame seeds and chocolate. They come in different colors, brown, green and black—but all of them are hot. Wild turkey with *mole* sauce was a gala dish of the ancient Aztecs. The *Mole de Guajolote*, or turkey with chocolate sauce, is still a favorite delicacy in Mexico.

There is a unique cheese in Mexico which in the state of Oaxaca is made in a long white ribbon and rolled up into a ball about five inches in diameter. To eat it you merely peel off a yard or so, and it goes well with the fine Mexican beer.

The cookery of our other Latin American neighbors generally follows Spanish precedents but without the same generous use of olive oil. In the best restaurants of South America the French cuisine is universally admired. Argentina, with its magnificent cattle ranges, serves the world's finest fillet of beef, and has some interesting regional dishes made of parts of the animal not ordinarily eaten in the United States. A sheep roasted whole is a classical offering in the countryside of both Argentina and Chile.

A characteristic dish of Cuba, well worth trying, is composed of chicken, black beans and peppers, and as an appetizer I can recommend the cocktail made of rum seasoned with melon seeds of some kind, producing a milky liquid which is smooth but potent. Throughout



the American tropics hearts of palm are eaten, sometimes hot and sometimes cold in salads. Martinique, with a French appreciation of tasty foods, has many interesting dishes, notably shrimp with hot chili peppers, oil and lemon juice.

In the Near East and Middle East pilau, also spelled pulao, is the equivalent of corned beef and cabbage in the United States. It is a combination of rice, bits of meat, vegetables, nuts and spices.

DRAWINGS BY M. EILEEN BRINTON

The couscous of North Africa, made by the natives of Morocco and Algeria, is a primitive relative of pilau, but I would not advise any traveler to eat a quantity of couscous unless he expects to follow it with a long ride on a camel. This exercises the stomach muscles, and if the rider lives, it will have a salutary effect. A full-sized couscous, made of barley flour and bits of fat mutton, is perhaps as easy to digest as a bucket of paperhanger's paste or a large serving of Scotch haggis.

The Chinese cuisine is weird and peculiar, involving the use of such things as bird nests, shark fins, water lilies, seaweed, lotus seeds, preserved eggs, putrefied fish, smoked ducks and soybean sauces. Only the most hardened and experienced travelers should indulge in native dishes along the Yangtze River.

In India cooking has been regarded as a fine art for some thousands of years, and is referred to in the ancient Hindu religious books. Here subtle seasonings have perhaps reached the highest state of development, though in many cases the result is entirely unsuitable to our taste. Curried dishes have an enthusiastic following among Anglo-Saxons who have resided in India, and in both London and New York, East Indian restaurants develop a small but loyal clientele. Only the uninitiated imagine that typical Indian dishes can be made with ready-prepared curry powders. The original creations require a variety of seasonings unobtainable in the United States. Furthermore, they must be prepared by native Indian cooks who possess the skill and infinite patience necessary to put them together. The only thoroughly satisfactory way to become acquainted with Indian cooking is to go to India and stay there long enough to become acclimatized. You may return with a ruby-red complexion and an enlarged liver, but perhaps it is worth the sacrifice.

Of all the world's regional dishes, the Javanese Rice Table holds first place for strangeness. To eat it from beginning to end is an achievement. It had its origin more than three hundred years ago in the early days of the Dutch occupation. As served in the leading hotels of Java, the Rice Table was a ritual in which twenty-five waiters took part. The guests are provided with large soup plates, smaller side plates, forks and spoons. The first waiter brings in a huge bowl of steamed rice which forms the base of the feast. The other waiters follow, each carrying two dishes of curried foods, salads and garnishes. Each guest is expected to help himself from all of these dishes, adding some things to his bowl of rice and putting others on the smaller side plates. There will be from forty to fifty different items.

It would be fruitless to describe the composition of the fantastic dishes included in this Gargantuan feast. They contain such esoteric seasonings as lemon grass, tamarind juice, coriander seed, powdered dried shrimp and fish, fermented soya cakes, and innumerable other delicacies peculiar to the country.

Failing an opportunity to go to Java and sample this food, it is better to dream of the Rice Table as the unattainable fourth dimension in eating—the dish to end all regional dishes.



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SUPPERTIME ACROSS THE NATION

Every night a family numbering millions sits down to a mammoth supper table—a table so *long* that it reaches across the country from coast-to-coast, and so *wide* that it touches both the Canadian border and the Gulf of Mexico.

We of the Wilson organization like to think of these millions of folks as members of one great family—the *Wilson* family—who have one thing in common: they prefer and relish the good *quality* and extra fine *flavor* of Wilson's *Certified* Meats and Clearbrook Dairy products.

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That is why Wilson's "Certified" and "Clearbrook" products are served at this great, nationwide table, comprised of millions of individual family tables, not only for supper and dinner, but for lunch and breakfast, too.



The Wilson label protects your table

Games Brighten Car Trips

A LIVELY GAME can add interest to long automobile trips, especially if there are youngsters along.

One good game consists of the identification of distant objects. Start by trying to name species of trees on the hills ahead, and makes of approaching automobiles or the models of planes you may see.

If this wearies, try to guess the number of passengers in oncoming cars. This can be varied by taking the cars in rotation and totaling the number of individuals each player claims for his own. Interest

Tips to Travelers



is added when an approaching bus passes a coupé, suddenly becoming the second car instead of the third. Here's a jackpot for the player whose turn it is at the moment. But there's often a laugh when the bus proves empty except for the driver.

Another variation is in looking for cars from each of the states. Finding them in alphabetical sequence is usually several days' job.

Home, Rover

SOME HOTELS DO NOT PERMIT dogs in rooms. Restaurants do not like them; railways prefer that they be shipped in baggage cars and they are not permitted in the staterooms or public rooms on ships. Dogs are sometimes cared for in kennels on an upper deck, but to insure a pleasant journey it is usually best to leave your pets at home.

Weather Problems

WHEN PLANNING a short trip, you may find it helpful to call your local weather bureau for a general forecast of what's expected in the region you will visit.



Portable Bookshelves

TRAVELERS WHO WANT to carry a number of books can buy a compact case with a sturdy handle designed to hold about twelve books. They are on sale in specialty luggage shops and large department stores. The top opens all the way across so that any book in the case is easily accessible.

High Altitude



TO AVOID THE FATIGUE and digestive disorders that sometimes result from the low air pressure in such places as Mexico City, eat frequently but very lightly for the first two or three days and get plenty of rest. Wait until you've become acclimated before trying unusual foods and long sight-seeing tours.

Adhesive for the Tenderfoot

IF YOUR FEET ARE TENDER, you can apply moleskin adhesive tape to irritated heels

and toes. Many a blister can be prevented by its use. It's available in flesh color for the fastidious.

Poison Ivy Can Spoil Your Fun

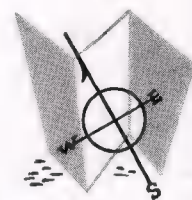
BEFORE YOU GO picnicking, camping or hiking learn to identify poison ivy, poison oak and poison sumac. Your dictionary will describe them, probably with illustrations. Make a habit of washing thoroughly after each tramp through the woods, then apply rubbing alcohol, rinse with cold water and dry. If you are extremely allergic, there are preventive inoculations which may be taken before the season.



Mexican Shoes

SHOE SIZES RUN WIDE and short in Mexico. It's especially difficult to find women's shoes that are longer than size six. Because of this, in order to save discomfort it's best to take your own.

Maps Save Time and Money



TAKE A TIP from the commercial traveler and procure a city map from the transit company office or municipal information center, when

you enter a large city for the first time. In some cities, a map can be purchased from a newsstand for a few cents. By doing this you'll save time.

Mister, Not Comrade

IF YOU'RE GOING to Russia, or entertaining Russians, don't call them *Tovarisch* (comrade).

This is a salutation that is used only between Soviet citizens. Use instead the word *Gospodein*, which corresponds to our "mister."



Perfume

WONDERFUL FRENCH PERFUMES are available in Jamaica, Trinidad, the Bahamas, Mexico and South America. They are duty free. But when purchasing them, try to buy sealed bottles because the open extracts may be watered down.

About Hitchhikers



IF YOU PICK UP a hitchhiker and he is injured in your car, he can sue you and collect damages. In many states, hitchhiking is illegal.

Panama (?) Hats

THE BEST PANAMA HATS are said to be made in Ecuador, not Panama. The finest grade are woven under water. You can see them being made by natives and probably can get one at a bargain.

Collapsible Strollers

LAYOVERS OF SEVERAL HOURS between trains can be vexing, especially if you



Miami Beach, semi-tropical land of sunshine and palms, offers cycling thrills galore to youth of all ages . . .



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For availability information on the beautiful, sturdy, smooth-pedaling 1946 Shelseys, see your Shelby dealer. And for a handsome folder in color, illustrating and describing these famous and popular bikes, write today to The Shelby Cycle Company, Shelby, Ohio.

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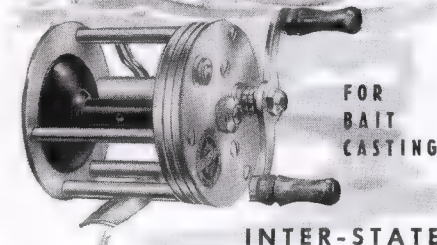
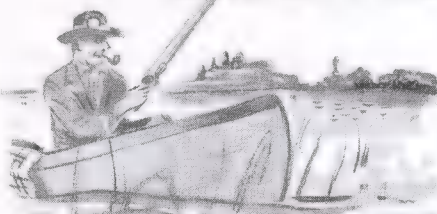


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A precision-made level winding reel with every feature needed to land fish on lake or stream. Its specially constructed lightweight aluminum spool allows for longer accurate casts with a minimum chance of backlash. A fine reel at a moderate price.



VISCOY CREEK FLY REEL

A fly reel with features every fly fisherman will enjoy using. Silent permanent drag, split-second take-apart construction, line guide and quick line-drying design. Light, sturdy and handsome. An exceptional value.



Send for Folder H

have small children. Folding strollers will save the problem of carrying a child through a crowded station. And the child won't toddle off because he is securely strapped in. Back on the train, the stroller is again folded and stored in the baggage compartment.

Metric Miles

THE HIGHWAY SIGN read "Velocidad Máxima 40." The tourist guessed correctly that it referred to the speed limit, and cut his pace to 40 miles an hour. He was surprised and indignant to be arrested a few minutes later for speeding. That could have happened to the unwary anywhere in Latin America. The "40" on the highway sign referred to kilometers, not miles. Since a kilometer is five eighths of a mile, the speed limit was actually 25 miles an hour.

Free Aid

TRAVEL AGENTS CAN SUGGEST itineraries, buy your tickets, make your hotel reservations, and relieve you of worries over detail. The service costs nothing because the agents receive commissions from transportation companies and hotels for sending them business.

No Cure for Seasickness—But . . .

SEASICKNESS CAN BE AVOIDED in most cases by the observance of a few simple rules. Go aboard ship in a rested, relaxed condition, and get plenty of rest every day and night. Avoid overeating, but eat regularly and take plenty of exercise. If you feel queasy, relax in a deck chair and inhale deeply when the ship noses down, exhaling as it rises on the next wave.

Latin American Druggists

IF A NIGHT EMERGENCY arises during your Latin American vacation, don't give up hope if all the drugstores seem closed. In large cities, a minimum number of pharmacies are required to have a clerk on duty all night. The stores take turns, and the one on the night shift advertises as a "botica de turno."

A "Must" for Travelers

NO MATTER WHERE OF how you're traveling, you'll be glad you remembered to check that first-aid kit to see that you have an adequate supply of adhesive tape, gauze pads, aspirin, burn ointment, iodine, bandage roll, and sterile scissors or razor blade.

Customs Rules Can Cost You Money

IN MONTREAL, last summer, a woman tourist saw her favorite perfume on sale at less than she paid at home. She bought several bottles, thinking she could include them among the purchases she carried home, duty-free, under the \$100 exemption granted each tourist. But the cus-

toms agent refused to pass the perfume. "It's a patented product," he explained, "and the manufacturer has his agent in the United States and won't allow anyone else to import it—not even tourists."

Before you enter Canada or Mexico, customs agents suggest, it's well to ask what restrictions there are on bringing home things you want. There are complete bans on some things, limitations on others—only 50 cigars, or 300 cigarettes, or three pounds of smoking tobacco—only one gallon of liquor. The things you can bring in duty-free are limited to \$100 for each member of your party, provided you remain 48 hours in Canada, 24 in Mexico.

Visas and Passports

YOU NEED NOT CONCERN YOURSELF about securing a visa for your trip to Mexico, because the Mexican government has simplified entry requirements for tourists. No passport is required of American or Canadian visitors when they don't intend to stay more than six months.

A tourist card, obtained for eighty cents from any Mexican consul's office, is all you need. When applying, have a birth certificate or documentary evidence of citizenship.

The Canadian government requires the traveler to show identification when entering and leaving the Dominion. Passports are required for most foreign travel, and to insure against delay application should be made at least three weeks in advance. When applying, have a birth certificate and two passport photographs in addition to visas for the countries you plan to visit. Visas may be procured from the consular office of each country in New York or from a travel agent.

No Snub Intended

DON'T BE OFFENDED when a Latin American stops to shake hands and chat and yet doesn't introduce his feminine companion. He's not trying to snub you; he's merely following the custom of his country. South of the Rio Grande free-handed introductions, à la United States, just aren't the thing.

Flashlights and Fuses

"MY WORST EXPERIENCE in twenty years of cross-country driving," says a woman motorist, "was the night my light fuse blew out as I was approaching Denver. It was three hours before I finally got a mechanic. I made it a point to find out how he removed the old fuse and how he put in the new one. Since then I've always carried extra ones and a good flashlight with a long beam. It's a help in reading road signs."

Tips on Tipping

HOW MUCH should you tip porters, waiters, bellboys? Here's the advice of a veteran travel agent: When traveling by



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- No special skill needed

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Pullman, the porter should be given 50 cents for an overnight trip. If you remain aboard the train part of another day, this should be increased proportionately. If you travel by chair car, 25 cents is the average tip for a two-or-three-hour trip. For a journey of four hours or longer, however, the porter will expect more. For meals, both on trains and in hotels, the average tip is 15 cents for breakfast, 20 cents for lunch, 25 cents for dinner—usually slightly more than 10 per cent of the check.

The bellboy, if you have the usual amount of luggage, will expect 25 cents when you enter the hotel, and again when you leave.

Keep Your Toes In



MANY A WOMAN TRAVELER has discovered that open-toed shoes and sight-seeing in foreign lands don't mix. That's because in many countries you will have to walk along dirt roads if you wish to see all the sights. And your open-toed shoes will pick up pebbles and mud.

Flowers on a Plate

COLOMBIANS USE FLOWERS as greeting cards. If you make friends on your South American trip in such cities as Bogotá, Medellín, Cali or Barranquilla, you will get flowers from them on every conceivable occasion. They won't be delivered by a florist. They'll be brought on a silver platter by your friend's servant.

Bubbles for Safety

WHEN YOU SEE travelers buying bottled water and going to the trouble of carrying it along with them, it's usually wise to do the same. The local water supply is probably suspect. And if you want to be sure that your bottles haven't been filled from the tap and then sold to you, ask for carbonated water.

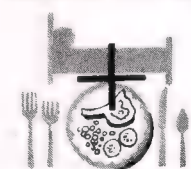


Forwarding Addresses

TRAVELERS ABROAD can keep in touch with their homes by leaving a reliable mailing address. Leave the address or addresses in writing, but it isn't wise to have important papers sent to foreign addresses. By leaving a small sum at your bank for carrying charges, you may have cables opened and rewired to your forwarding address.

American or What?

IT'S WISE TO FIND OUT if the hotels at which you plan to stop are operated on the American or the European plan. Otherwise you may find yourself imitating the salesman who visited Atlantic City last summer. Registered at a Boardwalk hotel, he decided that he'd save money by having his meals elsewhere.



But after eating lunch and dinner at a small side-street restaurant, he discovered that the American plan prevailed at his hotel—that the rate he was paying included all

his meals. The European plan includes your room and the regular services, but not meals.

Buy Films at Destination

CAMERA ADDICTS planning long trips should buy some of the necessary photographic materials in the countries they will visit. The cost will be higher—but with no haggling with air-line officials over excess baggage weight. Good film for small cameras can be purchased in almost any small town throughout the world.

Many countries using the metric system do not carry the professional 4x5 film. You will be able to get 9x12 centimeter film packs, and folded paper may be inserted between the smaller film and the sides and bottom of the holder.

No Red Roses, Please



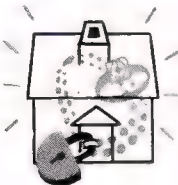
SENDING YOUR HOSTESS flowers in appreciation of her hospitality is a courtesy almost anywhere in the world. But in Lima, Peru, it's wise to omit red roses. They carry a romantic implication which her husband probably will resent.

Large Negatives Preferred

IF YOU PLAN TO PAY for part of your trip by selling photographs, remember that most magazines prefer 4x5 negatives in either black and white or color. But 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 are usually acceptable. The lightweight camera in which they are used is much more convenient when traveling in jungles or mountains. A 35 mm. camera is even more compact, but this size negative makes poor enlargements if scratched or dirty. In most of South America, sediment in the water makes it practically impossible to wash and dry negatives without scratching. It is better to develop only test rolls, keeping the finer negatives to be developed when you return home.

What to Leave at Home

LEAVE YOUR VALUABLES at home when you travel. Many a husband wishes someone had given his wife that advice. And it's a good idea to tell the police that you're going to be away, so they can keep an eye on your house.



Experienced travelers have found that on long trips it's wise to list the addresses you will have and the dates when you will be at each. Give copies to your friends and to your bank, so they can reach you in case of emergency.

Take a Musette Bag

AN ARMY MUSETTE BAG is much better for camera and photographic materials than a rigid case on either long hikes or horseback rides.

Rice Absorbs Moisture

IN DAMP SECTIONS, such as the Amazon Basin, a little dry rice in your film boxes will absorb moisture. If you expect to remain long in such a territory, it is best to keep your camera in a metal box.

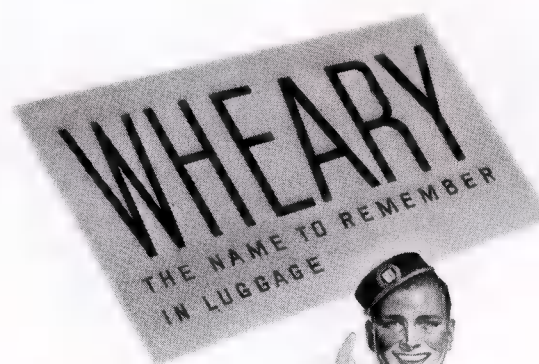


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Only a few years after Gainsborough had put the last brush stroke to his famous portrait, *Bautte*, another genius in a different field—the art of watchmaking—put his signature to *his* first masterpiece—a watch of enduring beauty and precision.

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Five generations of skilled craftsmen have made possible the modern *Girard-Perregaux* watch and perpetuated the tradition of excellence and dependability for which the name stands.

The shops of the finest jewelers the world over display many types of *Girard-Perregaux* timepieces in a wide price range.

Gainsborough's Portrait of The Hon. Mrs. Graham
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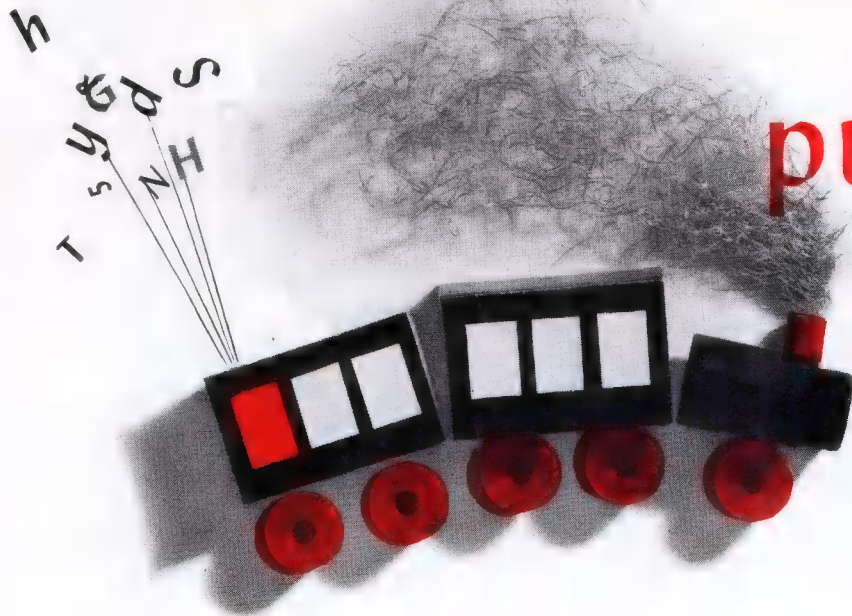
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puzzle yourself

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USUALLY WHEN YOU SOLVE A PUZZLE, you're through with it, or at least with that particular specimen of the breed.

The puzzles on this page are different. They're self-repeating, self-duplicating—they'll go on forever, if you want them to. All the equipment you need is a pencil and paper, mastery of a few simple principles—and, oh yes, an eraser. They'll provide endless entertainment of the kind you often need to while away five minutes in a dentist's office—or five hours on a train—or five days on an ocean liner. Try them and see.

(ANSWERS, IF NECESSARY, ON PAGE 115)

DESIGNS BY GERTRUDE GORDON

HERE'S ONE FOR ANAGRAMMARIANS. Start with any word (say TEAR), add a letter (say S), and get a new word (say ASTER). Then subtract a letter, rearrange the rest, and get another word (STAR). Again add a letter, rearrange, and get a third word (STRAP). Go on in this way, alternately adding and dropping letters and making a new word at every step. With luck and a little skill you can continue almost indefinitely, but a chain of twenty-five words is par.

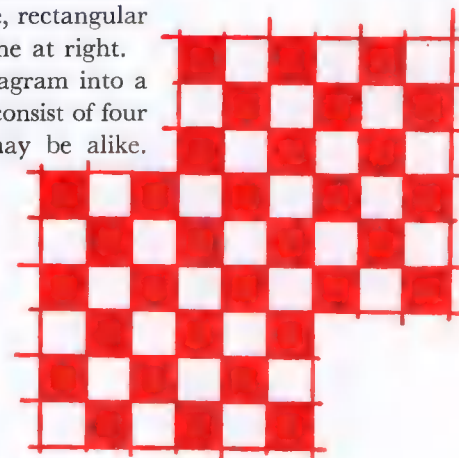
T	E	A	R	
A	S	T	E	R
	S	T	A	R
S	T	R	A	P

IN-AND-OUT

A four-letter starting word makes a puzzle of average difficulty; five or six letter words are harder. It's not cricket to add S to make a plural, or D to make a past tense. Try starting with TAME and running it into a chain of twenty-five words.

THIS IS HARDER than it looks. Want to try it? First draw a checkered diagram containing from 25 to 100 squares. It may be square, rectangular or of an irregular shape, like the one at right.

The problem is to divide the diagram into a number of parts. Each part must consist of four or five squares. No two parts may be alike.



CHECKER-JIG

Parts may differ either in shape or in the arrangement of the black and white squares. Your big trouble will be avoiding duplicates. You will think your solution is complete. Then you'll discover that one part has a twin, perhaps upside down, and have to start over again.

And don't try to solve checker-jigs with scissors; use a pencil. Pencil lines can be erased.

HERE'S ANOTHER OF those puzzles that are more fun to make than to solve. Ring-Around-Rosy is really an endless chain, made up of interlocking words. In this sample 16 geographical names have been woven. Can you find them?



RING-AROUND-ROSY

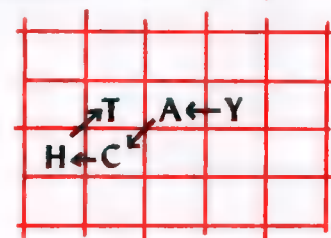
Now make a few rings of your own, using Girls' Names, or Boys' Names, or Surnames of Famous People, or almost any category. Names must overlap by at least two letters. ALMA-MARY is a good combination, but don't try MARY-YVONNE. That's entirely too easy.

WORD MAZES ALSO BELONG to the more-fun-to-make-than-to-solve school. In the diagram at right you should be able to find the names of eight domestic animals in less than three minutes. To find them, start with any letter and spell out a word, moving one square at a time in any direction, exactly as the king moves in chess. Arrows show how GOAT is spelled out. Now try filling in a 4 by 5 maze with these names of water craft: Bark, Boat, Cat, Craft,

T	R	M	B
O	A	E	U
G	C	L	L

MAZE YOURSELF

Destroyer, Dory, Ferry, Raft, Ship, Yacht (already in place). Or draw blank diagrams and make mazes of your own. Eight words is par for a 4 by 5 diagram, but if you're clever you may squeeze in as many as sixteen. Each space must be filled. Each letter must be part of at least one word. The same square must not be used twice in spelling a single word.



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CATEGORIES

THE FAMILIAR GAME of Categories has interesting possibilities for puzzling yourself. You've played it at parties, where your host-ess has passed out slips of paper looking like this:

	P	A	R	T	S
GEOGRAPH-ICAL NAMES	Paris				
SPORTING TERMS	Punt				
FAMOUS PERSONS	Penn				
BOYS' NAMES	Paul				
ANIMALS AND BIRDS	Pig				

In each of the five squares in the left-hand column is listed a type, or category, of object—such as cities, sports, famous persons, and so on.

Across the top of the other columns a key word is written, with each of its five letters heading a column of squares. You fill the boxes with words so that each word fits the category listed at the left, and begins with the letter placed at the top. The first column is started as an example.

It's even more fun to make up these puzzles yourself: select your own categories, then pick the key word. For an easy start, choose broad categories, such as book titles, or fruits and vegetables, or foods and beverages, or actors and actresses, and select a key word without difficult letters such as J, Q, and Z. To make it harder, choose limited categories and a key word with these tricky letters. All five letters must be different.

Object of the game is to list as many suitable words as possible. To score yourself, count one point for each word, limit yourself to five words in any one box, and subtract one point for each empty box. If you score 100, you're doing all right.

THE NUMBERS RACKET

THIS ONE IS INSIDIOUS. You start out thinking you can take it or leave it alone, but before long you have reached the just-one-more stage.

Here's how to begin: Choose any digit. Write it four times, add mathematical symbols and get an expression that equals zero.

Now use four of the same digit and a new set of symbols, and make an expression that equals one. Keep on, making equations for two, three, four . . . and so forth. See how far you can go without leaving any gaps.

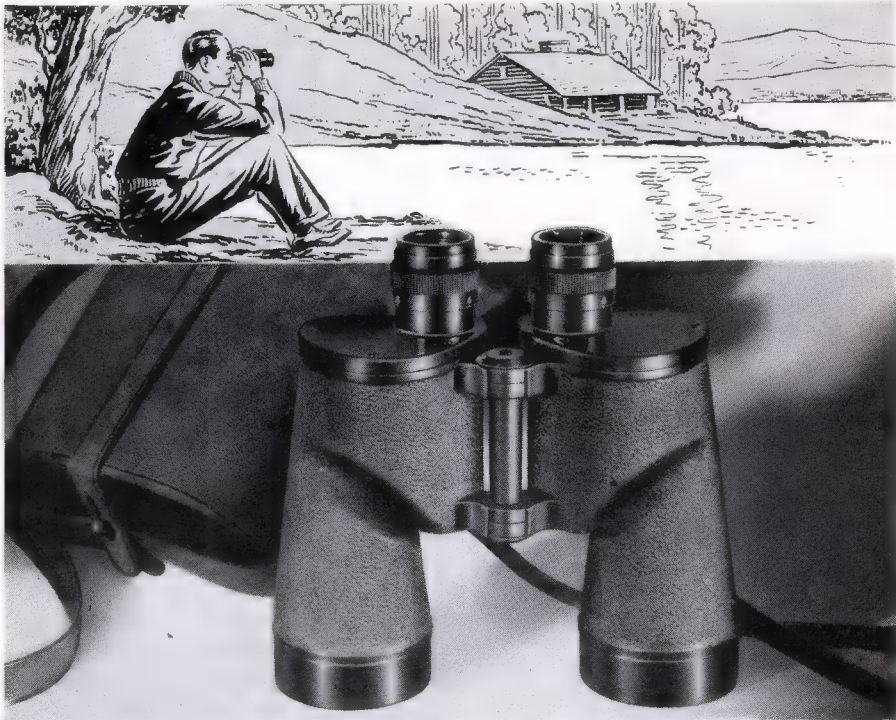
With each digit, except 0 and 1, you can make every number up to at least sixteen. And by using four 4's experts say that equations for every number from 0 to 200 have been found.

As a beginning, start with four 9's and find expressions which equal the numbers from 0 to 4. Here are the first three:

0 = $\frac{9}{9} - \frac{9}{9}$ 1 = $\frac{(9 \times 9) + 9}{9}$ 2 = $\frac{9 + 9}{(\sqrt{9})(\sqrt{9})}$

It's fun. Got any spare time? The puzzles that are given here—plus varieties you'll create—will fill it for you.

(Answers on page 115)



HAPPY DAYS AHEAD

There'll be lots to see, time to see it in. Now you can plan to buy the genuine Bausch & Lomb binocular you've always wanted. The magnificent waterproof 7X, 50 Navy glass shown above, for example, is now available. Other popular B&L models will be out in early spring. And every B&L glass will have the benefit of Balcote, the Bausch & Lomb anti-reflection treatment which greatly increases light transmission and sharpens detail. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester 2, N. Y.

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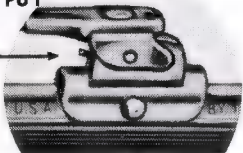
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Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
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GARY, INDIANA

A Story Hangs by Every Trip

IT IS NO COINCIDENCE that the art of storytelling has declined with the advent of central heating. Steam radiators and the easy accessibility of movies and radios have made unhurried conversations around open fireplaces a thing of the past.

Happily a few spots remain where automatic entertainment is inaccessible and where time is relatively unimportant. On ships and trains and in clubsthe storyteller is sometimes allowed to exercise his unique talents.

In the interest of preserving some of that conversational lore, HOLIDAY has created this repository for travelers' tales. Here will appear the mellow stories of travelers and their experiences—tales of pathos and droll humor, of human interest and gross exaggeration.

Travelers'
Tales

Escape

JOHN WALSH brings this one back from a trip to South Africa, where he made color photographs of the animals and the scenery:

"We were hunting elephants, by camera, in the Kruger National Park. A herd had recently been seen near where the road we were traveling—two bare earth tracks through the grass and bush—skirted a stream.

"Finally Harold Dean, who was driving, stopped the car between the river bank and a thicket of alderlike trees.

"If we can't find the elephants," he grinned, switching off the engine, 'maybe they'll find us.'

"He said it as a joke, but not five minutes later the most gigantic living thing I have ever seen suddenly appeared out of the dense thicket. He had come as silently as a ghost. Not rustling a leaf, not snapping a twig, the massive gray beast moved toward us with ponderous steps. Then, halfway between the thicket and the car, he paused to study us.

"My hands were trembling. Each click of the shutter, I feared, would start him stampeding toward us!

"But he just stood there, weaving slowly from side to side, moving his sail-size ears back and forth, meditatively, as I took shot after shot.

"Then, with a sudden, vigorous flap of his ears, the huge beast gave a high-



pitched donkeylike trumpeting, and vanished into the thicket as silently as he had come.

"At sundown we joined some other tourists who were swapping experiences in front of the thatched-roofed white rondel which served as the ranger's office. None of the others had seen elephants, so, when the ranger asked us, I replied as casually as I could: 'Just one.'

"Well, not a whole one," quipped Dean. 'He had only one tusk.'

"Oh, him!" exclaimed the ranger. 'That one got so mean the herd drove him out. He's an outlaw. Too dangerous to be running around loose. We'll have to track him down and shoot him.'

"A week or so later I heard the sequel. A professor, traveling alone, had stopped just as we had done—and a huge elephant had come forth to inspect his car, too, but at close range. First, he began feeling the sides and fenders with his trunk. Then his sensitive nose touched the steaming-hot radiator.

"The elephant emitted a squeal of pain, and went to work on that car. He turned it over and over, while the professor rattled around inside. Then he stamped all over it, leaving it almost as flat as a crushed tomato can. Inside, with both legs broken, the professor lay pinned for hours—until another motorist chanced along and summoned help.

"A few days later the ranger found that elephant. He was less than a hundred yards from the trampled car—dead. He was the outlaw, all right. His huge size and single tusk were evidence of that.

"But, strangest of all, the beast was uninjured save for a big blister on his trunk. Apparently he had got so angry with that hot radiator, he dropped dead of apoplexy."

The Fodder Sled vs. the Airplane

TRAVELERS IN FAST PASSENGER PLANES winging over the Southern Appalachians are unaware of the awe felt by simple



mountaineers who view them with up-turned heads from winding valleys and isolated coves.

A case in point is provided by an old mountaineer and his wrinkled wife who lived up a remote hollow.

All his life, the man had held to the belief that when the Lord comes He will come on a fodder sled. His wife opposed him, gently but firmly. Every time he expounded his belief, she patiently contradicted him. She never said how she thought the Lord would come, only that she was sure He would not come on a fodder sled.

One day an airplane flew over their mountain home. They stepped to the yard and gazed upward at the strange sight. It was the first airplane they had ever seen or heard of. They looked in reverent silence until the plane lost itself in the dim horizon. Then the little old lady turned to her husband and remarked quietly:

"Henry, I told you when the Lord came He wouldn't come on a fodder sled."

The Perfect Host

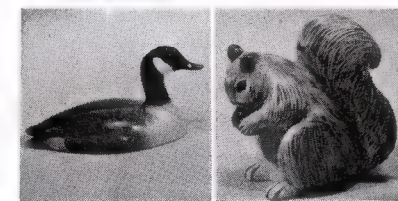
ALFRED BENDINER is an artist whose lithographs have been purchased by leading American museums; an architect whose American battle monuments wrote finis to World War I. At one time in his career he served as staff artist to a museum expedition into Syria and Iraq.

"For the perfect host," he says, "give me the Arab!

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"An Iraqi dealer in antiques sold us a bale of Oriental rugs, silver bracelets and furniture in the afternoon, and that evening invited us to dinner at a Baghdad hotel. We were served oysters, fresh lobster, steak and American ice cream. Our host asked us if we would like to see a movie. We assented, but sat comfortably smoking American cigars and telling stories over Arab coffee for quite a long while. It was getting pretty late when somebody suggested that we should get started.

"In the horse-drawn Victorias we drove madly up the main street to the accompaniment of clanging trolley bells, the sound equipment of every well-appointed carriage. About halfway, we decided that we didn't want to go to the movies after all, but would rather drive around Baghdad for a while.

"Our host asked us to stop at the movie for just a moment. He descended and spoke a few words to the girl in the admission booth. When he returned he explained, 'I just told her to go ahead with the show—they've been holding it up till we arrived.'"

Heard This Version?

MANY YEARS AGO, an Indiana family decided to move to Kentucky and make a fresh start. The father told his daughter she would not be allowed to take her pet cat, and told his son he would not be allowed to take his pet dog.

Moving day came and they piled their household goods on the old jolt wagon. The man and his wife were about to climb onto the spring seat when the little girl broke away and ran to the front gate.

She took her cat in her arms and cried: "Good-by, sweet kitty. We're moving to Kentucky and I will never see you again."

Her brother ran to his dog, threw his arms around Shep's neck, and sobbed:

"Good-by, old Shep. We are moving to Kentucky and I will never see you again."



The scene was too much for their mother. She broke into violent sobbing, then stood up in the wagon, took a last look at the old home place, flung both arms to the sky and cried out in anguish: "Good-by, dear Lord. We're moving to Kentucky and I will never see you again."

No Fires Allowed

LEAVING LISBON on a New-York-bound liner was a small group of Arabs. Presumably they were in the diplomatic service, but whatever their mission they attracted considerable attention as they boarded the ship, and many passengers looked forward to observing them more closely in the dining room.

However, two days passed and not one was seen on deck or in the dining salon. By the end of the fourth day speculation was rife about what had happened to the Arabs. Finally two elderly ladies sought out the steward and urged him to investigate.

After rapping several times, the steward was admitted to a smoke-filled room. He stared incredulously at the center of the

cabin, where on a sheet of metal one of the men was cooking over a small fire.

"I'm sorry," said the steward, "but fires create such a hazard that we are unable to permit guests to cook in their cabins. If you will accompany me, I shall be happy to show you the dining



salon where excellent meals are served all passengers without any extra charge."

The Arabs apologized in faultless English and quenched their fire as the steward reassured them that their fare included all meals.

The ship, however, was forced to dock in New York for several extra days—to redecorate some of its cabins.

Alaskan Whoppers

ARTHUR STRINGER of New Jersey says it is the inquisitiveness of the newcomer that stimulates the inventiveness of the Alaskan old-timer. And the everyday, mine-run old-timer, who has spent so much of his life in solitude, loves to talk. His talk is rich with a solemn-eyed, unsmiling and slightly mournful humor where artlessness is merely the tree-branch above the gun pit of irony. With his wise weather-beaten face deeply crowfooted about the eye- corners, his dehydrated old jowls puckered with the hardships of the trail, he seems so friendly and gently inquisitive that you accept his stories without a wince.

You'll hear of rivers so solid with fish during a salmon run that the sourdoughs could walk from bank to bank and remain dry-shod; of the project to cross the glacier worm and the centipede to achieve an improvement on the obsolescent sleigh dog; of how an old prospector lassoed a thieving wolverine who'd been robbing his grub cache and then trained him to dig test pits in river gravel. A solemn-eyed old sourdough will tell how he was carrying in a deer carcass with the forefeet over his shoulder, when a hungry grizzly sneaked up and yanked that camp meat clear away from him.

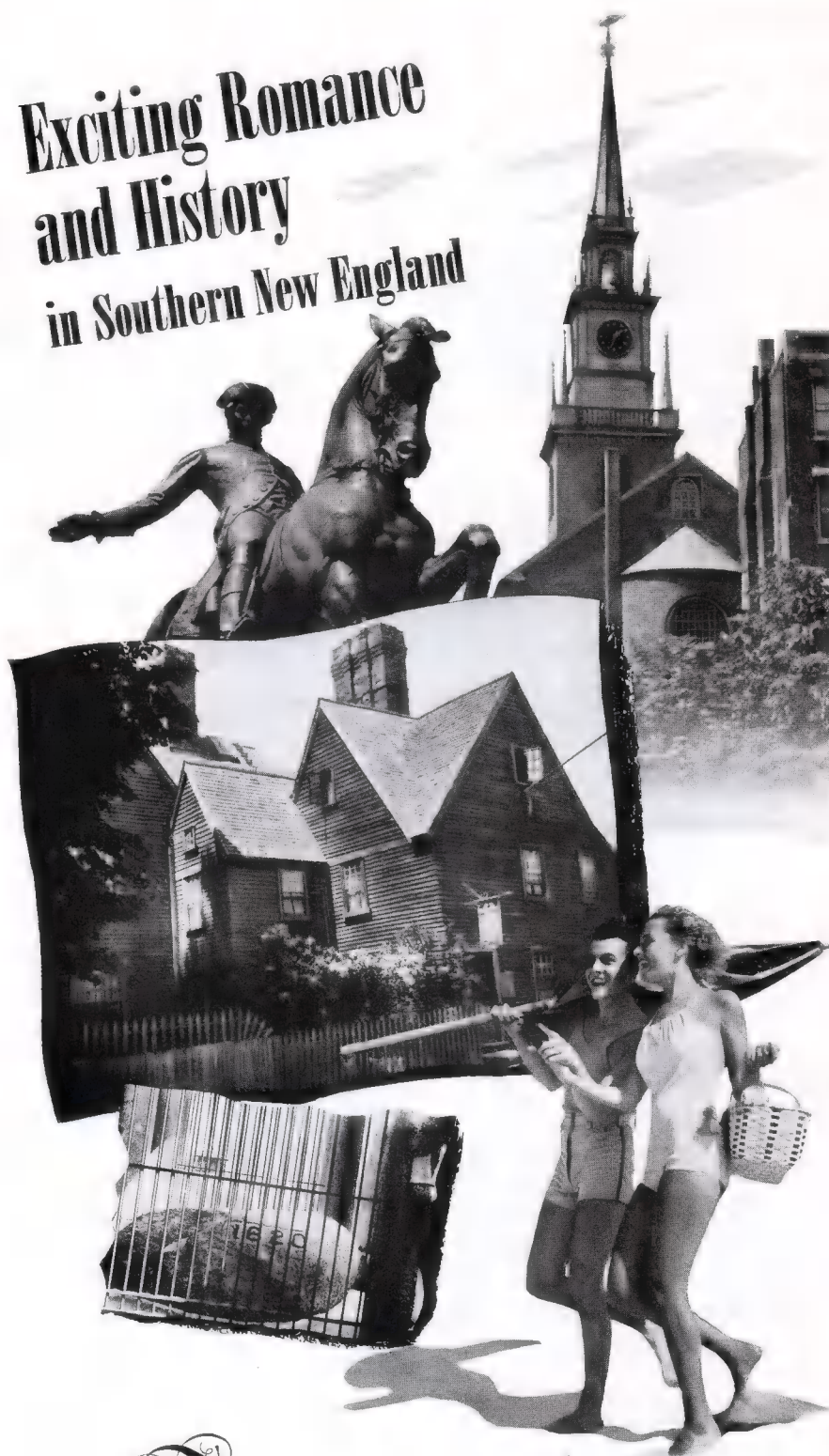
"How big was that grizzly?"

"Say, stranger," comes the casually drawled reply, "that varmint was so big that after I'd shot and skinned him, I had to build me a new shack to git floor room for the skin."

The constituent elements of moose-milk, continues Mr. Stringer, differ slightly in various sections of the Big Country. But its base is usually the same form of native-made red-eye, locally known as hootchinoo. Its fiery nature is increased by an ounce of paprika, a dash of tabasco and, on those occasions when a spot of ether is not accessible, a spoonful of gasoline. The mixture is sweetened and made smooth by shaking it with a tin of condensed milk. After which Nature is permitted to take its unpredictable but exciting course. There's no better way of illustrating the efficacy of moose-milk than to pass on the saga of Jake Garwood as it was told not far from Twelve Mile Creek.

The camp talk that night had gone round to timber wolves, with Jake

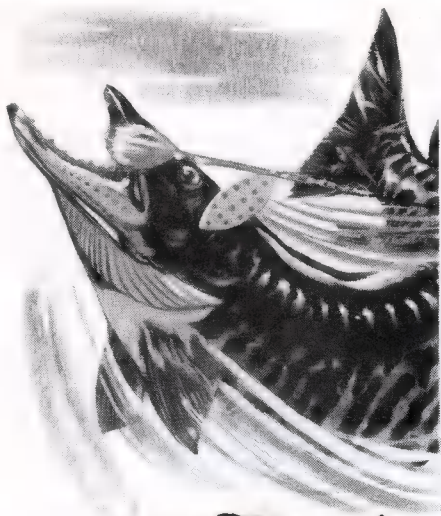
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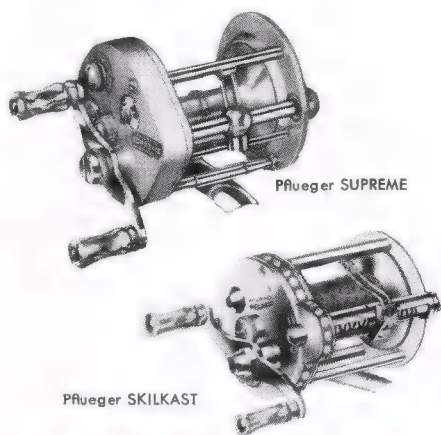
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PFLUEGER
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A Great Name in Tackle

contending that the timber wolf was the meanest and most sagacious meat hunter north of the Mason-Dixon. "And he's meanest," said Jake, "when he bunches up and gits after a hombra steak."

"Ever chased by one?"

"I was chased by seven of 'em," retorted the sad-eyed Jake. "I was back-packin' camp supplies into our diggin's down at Sour Pickle Lake. I'd set out homeward too loaded down to bother about a rifle. But when I woke up and heard that ki-yi chorus echo along the evenin' valley, I sure realized I'd made a mistake. And when I seen them seven varmints comin' for me, I realized I had to travel light and travel fast. About all I salvaged from my dunnage was the bottle of moose-milk that was wedged over-tight in my back pants pocket. When I was about ready to drop, I spotted a lone broomtop spruce and climbed it just as the leading wolf began snappin' at my shirttail. I climbed out of reach, but they surrounded that spruce and kept jumpin' at my legs. All they got was a kick in the eye now and then. But they didn't give up. They turned it into a game of freeze-out. It was a mighty cold night, about forty-five below, and all I had to keep me warm was a nip or two o' that moose-milk."

"About daybreak, I noticed them seven wolves holdin' a council o' war. Then three o' them disappeared over the hill-top leavin' the other four at the base o' the tree. 'Bout an hour later the three come back, shepherdin' a sullen and protestin' he-beaver between 'em. When I seen that beaver, I realized there ain't an animal in the North can outsmart a timber wolf. For in two shakes they were makin' that old beaver git busy on my broomtop spruce. There they was, hijackin' that flat-tailed old rodent into gnawin' me down. And it was good-by Jake, once my tree went over."

"What did you do?"

"Why, stranger, I jus' happened to remember that moose-milk. I figgered the fumes of it might be opprobrious to a water-drinkin' animal and run him off. So I reached down as low as I dast and let a trickle of my moose-milk run down that tree trunk where it'd do the most good. But I began to notice, sir, that this here beaver gnawed busiest where the trickle ran thickest. And by the time my bottle was empty a queer thing happened. That flat-tailed rodent refused to chew any more spruce-wood, but let out a yelp o' independence. He turned on them seven timber wolves and licked the everlasting daylight out o' them. Then he stretched out asleep, while I shinned down that tree and headed for home. Over to my shack on Grumblin' River, I've got me seven wolfskins to prove it!"

The Electronic Age

LAURENS FRITZ wanted to go to Capetown from the time he first saw the Cape of Good Hope in a school geography.



"I spent four weeks in Capetown before I could realize my lifetime dream of look-

ing at the spot Sir Francis Drake called 'the fairest sight we saw in the entire circumnavigation of the earth.'

"A girl I met in Capetown offered to drive me the thirty miles from the city to the promontory. She chose the longer, more scenic route over tortuous Chapman's Peak Drive, much of which is hacked out of solid red sandstone. At last we came to the road's end. My friend parked and jumped out of the car, and we began the long hike up the steep path to the lighthouse perched on the apex of the promontory."

"As we neared the lighthouse keeper's residence, only a few yards from the crest, I quickened my pace, eager to attain that highest ridge of rock. At any moment there would burst upon me the promised vista of thousand-foot cliffs, geysering surf and limitless, rolling sea. But just as we strode past the house, there came through an open window, a tinny gramophone rendering a nasal, American hillbilly voice: 'Caaarry me baaack tooo wole Vuhginny . . .'"

Smart Dog . . .

WHETHER YOU HUNT PHEASANTS in the Northwest or quail in the Southeast, hearken to Allan Trout's story of a remarkable bird dog.



Jim was a great quail hunter in his younger days, and owned the best bird dogs in his section. But as he grew older he gave up hunting and disposed of all his dogs except one favorite.

A man came to buy the dog one day.

"What will you take for him?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't want to sell," Jim replied, "but I might take a thousand dollars."

"That's a right smart of money for an old dog," said the man. "What can he do?"

"Come with me and I'll show you," answered Jim.

Jim got two guns, handed one to his visitor, and whistled the dog up. They walked a mile or so to a bottom of worn-out crawfish land. Jim invited his visitor to sit on a fence post, while he climbed atop another post and sat down. The dog began to circle the field.

"This is the craziest bird-hunting I ever saw," said the visitor.

"Just wait a minute," Jim replied, "you'll see."

At last the dog came to a point near the middle of the field.

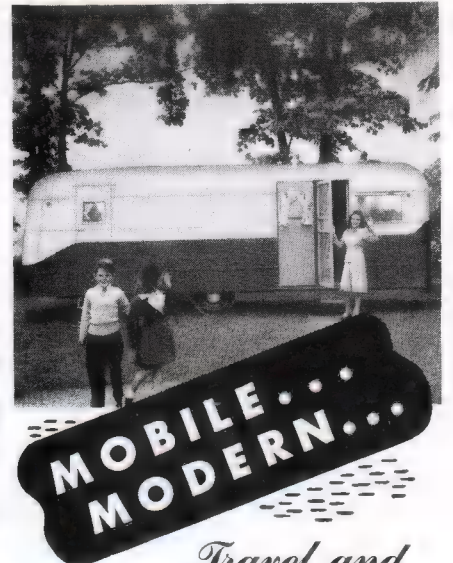
"All right," Jim said, "we're ready. You take the first one, I'll take the second, you the third, I'll take the fourth—and so on."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the visitor, "that the dog is going to flush them one at a time?"

"Sure," replied Jim. "He's run every bird in this field into a crawfish hole and got it covered with his paw so he can let them out one at a time. There goes one now. Shoot!"

Shake!

WHEN THE PEOPLE of Bali are amused, they not only smile and laugh but, if the cause of their merriment is extraordinary



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enough, they shake hands with each other.

Jan Houbolt, author of travel books, tells of a funeral in Bali. A high staging had been built upon which to place the coffin. With chanting priests and relatives bringing offerings of flowers, the body was carried higher and higher until it was almost at the top.

An American photographer had heard about the funeral and decided to get some pictures, despite the objections of the mourners. So, as the coffin was carried upward, the photographer climbed higher too.

Then suddenly he slipped and fell to the ground, his camera smashed to bits beside him. Grief-torn faces broke into wide grins. Everyone shook hands with

everyone else. This done, the obsequies were resumed as if nothing had happened.

Salt-Water Cow

THE ADMIRAL leaned back in the Pullman lounge chair and lit his pipe. "The hardships of war," he said, "are sometimes nothing to the rigors of peace. . . . Take when I was stationed in Honolulu in 1922. It was almost impossible to get fresh milk in the islands then.

"One day I came down to breakfast in my hotel. There sat a pitcher of cream, an unusual sight. I called the waitress. 'Is this fresh cream?' I asked.

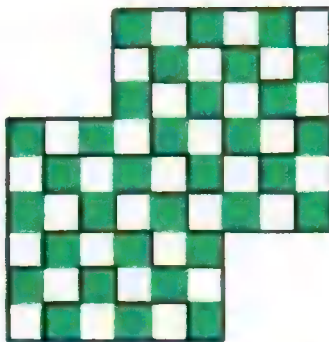
"'Oh yes, sir,' she said, after puzzling a moment. 'It came off the boat from Australia just this morning.'"

Answers to Puzzles on Pages 109 and 111

IN-AND-OUT

tame + l = metal - t = meal + r
= realm - l = ream + s = smear -
m = ears + h = shear - e = rash
+ p = sharp - h = spar + e =
pears - s = reap + g = grape -
r = page + s = gapes - p = ages
+ t = stage - s = gate + r = grate
- g = tear + d = tread - t = dear
+ d = dread - r = dead.

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S	T	A	Y	R
H	C	R	O	B
I	P	K	A	D

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THE NUMBERS RACKET

$$3 = \frac{9+9+9}{9}$$

$$4 = \frac{(\sqrt{9} \times \sqrt{9}) + \sqrt{9}}{\sqrt{9}}$$

$$5 = \sqrt{9} + \sqrt{9} - \frac{9}{9}$$

$$6 = \frac{(\sqrt{9} \times \sqrt{9}) + 9}{\sqrt{9}}$$

$$7 = 9 - \frac{9+9}{9}$$

$$8 = \frac{(9 \times 9) - 9}{9}$$

$$9 = \frac{9(\sqrt{9} \times \sqrt{9})}{9}$$

$$10 = \frac{(9 \times 9) + 9}{9}$$

$$11 = 9 + \frac{9+9}{9}$$

$$12 = \frac{99+9}{9}$$

$$13 = \frac{\sqrt{9} \times \sqrt{9}}{9} + \sqrt{9}$$

$$14 = \frac{99}{9} + \sqrt{9}$$

$$15 = 9 + 9 - \frac{9}{\sqrt{9}}$$

$$16 = \frac{9}{9} + \sqrt{9} + \sqrt{9}$$

$$17 = 9 + 9 - \frac{9}{9}$$

$$18 = 9 \frac{(9+9)}{9}$$

$$19 = 9 + 9 + \frac{9}{9}$$

$$20 = \frac{99}{9} + 9$$

$$21 = 9 + 9 + \frac{9}{\sqrt{9}}$$

$$22 = 9 + \sqrt{9} + \frac{9}{9}$$

$$23 = \frac{9+9}{9} + \sqrt{9}$$

$$24 = (\sqrt{9} \times \sqrt{9} \times \sqrt{9}) - \sqrt{9}$$

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NEW FILM SPOTLIGHTS TEXAS

BY DORA ALBERT

DUEL IN THE SUN deals with the building of a railroad through Texas. The train you will see chugging along is pulled by a real wood-burning engine built in 1871 by the Baldwin Locomotive Works and used by the Virginia-Truckee Railroad from 1871-1935, in the Nevada mining section. There are no engines now which actually ran through the Texas Panhandle in the 1880's. There are only two engines in existence like those which were used in Texas. Both are owned by Paramount, which used them in Union Pacific. They are kept in the Union Pacific yards in Los Angeles. . . . The engine and accessories turned out to be Selznick's most expensive prop, costing about \$25,000. It cost \$9000 to move the engine and cars from Los Angeles to Lasky Mesa, California, where the company went on location. It cost about another \$10,000 to lay 800 feet of rail for the train from nowhere to nowhere. And of course, Paramount had to be paid for lending the prop.

One-Room Desert

CAMERAS, LIKE FIGURES, never lie, but in the hands of experts they can be made to give some amazing variations on actual truth. For instance, there is a ranch-house sequence in *Duel in the Sun* which crams 26 miles of desert distance into one sound stage eighty by ninety feet. This scene was so cleverly arranged by studio workers that it is impossible to tell which part of the action was shot on location and which part at the studio.

Off to the side of the ranch house was a vegetable garden such as you have never seen unless you've been on a movie set. For instance, there were a few rows of cabbages. The cabbages closest to the house weighed about five pounds, but as you walked along the row, each cabbage was decreasingly smaller until the last ones were about the size of Brussels sprouts. The spacing between the cabbages also grew closer as you went farther away from the house. Beyond the garden was a miniature hill with a windmill, then a small replica of big stables, then another hill. Each detail in the landscape was cunningly fashioned so as to create the illusion of vast distances. For instance, the fence wires on a fence built especially for the picture grew narrower and narrower, the posts shorter and shorter, as they went farther away from the camera. That was no illusion. They were built that way!

Perfect Copycat

THE SENSUOUS PRIMITIVE DANCE which Jennifer Jones performs in *Duel in the Sun* was created especially for the picture by Tilly Losch. She created new steps instead of copying every detail of primitive Indian dances, since it is supposed to be the interpretation of a half-Indian girl who has seen Indian dances but doesn't follow them slavishly. Jennifer Jones had never danced in any film and

Miss Losch was nervous when training her. But when Jennifer, after watching her perform the dance once, asked its meaning (it's a plea from a girl in love to the man she adores) Miss Losch was encouraged. Then after Jennifer had seen it four times, she copied it exactly.

Horses Have Doubles Too

MOST TRICK RIDING you see in the movies is performed by the stunt men, but Gregory Peck permitted no substitute. Ralph McCutcheon, who taught him the stunts, says that no other star ever performed so many riding tricks. For instance, he jumps on the horse Dice by putting his hands on the horse's rump and bolting into the saddle while the horse is in full gallop. The stunt which Gregory found most difficult was to remain on the horse, while Dice gallops around in a circle like a motorcycle on its side, and then suddenly stops. Peck was thrown twelve times before he managed to stay on.

Deliberate Error

YOU'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE to spot the one serious architectural error in *The Stranger*. As a matter of fact, the error is deliberate, and is important to the plot. Most of the action takes place in a town somewhere in Connecticut. People who have visited the set have said, "Oh, yes, I've been there. I know that town very well." Actually, they were mistaken. Nowhere on the New England landscape is there a town exactly like this one. Perry Ferguson, the art director, simply chose props which would make it look typically New England. Like most New England towns, it is built around a square, and the basic design is Colonial, with the traditional tall church.

As you notice the church, your eye discovers one wrong prop—the clock is not Colonial but a Gothic sixteenth-century design. This clock becomes an important clue in the man hunt which is the subject of the picture—for the hunted is a war criminal who has built a new life for himself. He makes one serious mistake—when he installs a clock for the church, he picks a German clock, the last thing which a real American would be apt to choose for a Colonial church.

It was Perry Ferguson who worked out the allegorical story behind the animated clock, to represent the triumph of good over evil. At the top of the dial is a gargoyle with its mouth open, representing the mouth of hell. Running out of a door at the left comes the devil on a circular track pursued by an angel who chases him across the face of the dial into a door on the right. As you might guess, the allegory of the clock becomes the allegory of the picture. The avenging angel finally catches up with the war criminal—and it all happens high in the church tower!

Clock Watcher

SPEAKING OF CLOCKS, there is a very unusual and valuable one used in Centen-

nial Summer. In the scene showing the clock exhibit at the centennial in 1876, there is one gold clock a foot high with real diamonds around its face, said to have been used in the palace of Louis XIV. This clock was so valuable that a special guard was assigned to it. The clock, a museum piece, was rented from a prop company in Los Angeles.

The Haunted Mardi Gras

WHEN YOU WATCH *Time for Two*, see if you can spot some of the famous costumes worn by extras in the Mardi Gras scene. For this particular scene, gowns which once were modeled and fitted with great care for famous stars were dug up for extras, to be jostled in the hectic Mardi Gras crowd. The costumes awaken so many memories of the past that the streets where the Mardi Gras takes place seem haunted. When you see the picture, you may be able to spot John Barrymore's nightgown from *Marie Antoinette*, Leslie Howard's costume in *Romeo and Juliet*, Ramon Novarro's costume in *Ben Hur* and Greta Garbo's famous dress in *Notchka*.

Even Dresses Have Stand-Ins

THE FINEST COSTUME in *Time for Two* is Lucille Ball's dress of Chantilly lace. Twenty-seven yards of the precious lace were obtained from a lace collector in New Orleans. Because the lace was so delicate, the dress had to be hand-sewn, since it was to be superimposed on a net background. Thousands of sequins were also hand-sewn on the dress. To prepare this gown and its stand-in, a dress exactly like it, took twenty-six seamstresses an entire month.

Dummy Dancers

WHEN I VISITED the Mardi Gras set on the back lot of MGM, I found the streets littered with confetti. Six square blocks, reproducing the cobblestone streets of New Orleans, have been put up under canvas—and the set is four times the size of the biggest big top in circus history.

The floats you'll see were devised by Director Jules Dassin and Wade Rubottom, art director. Some of the floats are based on famous ones in past Mardi Gras. The most original float consists of dummy dancers. It includes a lamppost at an angle like the leaning tower of Pisa and a kiosk with people dancing around it with life-sized dummies dressed as Apaches and beautiful girls. Masculine dancers dance with the feminine dummies; feminine dancers with the Apache dummies. Jack Dawn of the make-up department and a crew of thirty men spent several months preparing the dummies, which are limp but lifelike. Their faces and hands are of wax, like the faces in Madame Tussaud's famous museum; their bodies are of stuffed cotton covered with cotton cloth.

Those Skiing Scenes

WANT TO KNOW HOW those skiing scenes in *Spellbound* were shot? A ski slope was constructed of wood at the Selznick Studios. At the base of the slope they built a platform, which ended in a complete break about ten feet from the floor. The snow was made from tons of ground



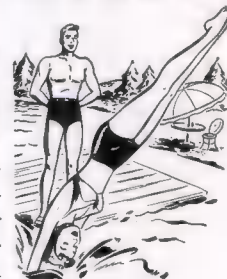
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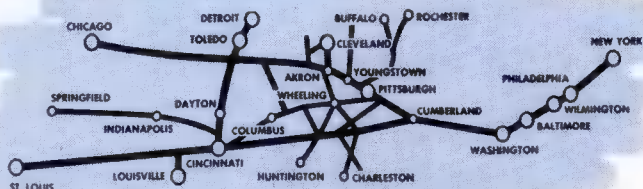


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ice. To get the illusion of wind, a wind machine, blowing only cold air, was used. If hot wind had been used, the snow would have melted. Since it was necessary for Gregory Peck and Ingrid Bergman to come down the slope full pelt, ski instructor Clarita Heath Reiter trained them to fall against a comforter-covered rope ladder held by ten men.

The skiing scene has been criticized by experts who point out that when two people are skiing down a steep hill, they cannot go straight down as Bergman and Peck do, and that they can't speed side by side. Why did the studio, which had good technical advice, make those errors? They say it was a necessary dramatic license; that the plot required Bergman and Peck to be talking together and to be that close to each other—and that they took no more license with the skiing scene than they did with psychoanalysis. Ingrid accomplishes in two days a psychoanalysis which would take any expert two years!

Hitchcock Chooses

THE FINEST ACTING in Spellbound is performed by Michael Chekhov, who will probably win the Academy Award for the finest supporting performance of the year. He plays the elderly psychiatrist. According to Alfred Hitchcock, his finest bit of acting occurs where he tells Ingrid Bergman that a woman in love is operating at the lowest level of intelligence. The nature of the scene is in itself compelling, since it shows a man tearing down a woman's love instincts. There is added dramatic effect in the old man's natural kindness and the savagery of his attack on women in love. Chekhov delivers his lines with great humor and a tongue-in-cheek attitude, leaving it to the audience to decide whether he really means what he says or is saying it just for its effect.

Time Stands Still

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO Harold Lloyd made movie history in *The Freshman*. Recently, when Harold Lloyd was signed for *The Sin of Harold Diddlebock*, Wally Westmore, famous make-up expert, was faced with an interesting problem. The picture opens with a flashback from *The Freshman*, showing the football game. Then the picture shows Harold Lloyd in his dressing room, looking exactly as he did when he made *The Freshman*.

So he had to make Harold Lloyd look exactly as he did in those days. Not only that but the make-up and photography of those days had to be duplicated in detail.

"Making Harold Lloyd look exactly as he did twenty-one years ago was the easiest part of the problem," Wally Westmore told me. "He has kept in excellent physical condition. Ordinarily the make-up man would have to use *mousseline-de-soie* held to the face with liquid adhesive, to give the face a temporary lift. In Harold Lloyd's case I didn't have to do anything of the sort. I added two pieces of hair in the temples where his hair was beginning to recede; with grease pencil and oil I darkened his hair, which had turned a lighter brown; I extended his sideburns to look like those they wore in

those days. Naturally, there were a few more lines under his eyes. But his horn-rimmed glasses hid those.

"The most unusual part of my job was going back to the make-up that was used in 1925. It was five shades lighter than we use today and just came around to the jaw line, never covering the neck. Also in those days they used lip rouge on men."

Two Other Horses

OVER AT METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER they are shooting *Star From Heaven*, the first full-length film to be shot in Cinecolor. (Previously some shorts were shot in India in Cinecolor by Johnny Boyle, cameraman on *Star From Heaven*.) It is based on the story of Foxhole, the famous horse who was loyal to his serviceman master through all sorts of circumstances. However, Foxhole won't actually appear in the picture.

Asked why Foxhole doesn't make an appearance in a picture supposedly about his exploits, Director Andrew Marton said, "Do you suppose Kathleen Winsor will appear in *Forever Amber*? Maybe even Amber won't appear. MGM bought a story about a horse named Foxhole. But for dramatic purposes, the script is about two other horses."

Those Mexican Pictures

MGM IS SHOOTING two pictures laid in Mexico, but there's an important difference between them. *Holiday in Mexico* is being shot entirely on the MGM lot, whereas 80 per cent of *Fiesta* will be made in Mexico.

Hollywood Oddity

WHEN YOU SEE a complete orchestra playing in pictures, the chances are that, unless it's a very famous band, not one member is playing a note. The men you see are the side-line musicians, who are paid only to look as if they were playing. The music you hear is actually recorded by a different group of higher-paid musicians, who are under contract to do the recording but not to be photographed. The recording musicians get ten dollars an hour; side-line musicians work for eighteen dollars a day.

TOP TALENT IN GUILD'S AIR SHOWS

BY ROBERT J. CADIGAN

HOMER FICKETT, ponderous, bald-headed director of The Theater Guild of the Air, conducts his rehearsals from a fishbowl. Because the control room in the balcony of the Vanderbilt Theater was so far from the stage that nearsighted actors had to strain to catch his cues, ABC engineers built a special, soundproof glass booth resembling an opera house prompter's box. Complete with air-conditioning and public-address systems, it has a two-way communicating phone to the control room. From this glass bowl Fickett directs some of the great plays that have made the Theater Guild one of America's outstanding producing organizations.

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When possible the radio roles are read by members of the original stage casts although the series is not limited to Guild plays. The talent is top grade—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Katharine Hepburn, Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson, Burgess Meredith. . . . The spring menu is promising: Maxwell Anderson's *The Masque of Kings*, Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted*, S. N. Behrman's *End of Summer*, and the Abbott-Holm comedy hit, *Three Men on a Horse*.

Off Mike With the Whites

PAUL WHITE, CBS Director of News Broadcasts and producer of *Report to the Nation*, is assisted by his wife, Peg Miller, who helps write the script for this Saturday evening show. When not in the studio they keep a continual game of gin rummy on the fire along with their own brand of fudge. Another of their favorite tension breakers is Baffle, a cahoots game that they have perfected to a fine art. You whisper the name Lana Turner to Peg and she rattles off the sentence, "For Siwash, Willie scored twenty-one points while Tom made only two for Rutgers," and Paul calls out the answer almost before she's finished. "Bill was five years old Tuesday, and Charlie and Helen came to his party," all adds up to LaGuardia. "Once I was in Saint Paul" means Cleopatra. Using these samples, you might break the code. It took us about a week.

Going, Going, Gone!

AUCTION GALLERY, conducted by Dave Elman on Monday evenings, assembles a

hand-picked audience of collectors who bid against one another for rare and strange items introduced by guest stars. The show zips along allowing those present just one minute to make their bids. Those in the listening audience have two weeks to bid by mail or wire, and the highest one takes.

To protect bidders Dave Elman has museum curators and critics appraise the miscellaneous *objets d'art* tracked down and brought in by a dozen curio-retrievers. Hitler's dice, brought from Berchtesgaden, were auctioned along with a dagger once owned by Rudolph Valentino. The late Grand Duke Paul of Russia's alarm clock that plays a military march every hour was knocked down for \$3000, one of the original copies of the Emancipation Proclamation for \$17,000.

The program is sparked by gag items. A powder horn turned out to be a live steer. One woman, highest bidder on a canoe paddle, found she had also won a canoe in New Hampshire and a two-week vacation in which to use it.

On the Noggin

MAKING THE SOUND of crime ring true keeps research staffs working overtime. Ed Byron, chief fact finder for Mr. District Attorney, has built up voluminous files from which he draws to check the minutest detail. When you hear a head bashed in by a bottle, you can be sure that Byron has had the sounds of bottle, head, and victim checked by a medical adviser.

On Mutual's *Rogues' Gallery*, the proper effect of noggin smashing is



CBS correspondents send the Paul Whites miniature bottles from everywhere

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achieved by cracking a melon. The first time it happened, supposedly to Dick Powell, the sound was so delightful to some fans that they asked for repeat performances. Glad to oblige, the producers had Powell conked several more times.

Actors are Briefed

DETERMINED DIRECTORS of amateur dramatics, eager to infuse the divine spark into their actors, sometimes indoctrinate them with imaginary biographical details on the characters they are portraying. Actually this practice follows a good

professional technique. Jerry Devine, producer-director of Friday evening's This is Your FBI, briefs his cast at the first rehearsal with complete character profiles of the parts they are to play. "You grew up on the East Side," he tells the criminal, "and you started snatching purses when you were ten. At fourteen you were sent to reform school, got sour on the world and tried for a big-time haul when you were twenty." Devine has an advantage, for his case histories are not fictitious. He gets them, along with the rest of the story, from the FBI.

FOR YOUR VACATION READING

BY MARGARET REYNOLDS

TENNIS RACKET AND BATHING SUIT come first, but the vacationer who forgets to take a book may be hard put for diversion on that day when he awakens with stiff muscles and a sunburned nose. If books cannot replace active recreation, they can shorten train rides and alleviate the restlessness of a rainy day. So take your books in moderation, but take them.

What makes ideal vacation reading depends, of course, upon the tastes of the individual or the size of his suitcase. Most travelers will want something lighter in weight and subject than might be chosen for a winter evening at home.

Noted below are a few small volumes of humor, adventure and philosophy well worth considering when you start planning your vacation.

parties never to be forgotten. And what friends George has! There's His Excellency who wants to visit Alaska, where everybody speaks Russian since it once belonged to the Czar, and who insists that "experienced travelers always take the back roads. That way you avoid bandits and hold-uppers."

There's Vactangi, who warns George not to marry an American girl because they keep "bodguts." "Bodguts," he explains, "means writing down moneys before you are spending . . . Suppose you not feeling good . . . You want to stop in Russian Club, drink glass vodka, eat piece herring maybe, for your stomach. You have to write down in bodguts first:

"I'm drinking whiskys. . . . 35c

Eating piece herring, too. . . 10c"

And a host of other wonderful people who will not only leave you chuckling but will give you added respect for those newcomers who are adding so much to the lore and culture of our country.

High Adventure

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN's latest book, *The White Tower* (Lippincott), comes nearer to being an entertainment "must" than any piece of current fiction. With a plot that could easily become melodramatic in the hands of a lesser artist, Mr. Ullman has succeeded in making this story of six people pitting their strength against an unconquered mountain in the Swiss Alps real as well as dramatic.

The Weissturm, or White Tower, is a mountain challenging men to measure their strength against its rugged glacial slopes. As the climbers mount, the author paints their dissimilar temperaments with finer and more telling strokes. The conflict of the characters against the elements and among themselves increases with their altitude.

And Quiet Reflection

ANY VACATIONER WILL BE REFRESHED by a walk along the causeway of the Fitchburg Railroad, or a quiet hour by the side of Henry David Thoreau's beloved Walden Pond. *Walden, and Other Writings* (Modern Library) contains the best of the practical, sparkling observations of this man of Concord, who made pencils and did odd jobs around Waldo Emerson's house rather than bind himself to position or property. This famous little book is indeed a standard vacation companion.

Thurber, of Course

THE WHITE DEER (Harcourt, Brace) is James Thurber's latest *tour de force*. A fairy tale for children and adults, it relates the adventures of one King Clode and his sons, Thag, Gallow and Jorn, when the white deer they are chasing through the Magic Forest changes to a princess and packs the princes off on missions of valor. King Clode finds this wizardry pretty disgusting, being a man who likes to know what he's hunting. He is completely bored by the Magic Forest where a plucked mushroom "is as heavy as a hammer in your hand, but if you let it go it will sail away over the trees like a tiny parachute, trailing black and purple stars," and where rabbits tip their heads "as men now tip their hats, removing them with their paws and putting them back again."

This little book is further enhanced by lovely full-page color illustrations by Don Freeman and Thurber's own ingenious drawings.

"Bodguts" and Bandits

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN (Harpers) is an amusing account of the American adventures of an immigrant from Georgia (the one in Russia). It is written by Helen Papashvily as told by her husband, George, in his own delightful brand of English.

There are no dull moments in this book. Difficulties are met with dauntless optimism and the bits of good luck native Americans take for granted are celebrated by George and his friends with

"Don't forget your dental appointment when you get home!"



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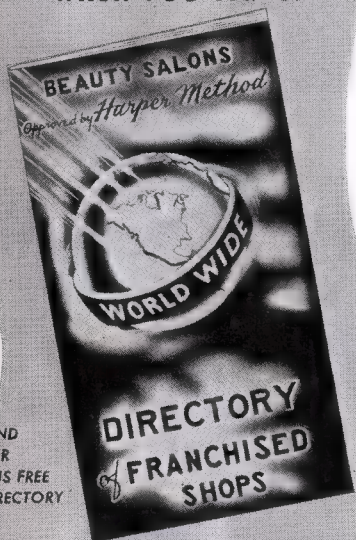


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Affection Wasted on Husband's "Friends"

WHEN PEOPLE who recognize me as a foreigner ask me about my first impressions of America, I am always reminded of this seemingly trivial incident.

As a dutiful wife married to an American stationed in Czechoslovakia, I tried to take an interest in all things American, especially in my husband's friends. Whenever we entertained American visitors, my husband would inquire about his old pals back home—among them a certain Wallet family who lived on a funny street called Gasoline Alley. He also asked about the Gump family and was very much concerned about the doings of a remarkable orphan named Annie.

I asked many questions about these people and the description of Annie won my heart completely. When we were finally sent to New York to live, I privately decided that Annie would fit in our new home. She could help with the housework—we might even adopt her.

At last the long-awaited moment came. We were docking in New York, and while my husband was busy with the luggage, Sunday papers were thrown aboard. I was immediately attracted to the colored front sheets, fascinated by row after row of shocking "comics"—detectives, kidnapers, domestic quarrels. Some of the characters seemed vaguely familiar to me . . . at last I remembered. So! All these friends I had so much looked forward to meeting were only cartoons!

Ever since, my husband has tried to convince me that he did not intentionally keep the truth from me. I have met many fine Americans, but none half so versatile as Annie.

MARIE POLENSKA
New York City, N. Y.

Honeymoon Haven

THERE'S ONE TRIP that every woman remembers the rest of her life—her honeymoon. Yet few couples give it sufficient thought; few can say, ten years later, that they wouldn't have changed a thing.

I believe HOLIDAY can do a real service by asking readers to write describing their honeymoons. I mean the unusual trips that will make girls say: "I'd love to go there on my honeymoon." I'll start it off by telling about my own.

We were married in late June. We honeymooned at a Vermont resort, overlooking Lake Fairlee, entirely surrounded by mountains. Except for a central dining room and recreation hall, all the buildings were individual cottages. Ours was set well away from the others, on the side of a mountain. A screened-in porch overlooked the lake. Besides our bedroom and bath, there was a living room with an open fireplace.

It was cool in the early morning, and before we were awake a maid would tiptoe into our living room and start a fire roaring in the fireplace.

Later she'd come back with trays of food—fruit juice, eggs, pancakes, tiny sausages, Vermont maple sirup and

pitchers of milk and coffee. We would slip on our robes and eat before the fire. It seemed as if we already were living in our own home, with servants to care for our every need.

RICHARD LANE
New York City, N. Y.

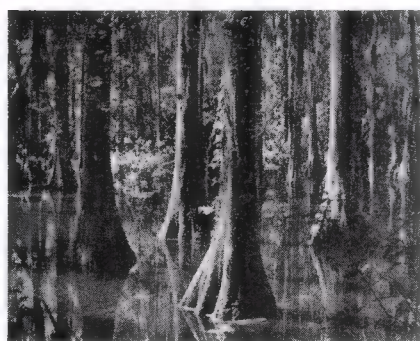
Florida on a Shoestring

I HAVE FOUND that it is possible to take a trip from Philadelphia to Florida at very low cost.

Daddy said it couldn't be done. But with the confidence of college sophomores, five of us set out to prove we could do it. We had ten days' spring vacation and we wanted to hold our individual expenses down to \$40.

Borrowing the family car of one girl, we started on our way, college songs issuing discordantly from the back seat. Past the tobacco fields of Virginia, the pines of North Carolina, the cypress swamps of South Carolina and the clay hills of Georgia, we whizzed. Our destination was Daytona Beach, but we stopped in St. Augustine to examine the historical spots.

We cut corners on expenses by staying at tourist homes and by renting a beach cottage at Daytona, where we did our



own cooking. One day we drove to Silver Springs, but most of the time we swam, rode bikes on the beach, or just loafed on the sand. Returning, we spent one morning back in the 18th Century at Williamsburg.

Our experiences include a lost gas-tank cap, a punctured tire, a worn bearing and a leaking radiator. But we had fun, saw a lot of interesting places, packed an unbelievable number of laughs into ten days—and my expenses for the whole trip totaled \$33.46.

LYLE MASSEY
Philadelphia, Penna.

Wanted: A Genius

THIS LETTER IS THE FIRST VOLLEY in a campaign I'm launching for a special kit for travelers. And here's why.

Have you ever visited the five-and-ten just before a trip, to buy the small packages of toilet articles you can't travel without? You take the small can of tooth powder, even though it's round and bulky and has a stubborn top. But the tubes aren't very resistant to the pressure of a tight bag. You select a bottle of mouth wash and make a mental note to wrap your socks around it for safety.

Travelers shouldn't have to put up with such things in a nation that has developed the airplane and the motor car. Surely some manufacturer can invent a toilet

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It's Spring Again in North Carolina

SPRING in North Carolina is an experience ever-to-be-remembered. In March and April The Sandhill golf resorts are most active and golf, riding, tennis are enjoyed in a setting of long-leaf pine, dogwood and peach blossoms. Late in April the channel bass begin running at historic Oregon Inlet on the coast. In April, too, the floral display begins in the ancient mountains and in May it crawls colorfully up the slopes of the Blue Ridges and Great Smokies to be crowned in June with all the glory of rhododendron in full bloom.

Match your skill against rainbow trout at the foot of white-crested waterfalls or black bass in limpid mountain lakes. Every variety of outdoor sport...accommodations for every taste and income: world famous resorts, hotels, inns, ranches, camps and cottages. Mail the coupon today.

See "LOST COLONY", America's greatest outdoor drama, on Roanoke Island, July and August.

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kit—small, flat, with all the items a traveler needs, and packaged to resist pressure.

So how about a campaign to get our scientists to develop the Twentieth Century's greatest need—a traveling kit of small toilet articles.

JOHN HEMMER
Pinehurst, N. C.

P.S. There ought to be a little niche in the kit for razor blades.

Fish Guaranteed

YEARS AGO we spent a day in Tiny Town, just outside Denver, Colorado. To our amusement, we found a fisherman's paradise, where no one is ever disappointed. Here was a beautiful synthetic lake just loaded with trout (because it is always kept stocked), where you pay a buck for fishing privileges. Of course, you are provided rod and tackle. The payment entitles you to catch three trout. You may be lucky and hook a big one.



We saw one fellow get three beauties in no time at all. Three trout for a dollar isn't a bad bargain.

STERLING WOODWARD
Havertown, Pa.

Depot Dance Hall

SEVERAL YEARS AGO I had an experience that proved how easy it is to turn boredom into fun.

Ten of us were returning from an annual Albanian feast day at Hammonton, New Jersey. We all carried musical instruments. The occasional strum of a guitar attracted the attention of strangers who were gathering at the depot.

Tension and boredom mounted as time passed and no train appeared. People paced up and down restlessly. Suddenly Marian flourished her mandolin. She waved to the others to play. In less time than it takes to tell, the old depot re-echoed with the gay strains of the tarantella. One by one we joined in the dance.

At first the strangers raised eyebrows at the performance and giggled. But in ten minutes Marian had coaxed the crowd into the impromptu dance. And they loved it!

When the train finally rolled into sight, thirty reluctant passengers boarded it. Had it been delayed till morning, no one would have minded—all because of one woman's impulsiveness.

MARY HOLDEN
Allentown, Pa.

The Blue Ridge Parkway

SOON AFTER TIRES and cars are plentiful again, motorists will be able to traverse 487 miles of uninterrupted paved highway along the very crests of the mountains from the Shenandoah National Park

in Northern Virginia to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park astride the North Carolina-Tennessee boundary.

First of its kind and scale, the Blue Ridge Parkway has a 20-foot paved surface broadened on curves. It bypasses the few towns in the region, overpasses railroads and main highways, and is free of billboards and commercial vehicles. When completed, lodges and uniform service stations will be found at 25 to 50 mile intervals.

ASHTON CHAPMAN
Little Switzerland, N. C.

Belem—Jungle Town

MY WIFE AND I are now realizing our life-long ambition to travel up the Amazon to its headwaters, and here we are in Belem making preparations for our trip.

Belem is hot. It takes much longer to get anything done in this town than we anticipated, since the heat forced us to adopt the native custom of taking five showers and a three-hour siesta every day. The food is bad, insufficient and spiced with several ants per serving. We are playing safe on this score by eating mainly fresh fruits.

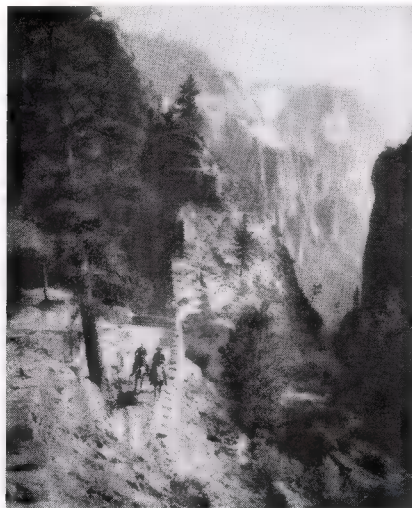
Belem's cobbled streets are not slow and sleepy as one would expect in this jungle climate. American-made cars race madly about, unrestricted by traffic laws of any kind. For those who do not wish to risk their lives in autos there is an alternate method of suicide—the trolley car. These antique carriers seldom stop. You just run alongside until you can jump on and you get off in the same manner.

The natives are clean, very polite and excellent craftsmen in leather and alligator. Their hospitality has compensated for many of Belem's discomforts.

CHARLES DARLINGTON
Belem, Brazil.

Home Folks Take a Ride Too

VACATIONERS SOMETIMES undergo discomfort for the sake of their friends back home. Take Grand Canyon.



Not for a moment would I detract from the wonders of the Canyon, but it's time someone told the other side of that trip down Bright Angel Trail.

After arising in the gray dawn there comes the brave roundup at the hitching post, where you meet your burro. Your eyes go down, down—into the bottomless gorge. That fine white line, threading the steep side, you suddenly realize is the trail you and the burro must tread in a real, three-dimensional way.

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You line up, astride your burro, and try to engage him in friendly conversation. Instead, he nudges against the burro alongside, or does a complete about-face.

The reins which you thought would control the beast, don't. You call wildly for the guide, but at that moment the descent is started, single file, and you find yourself clinging nervously to the horn of the saddle.

The trail, you discover, is sharply zigzag. And narrow. And the burros pick the most dangerous spots to display their individuality. Millie, for instance, liked to eat the shrubbery. But never the easy-to-reach branches at her side, always the ones in the direction of much space. And she would rear up and leap over every puddle.

Once down, you relax and find that you ache all over. But you've got to ride back up, or what will the folks back home think? It is at this juncture that body and spirit split up, not to meet again until after a three-hour soaking in Epsom salts, a sleepless night of all-out fatigue and soreness, and the subsequent bounce of an upper berth. But what a story it makes at home!

ROSE LAVIN
Bala-Cynwyd, Penna.

Life in Tangier

WHEN I READ recently that the United Nations were planning the future fate of the city of Tangier, Morocco, I thought it might interest your readers to know something of that town in North Africa, which until Spain took it over in World War II was governed jointly by seven nations.

We lived in Tangier in 1939, in a modern villa located in the European part of the town, on a square called unromantically the *Marché des Boeufs*, or "cattle market." Our monthly rent was only \$18 for the five-room house and a terrace from



which we had a clear view across the straits to Gibraltar and La Linea.

The food bill for our family of five and our servant, Fatma, averaged sixty cents daily, including fresh flowers.

Fatma was a chunky little girl dressed in long white robes, and veiled like all other native women. She understood nothing but Arabian, so we began to teach her English. The results were interesting. Fatma's first word was "listen," her second "fish."

When we had company for dinner she would appear at the door and say "Listen."

After we gave her our complete attention she'd say "Fish," very solemnly—no matter what we had for dinner. We understood each other, and Fatma saw no reason to continue with the English language.

I am glad Tangier is re-established as an International Zone. It is always nice to know that there is a place on the Mediterranean where a family of five can spend a vacation and live on two dollars a day—including movies, American Sunday papers and a servant like Fatma.

GERTRUDE GRANVILLE
Miami, Fla.

A Bostonian Visits Boston

THE IDEA CAME to me when the clerk at the ticket office said, "Sorry, we haven't got a thing. You should have made your reservations long ago." I rushed home,



called a cab, packed two suitcases and rode to South Station. There I deposited my bags on the sidewalk and dismissed the cab.

The porter must have thought me mad when I asked him to load my baggage into another cab, but I didn't mind. I was taking my vacation right here in Boston.

I went to a hotel near the Beacon Hill section, got a sunny room and realized that now, for the first time in years, I had time for everything I wanted to do—time to dress carefully and eat leisurely, time for replacing that tiny screw that had dropped out of my reading glasses months ago, time to write a nice, natural letter to my husband, still overseas.

Above all I had time to sleep. And between siestas I visited all the places in Boston and Cambridge that I never before had time to see—Harvard, the Widener Library and that mysterious-looking basement bookshop which I passed every morning and evening. It was a delightful bookshop, equipped with comfortable chairs and presided over by a cosmopolitan couple who served strong black coffee and gave me my first opportunity to hear in comfort the open-air concerts a block away.

I went to plays, I spent three hours in a beauty shop having a daring hair-do which would have shocked my friends—and all told, it was one of the best vacations I've ever had.

MADELEINE BAILEY
Boston, Mass.

No Cookies!

IT WAS DISAPPOINTING to be behind schedule and arrive at Aruba, in the Netherlands West Indies, in the middle of the night. But we would be leaving this fascinating port in a few hours, perhaps never to return, and we went ashore anyhow.

Are your brakes as old as your car?



You're Headed for Trouble, if They Are!

All cars are old today. Including yours! You probably can't get a new car, but you *can* have brakes as good as those on a showroom model. Go to your Grey-Rock brake-service shop. Take a minute to have a wheel pulled. Whatever the man recommends, rely on him, because he knows brakes. He uses Grey-Rock methods . . . works to National Safety Council standards. When relining is necessary, he'll use Grey-Rock balanced linings . . . for quick, quiet, smooth stops. One mishap can cost you more than a complete brake-job, done by a brake-specialist . . . your Grey-Rock service-man.


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Starlight gave a storybook appearance to the quaint streets. The only sounds were our hushed voices and the click-clack of our heels on the cobblestoned streets.

The little pink houses, shuttered tightly, gave the scene an operatic stage setting. Then our noses caught a tantalizing scent, the aroma of baking cakes.

We followed our noses to the town bakery. But the busy baker ignored us. We tried to talk to him, but no one could speak his language.

By signs we finally made him understand that we wanted to taste his wares. But he refused to accept our American money in exchange.

Never in my life have I so wanted a cake.

IRENE LANDER
New York City

What a Berg!

WHILE FLYING NORTH to Labrador, a few years ago, I had a thrill.

The farther north we sped the more cakes of ice and small bergs rushed swiftly under our plane. Jim Crowley, our pilot, who knew the country like a book, spotted a majestic iceberg off our right wing, banked slightly, and headed for it. The berg had the shape of a medieval castle,



reflecting the colors of the rainbow from its surface. As we came near, he dropped down until the wing of the plane was parallel with the top of the berg. Our altimeter showed 350 feet. That meant the rest of the berg extended better than two thousand feet down into the water.

WILLIAM BROMLEY
Denver, Col.

Knighthood on Vacation

I WONDER HOW MANY readers know of the tournaments—yes, those lance-in-rest and Queen of Beauty contests—that used to be held in many Southern states, notably Virginia and South Carolina.

The cavalier tradition, together with the planters' love for fine horses, was responsible for these tournaments, which date back to the Middle Ages. Many of the "knights" wore costumes, and always bore the names of their plantations, which were duly announced by a herald. At the end of the tilting ground was a pole with a crossbar near the top. From this, a ring dangled by a cord. The riders, using lances with long, slender points, endeavored to catch the ring in the lance-tip, while riding at full gallop. The ring represented the device in the center of the medieval knight's shield. The winner in these Southern tournaments crowned his Queen of Beauty, sometimes at a ball held the evening of the tournament.

Many of my cousins in South Carolina participated in these colorful affairs,

which took place at two favorite tournament grounds in the Carolina Low Country. The most famous one was at Pineville. A smaller but no less exciting tournament was held at The Rocks plantation in Berkeley County. Similar tournaments have been run in connection with horse shows in Charleston, S. C.

The war interrupted the old custom for a while. But it is to be hoped that many an old tilting ground under the live oaks will throb again beneath galloping hoofs and that the sun will again glint on lance points and swaying ring.

MARGUERITE STEEDMAN
Chamblee, Ga.

Peaceful Lapush

I THINK YOUR READERS should know about the little village of Lapush, Washington, on the shores of the Pacific, the home of the Quillayute Indian tribe.

I was entranced by the tranquil little village where in small groups the Indians sit—some weaving baskets, some making moccasins, others hanging fish up to dry with split sticks that resemble clothespins. Scattered through the village are little smokehouses, with pungent aromas of smoked salmon coming from them.

Here and there are men who sit with a log in front of them whittling away with a small knife, carving an Indian dugout—a canoe unexcelled for beauty of line and speed, which enables the Indians to buck the churning Pacific and bring in nets heavy with flounder and sole, cod and octopus, or to travel miles up swift, dangerous streams for the salmon catch. If you time your visit with the salmon runs, you may be allowed to accompany the fishermen, and I assure you there is no greater thrill.

MILDRED MADELYN RICHFIELD
New York City

Travel in the Reconversion Period

LAST FALL, I MADE my first trip to England since before the war, and although there were no blackouts, no tense anxious moments, and little in the way of rigid military discipline, ship life was still a far cry from the gaiety and luxury always associated with normal ocean trips. The Queen Mary was very much a troop transport, not a luxury liner. The bar, the ballroom, the writing room, the swimming pool, the squash court were stacked with the paraphernalia used in the transport of troops from England.

The main dining room was converted into a huge cafeteria for the troops. All passengers on the return trip to England took meals in the Tourist dining room—two sittings, but three excellent meals a day.

Ominous signs of the shortages still present in England cropped up on all sides. Every Englishman had one or more boxes crammed with fruit juices, chocolate, soap and rayon stockings. Many had clothes for their wives and children—underwear, nail polish, girdles, hairpins and fountain pens. I doubt if England has been or ever will again be an importer of such a variety of civilian gadgets.

ARTHUR PEARCE
London, England

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

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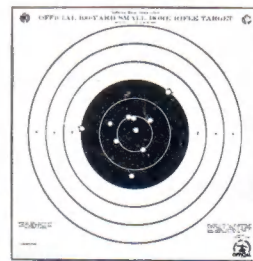
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Of course, until conditions return to normal it's essential to secure accommodations in advance.

So plan now to enjoy this wonderful trip next summer or fall. A 2-week vacation is ample time. You'll find dozens of different kinds of fun illustrated and described in a remarkable, **FREE COLOR FOLDER** about Los Angeles County and all Southern California. Mail the coupon below—today.



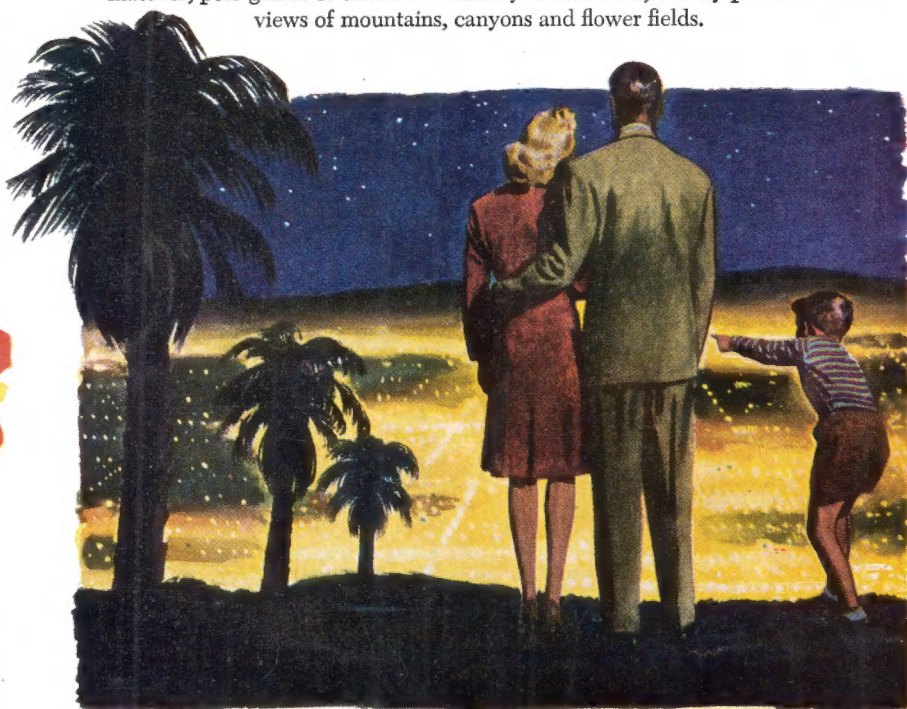
Bring your camera for beach shots: sun-lazing on clean, white sand, jumping foam-crested rollers, riding a surfboard, sailing to pleasure isles...close-ups in Chinatown, the sleepy Mexican quarter, under arches of old Spanish missions...action shots at the races, tennis matches, polo games or on smooth fairways bordered by stately palms...scenic views of mountains, canyons and flower fields.



Be prepared for contrasts: lush orange groves beneath high mountain peaks (good background for snapshots, too)...tropic fruits—date palms, passion fruit, cherimoyas—but a few miles from alpine flowers beside glacial lakes...ancient fossil pits near ultra-modern shops...latest jet-propelled planes flying over historic old Spanish ranchos.



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